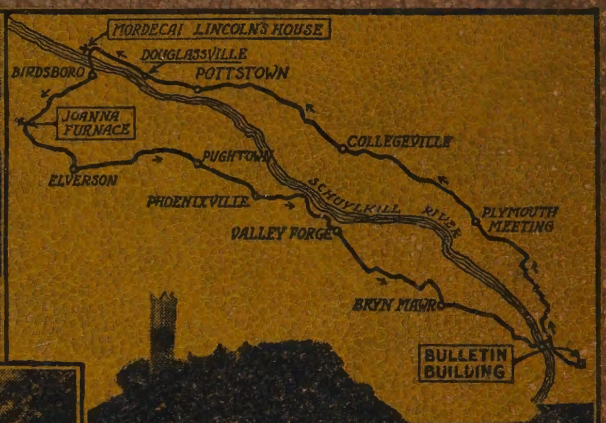
Motor Trips to Historic Points



In and near

Philadelphia

by

The Motor Pathfinder

101 Illustrations

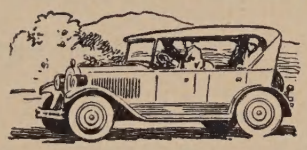
PRICE 50¢

43 Route Maps

Motor Trips to Historic Points

In and Near

Philadelphia



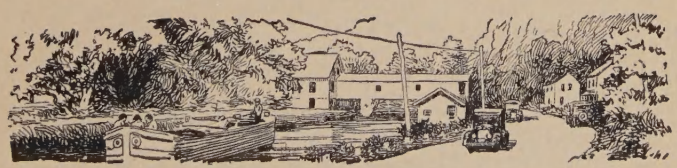
Also

MOTOR ROUTES TO MANY POINTS

Reprinted from

The Evening Bulletin

Philadelphia



Copyright 1926 *All Rights Reserved*

Repeated requests by motorists for the reprinting in book form of the descriptive articles entitled MOTOR TRIPS TO HISTORIC POINTS IN AND NEAR PHILADELPHIA, by the Motor Pathfinder (which have appeared in The Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia, and are a regular feature of that newspaper) have called forth this collection of 43 articles, with 101 photographic illustrations and 43 route maps, together with indexed information of best routes to many other important points.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1926

Additional copies of this book may be obtained by mail or at the office of The Evening Bulletin, Bulletin Building, City Hall Square, Philadelphia at 50 cents each per copy.

INTRODUCTION

SCENERY was invented in Pennsylvania. There may be higher mountains, broader lakes, more extensive forests, larger farms, longer roads; but nowhere are all of Nature's gems blended and massed in such eye-filling gorgeousness as in the Keystone State. Strauss would never have named his matchless waltz "The Beautiful Blue Danube" had he seen the Blue Juniata first; the Rhine and the Nile would have been dwarfed in song had the Delaware, the Schuylkill, the Susquehanna, the Lehigh or the Yougheogheny been known in olden time.

What if the Alps are perpetually snow-capped? Who wants to look at snow all the year round? Let the Alps awe in their mightiness and defy ascent; the Poconos and the Alleghenies invite one to their summits and their valleys to enjoy their grandeur and their loveliness. A rhapsody, you say? Liszt wrote fifteen immortal ones under less inspiration than he would have received from a motor ramble through Pennsylvania.

One may strike in any direction from Philadelphia and spend a day of unending joy; he may roll smoothly over perfect stone or concrete roads of the most modern type, or he may plunge back into the peaceful, quiet country by way of ancient dirt and sometimes bumpy roads; but wherever he goes, wherever he turns he sees a picture that would make the fortune of an artist who could faithfully reproduce it on canvas; there are hills and dales, forests and farms, rivers and rivulets, riotous cascades and placid lakes.

Tours to many points within a radius of sixty miles of Philadelphia open to the view such a wonderland of scenic beauty and historical significance that it is not to be wondered at that Pennsylvania is known as the Picture State; there are scenes and places associated with Washington, Wayne, Lafayette, Franklin and the American Army of Patriots; places where they triumphed; places where they sufered; there are the witching valleys of Chester County, the Haycock Mountains of Bucks; the never-ending beauty of the French, Pickering, Chester, Wissahickon, Brandywine, Crum, Ridley, Neshaminy, Tohickon, Perkiomen and other creeks; a country of legend and song and history and sometimes of quaint mysticism and even a bit of superstition, but a country in which in every direction there is always a charm, an atmosphere, an interest that defies comparison.

New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland at our borders have too, their many spots of beauty and their solid places in history; in the former we get the scent of the pines and the joys of the sea; Delaware still echoes the hoof-beats of Rodney's steed and takes pride in the fact that it was the first State to adopt the Constitution and thus start the Union; and Maryland, in addition to its many natural beauties, boasts attractions of many kinds.

So the Pathfinder's tours have reached into four States without going a greater distance than can easily be covered with time to spare, in a day. Forty-three of these descriptive and illustrated tours are here presented as they appeared in the columns of The Bulletin, with the assurance that the motorist who takes any one of them will have a day of keen enjoyment, and perhaps one of profit in information acquired.

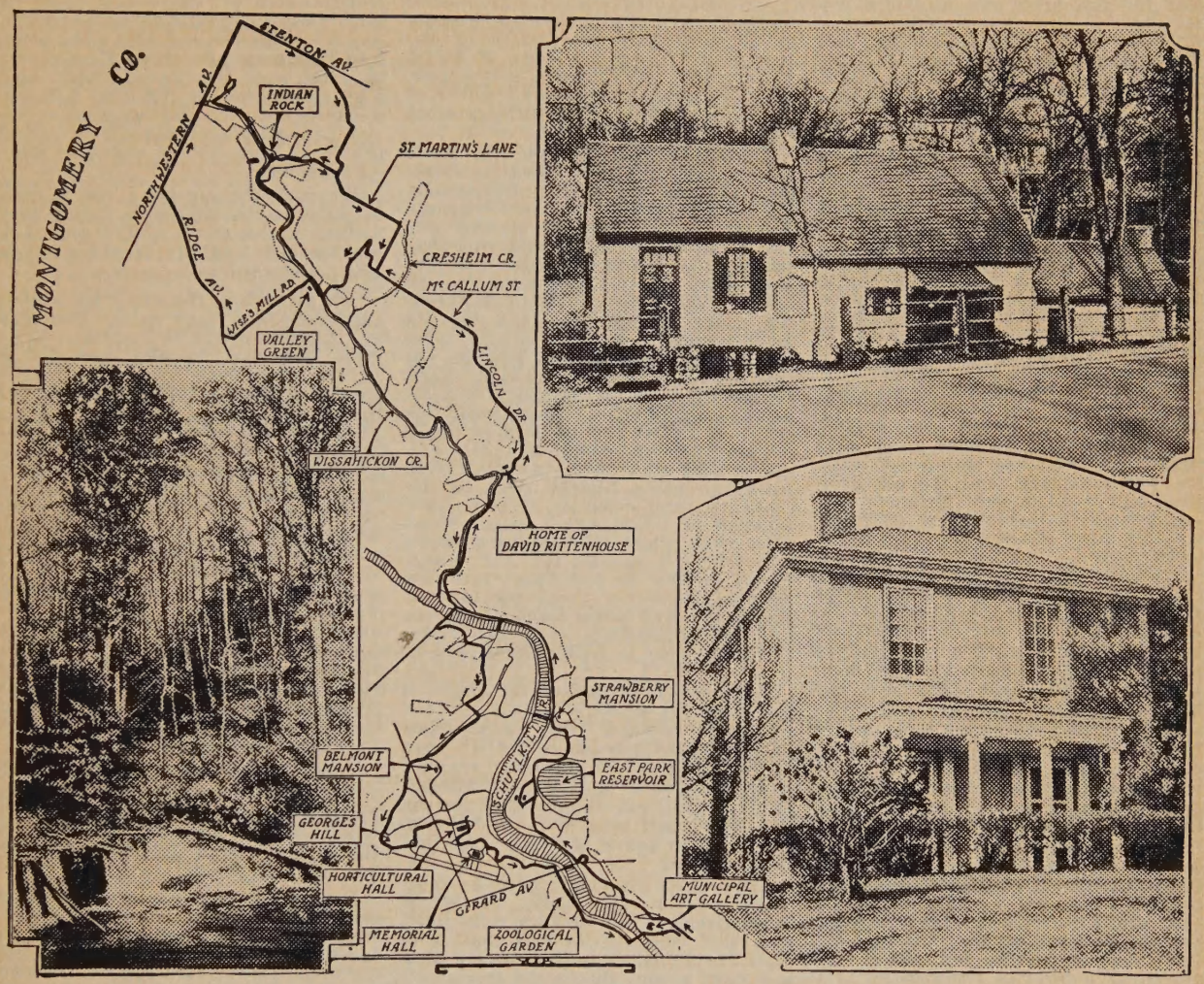
In addition to these there are forty selected routes covering directions to hundreds of places near and far, and information regarding Pennsylvania State Forests, Forest Parks and Motor Camps.

Much attention has been paid to the points of historic interest, that they may attract adults and at the same time be of assistance to children in their studies.

The Motor Pathfinder

FAIRMOUNT, THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY PARK

A Wonderland of Scenic Beauty, a Domain Rich in History, Legend and Romance


MONTGOMERY CO.
ELKINS AV
ELKINS AV
ELKINS AV

casual glance and miss four-fifths of the treasures that are well within their view. The Pathfinder, when a boy, walked all over it; later he cycled through part of it; this week he motored to every part of it except stretches where the car is banned, and travelled forty-three miles without leaving it except for two brief and necessary circuits.

We leave the Bulletin Building and plunge right into it, the Parkway being part of the Park itself; in a moment we roll around Logan Circle, once one of the five Squares planned by William Penn, with the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul on our right; we pass the new Public Library and see the mighty Art Museum rising on top of what was formerly a reservoir, turn right, passing the Washington Monument that had its inception a hundred years before it was cast and erected; we turn left into the old Park limits; a short walk to the left is the old Fairmount Water Works, now the Aquarium; we swing right at the Lincoln Statue and wind up Lemon Hill, with the Mansion at our left. Near it is the Log Cabin occupied by General Grant at City Point, Va., during the siege of Richmond. Here was the nucleus of this vast pleasure ground.

Fairmount Park is made up of what were formerly country estates of wealthy Philadelphians, and the old mansions still stand in most instances, and are devoted to various Park purposes, but only a few of them are of historical importance.

We cross Girard av. and plunge down the winding hill to the East River drive, turn right to the statue of General Grant, at the foot of Dairy Hill; right again and wind up the hill to pay a visit to a superb Colonial mansion—Mount Pleasant. This was the home of Benedict Arnold, to which he took Peggy Shippen as his bride; where he entertained, and where his extravagances brought upon him a reprimand which was the first inspiration for his treason. Nearby is the Smith Memorial Children's playhouse and ground.

On we go along an ever-curving driveway, passing old estates, Fountain Green, Rockland, Ormiston, Randolph, Edgley, Woodford; we turn left down long, gentle Strawberry Hill, glimpsing the old Mansion on the hilltop; the place was so named because of the prodigious number of strawberries that once grew wild there.

Our way continues up the River drive, passing the Laurel Hill cemeteries where so many persons of eminence are entombed; the drive comes to an end at Ridge av., which we cross, and find ourselves on matchless Wissahickon drive, and we roll along the valley of romance and legend, of history and song and scenic gorgeousness that has no parallel in any city in the world.

In a moment we pass an old building, Wissahickon Hall, now a Guard House, but which was once a famous road hotel; how many Philadelphians used to drive out there early in the morning for a breakfast of catfish and waffles, the former taken fresh from the stream which is so named because of their plenitude; for Wissahickon means Catfish stream. There were no motors in those days, and men bragged of "spanking bays" or roans or blacks as they now do of their gas buggies; and in winter when the first snow fell, how the old sleighs were hauled out! And the jingle of sleighbells was heard everywhere as eager drivers skimmed swiftly over the snow to this hotel, the first one of the season to arrive receiving as a prize a bottle of champagne.

We halt at an ancient whitewashed building with its well-worn stone steps, to the left, some ten feet below the road level; it was the home of David Rittenhouse, celebrated astronomer, mathematician, scientist and maker of scientific instruments in the eighteenth century.

A short distance beyond the drive turns sharply left and crosses the creek, and we dare not follow; temporarily we are shunted out of the Park; the wilderness and grandeur of this section of the creek are reserved for pedestrians and the few remaining equestrians. Find a place to park the car and ramble along the creek. With its towering cliffs, its cascades and the old Indian trail, it is worth while; there are many other sections like it, not open to motor cars; but to enjoy Fairmount Park in all its glory requires many days and much walking along this valley of legend and mystery, with its Lover's Leaps and Hermits' rendezvous. As we today are limited to motor travel, we go on along Lincoln drive to McCallum st., and swing left thereon; soon we come to a bridge that crosses Cresheim creek, which is in the park; down near where it empties into the Wissahickon is the Devil's Pool, and just around the corner from the pool is the old Livezey house where American and British soldiers once met under a truce to revel in friendship, according to tradition.

Just at the far end of the bridge is the beautiful estate of State Senator George Woodward, with its gorgeous gardens open to public view. We have visited them before, in their summer glory, and pass on. We are passing some magnificent estates that border the park itself and seem to be part thereof; who knows but what some day they will be?

We come to two arched gateways and a sign tells us it is Springfield av. and we turn right upon it a short distance to find that it is built like a snake's tongue, with a long and short prong; this is the short one; we come to the junction forming an acute angle, and swing around to the left on the long prong, and are at once under the witching spell of the silence and majesty of the woodlands through which we wind down three-quarters of a mile to the creek; the road is rough, but who cares?

It brings us to Valley Green where, in front of the inn that was old when Adam was a little boy, we park the car and wander about to drink in the scenery about us that defies description. Upon the turf roadway are heard from time to time the hoof-beats of galloping steeds for which it is reserved, and one would not be surprised to see, in this peaceful old-time setting, the horsemen garbed in the uniforms of Revolutionary officers. A pretty little girl is having the time of her life tossing bits of bread into the water to see the score or more of ducks race for them; there is hardly a sound to break the stillness.

We are permitted to run along this road a hundred feet or so, and then must swing up the short, rather steep and sharply curved hill and are on Wise's Mill road, and once more we are shunted out of the Park; it is a pretty road which takes us to Ridge av., Roxborough; we turn right and soon reach Northwestern av., then right along the smooth macadam through more beautiful country to Stenton av., turn right, swing into Bethlehem pike, cross Germantown av. and pass the Pennsylvania Railroad station on the left, and following the avenues to the right we come to Rex av., a duplicate of Springfield, which brings us again to the creekside where we must stop.

We park the car for a few minutes to climb up the hill to the Indian Rock and its marble statue of Tedyscung taking his last look at the valley before going westward with his tribe.

We go back to the asphalted avenue, turn right and keep going. McCallum st., Lincoln drive, Wissahickon drive, cross Ridge av., up City Line hill at at the right, over the bridge, and a short distance beyond turn left on Neil drive; we pass Chamounix, Woodside Park and keep on; Belmont, celebrated home of Judge William Peters, the original part built in 1742, and scene of many brilliant social functions of days in the long ago. We take George's Hill drive rising gradually to the summit, whence one of the many views of the city may be obtained. We swing left and in a moment we pass the Catholic Fountain and are traversing the grounds where the Centennial Exposition was held in 1876. Five of the original buildings still stand—Memorial Hall, Horticultural Hall, the Ohio, Rhode Island and English buildings. Centennial Lake was the scene of the U. S. Life Saving Exhibit.

There are gorgeous gardens and lily ponds; a Japanese garden with a Temple 300 years old, brought from the Land of the Cherry Blossom; and Horticultural Hall is filled with rare and tropical plants.

Passing the Centennial grounds we swing right on Lansdowne drive; toward the end we see to our right the house William Penn lived in in Letitia st., which many years ago was removed to this spot to make way for commerce. We cross Girard av., park the car alongside the biggest and best Zoological Gardens in America, and enter, the hundreds of animals, birds and reptiles from every clime and country being of interest to adults and children alike. We stop at the quaint old house that is used for the office of the superintendent; this was "Solitude," the estate of John Penn, grandson of William, and the house was built in 1785; the ornate ceiling in the living room was brought in sections from England. At the back door (the front as the visitor usually sees it) are two sections of the Giant's Causeway, Ireland, and no one today knows how they got there.

We continue southward, skirting the Gardens, and beyond the railroad turn right and on into 31st st., left on Spring Garden, crossing the bridge to the Parkway and back to the Bulletin Building. It is one of the best trips of the year.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, November 19, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BY WASHINGTON'S ROAD TO VALLEY FORGE

Camp Ground Hallowed by Sufferings of Patriot Army; Memorial Church and Museum — The General's Marquee

One hundred and forty-eight years ago just at this time, Washington and his Army, after the battle of Brandywine and still maneuvering to keep Howe out of Philadelphia, were encamped at Whitemarsh.

There they remained until, on December 11, 1777, the great commander started on his march to establish winter quarters which were later fixed at Valley Forge, where the Army of patriots were to undergo sufferings that rival those of the Christian martyrs; and where, thanks to their loyalty in their extreme misery, they made independence, already declared, possible.

"No spot on earth," said Cyrus Townsend Brady, "not the plains of Marathon, nor the passes of Sempach, nor the Place of the Bastile, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England, is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as Valley Forge."

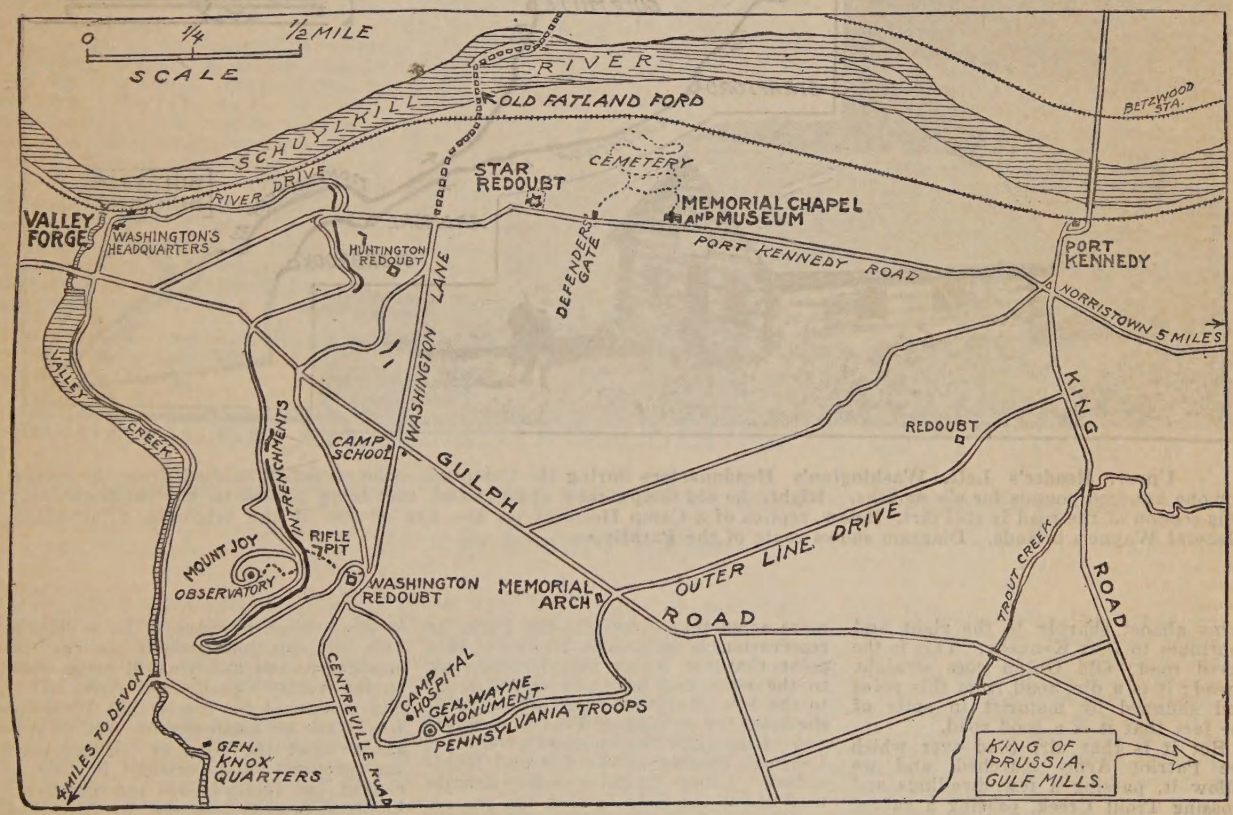
The Pathfinder has touched upon this sacred place on several occasions; this time he made it the one and only objective of his tour, and it is well worth devoting an entire day to.

Washington crossed the Schuylkill river at Swedes Ford and proceded to Gulf Mills, where he pitched his camp; a stone there marks the site. But the location proved unsatisfactory, and at General Wayne's suggestion, it is said, Valley Forge was selected. He knew the country intimately, for many a time he drove to the old forge on the creek side for a load of nails and other hardware for his father's store, and also, in his boyhood and young manhood he had coursed the fox over the hills and through the valleys there. So the engineers got busy and cut the road to Valley Creek. They reached a rock and blasted a way through it, leaving part of it to overhang the road; it does so yet.

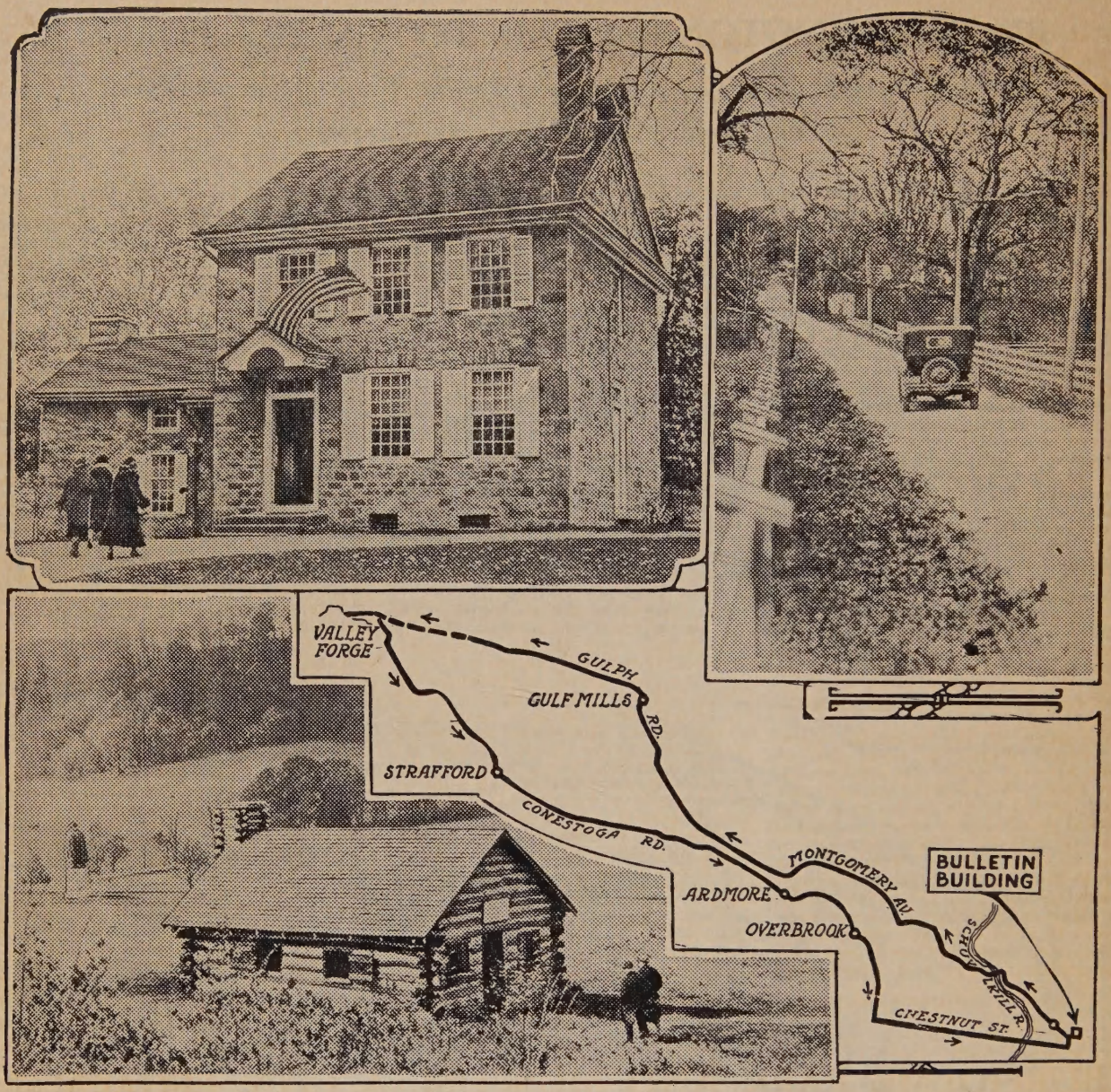
Last week we reached Gulf Mills; let us now take the road over which, in December, 1777, a trail of blood from unshod feet marked the route of the ragged, but undaunted Army.

We go out the Parkway, enter the Park, turn to right at Lincoln Statue to Girard av., left across the bridge, then right under the railroad and follow drives to the left until they bring us to straight, broad Belmont av., then right on it to Wynnefield av., left, continuing to right on 54th st., cross City Line, and straight ahead to Montgomery av., then left and follow; in time it merges into Gulph road—(They spell the name of the road with a ph and the village with an f; don't know why)—which brings us to the point where the first camp was established.

We proceed along Gulph road, under the hanging rock, with the cascading creek on the other side of us, past towering hills and fertile valleys, noting again the mighty old oak tree just before entering King of Prussia under which Columbus himself might have marched had he been in the neighborhood, so old it is. Presently the road



Washington and His Army Entered on the Gulph Road at point shown in lower right-hand corner, and halted at site now occupied by the Memorial Arch, the various brigades moving to the right and left and establishing positions. Washington's Headquarters are at the upper left corner. The Camp ground contains many monuments, statues, markers, etc., as well as earthworks and huts preserved since the Army was there; only a few of the more important are noted on the map. Motorists, by using roads shown, can cover the entire field.



Upper, Reader's Left, Washington's Headquarters during the Camp which he rented, furnished, from the owner for one hundred pounds for six months. **Right,** the old Gulph road along which the Army passed to the camp ground; this section of the road is still dirt. **Below,** replica of a Camp Hospital on the site of one of the originals, attached to General Wayne's brigade. Diagram shows route of the Pathfinder.

turns almost sharply to the right and continues to Port Kennedy. This is the paved road; Old Gulph goes straight ahead; it is a dirt road from this point and shunned by motorist in spite of the fact that it is a good road.

But it is that dirt road over which the Patriot Army marched, and we follow it, passing a few dwellings and crossing Trout Creek, passing a ruined hut that probably stood during the camp, and in a moment we are winding our way up grade to the summit of the hill where stands the Memorial Arch of Victory. From here a magnificent view of the fifteen hundred or more acres that constitute the Park, or reservation, is obtained. It was at this point that the Army halted, deploying to the right and left, and establishing, to the left, the Pennsylvania line, with the brigades of Wayne, Poor and Scott, and to the right the brigades of Glover, Learned, Patterson, Weedon and Muhlenberg. Other brigades were distributed about the field further on.

And now for a ramble over the field; We keep on the Gulph road, passing the Camp School House. We skirt the site of Maxwell's brigade and get a gorgeous view of the valley and glimmering river through the trees and plunge into it down what appears to be a formidable hill, but just around the curve it straightens out and we roll along down to the Valley Creek, then right half a city square to the house that Washington made his headquarters. And let it be known that the General did not seize the property and occupy it free of charge, but instead paid the owner one hundred pounds rent for it, furnished, for six months.

Across the road runs the creek; there was formerly a lake there formed by a dam, and another, formed by another dam, a short distance back; both dams have been destroyed, but they formed

one of the water protections for the Army during the camp, and the Rev. Dr. W. Herbert Burk, through whose untiring efforts so much has been accomplished in preserving this National shrine, is endeavoring to have the State reconstruct the dams in the interest of historical accuracy as well as scenic beauty.

Headquarters is just as it was in Washington's time, with furniture duplicated so that one may see just how the commander lived. Near the house is another, used as a hospital during the camp; the more modern structure next to it is the office of the Park Commission.

We turn our backs on the railroad and roll away along the lovely valley, past the spot where the forge stood, and which the British destroyed earlier in the year because they found it made arms for the Americans; presently a covered bridge is reached; we cross it, glimpsing General Knox's headquarters and passing the estate of the late Senator Philander C. Knox, whose body lies over on the hillside overlooking the river, near the Memorial Chapel. A short, winding run brings us to the building that sheltered Lafayette, but it has been extensively remodeled and is a private residence. We turn back from it and run along a most alluring country road through the woods and presently swing left on the Devon road, again entering the Park and turn right along the Outer Line drive, past the Arch again, turn left and roll along the Pennsylvania line.

We pause at the equestrian statue of General Wayne, so posed that he faces his old home, Waynesborough, near Paoli. We park the car and walk down the hill to the replica of a camp hospital standing just where an original stood in 1777-78. There were two of these to each brigade. This one was built at the instance of Governor Pennypacker, according to the official building plans of Washington's camp engineers. It is of logs, and contains six bunks each made of small logs laid close together; there is a fireplace in the end, and a rough table in the middle. On such a table the surgeons of the Revolution operated; is it to be wondered at that of every ten soldiers who went to these hospitals eight were carried out to be buried? Three thousand of Washington's heroes died in that bitter winter at Valley Forge.

The vandals have had their day, and the table, walls, bunks, etc., bear hundreds of initials cut or written, and some names and addresses. The Federal Courts are rounding up and punishing those who have similarly desecrated Gettysburg; it is up to the state, or Montgomery county, in which the park lies (although the Post office is in Chester), to take similar action against hoodlumism at Valley Forge.

We keep on, past Scott's brigade site and wind our way up to the summit of Mount Joy, where from the top of the observatory one obtains a wonderful view of one of the most scenic sections of Pennsylvania; a country so rich in history that it would take a fat volume to tell about it. We passed Fort Washington to reach it; we return and bear left along Camp road, passing the spot where Washington set up his marquee, or big tent prior to taking possession of the house.

The marquee that sheltered the General on so many fields was made in Philadelphia early in the Revolution, and used by the owner to the end. Even when he established headquarters in houses this tent was set up outside for his private use, and in it he planned his campaigns. His adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis inherited it; he kept it at Mt. Vernon until he built Arlington House, and then took it there; at his death it went to his daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, wife of the great Confederate Commander. When the estate was seized by the Union Army this treasure was taken to Washington and placed on exhibition in the Patent Office. Mrs. Lee, in 1869, asked for its return, and President Johnson ordered it done, but the House of Representatives prevented it; in 1883 it was placed in the National Museum, but during President McKinley's administration it was restored to Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of the General, and in 1907 Dr. Burke bought it from her for $5,000, which Miss Lee gave to the Old Confederate Women's Home at Richmond, of which she was President. This almost sacred relic now reposes in a room by itself in the Museum attached to the Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, and may be viewed through protecting windows.

We continue on, cross Gulph road, pass Fort Huntingdon and site of Huntingdon's brigade, then right past General Varnum's headquarters and the Star redoubt; then comes the Defenders' Gate, home of Dr. Burk at the entrance to the cemetry, and then the crowning glory of the Park, the Washington Memorial Chapel that will stand for ages as a monument to that energetic and sunny-dispositioned clergyman, for it was chiefly through his herculean efforts that the majestic building and its connecting museum were built.

There, too, is the cloister of the colonies overlooking the woodland church outlined by trees brought from Mt. Vernon; there are the stained glass windows rivalling those of the famed cathedrals of Europe, depicting the life of Washington and the story of the creation of the Nation. Its pews and altar, lectern and pulpit, organ and choir, all are symbolic. A book is needed to adequately describe it.

There are many other things to see and we have a full day, turning regretfully homeward as the sun begins to sink in the west. For variety's sake we take another road home and get an eye full of more superb scenery. We follow the Devon road to New Centreville, left a short distance, then right on Strafford road to Strafford, where we turn left and then swing over to the right on old Conestoga road to Bryn Mawr, Lincoln Highway to Wynnewood, left on Wynnewood road to City Line, left a few yards, then right on 63d st. to Chestnut, left and back to the Bulletin building.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, November 5, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BURHOLME PARK AND MUSEUM, A CITY LEGACY

Oriental Art and Priceless Treasures from Many Lands in Mansion Bequeathed

by Robert W. Ryerss

Tucked away in a corner of northeast Philaelphia, bounded on two sides by Montgomery County, lies a beautiful domain that is an all-too-little known part of Philadelphia's splendid Park system.

Moreover it stands an enduring monument to the generosity and public spirit of Robert W. Ryerss, and his wife who after his death became the wife of the Rev. John G. Bawn, and who died in China while enthusiastically engaged in elaborating on this great benefaction.

So thanks to them we have Burholme Park with its marvelous museum and its library, with an endowment that provides for its upkeep without any expense to the city. There are other parks, too, in addition to matchless Fairmount, and three of these were covered in the Pathfinder's tour this week. We have travelled some thousands of miles this year in our weekly trips, but this time once more can be shown that there are places of surpassing interest and beauty within our own city limits. Let us take them in detail as we go along.

We roll out Walnut st. to Woodland av., turn left thereon and glide over a smooth street to the city limits, marked by Cobb's Creek, and here we begin the main part of our tour, on the scene of a lively little battle during the Revolution, which marks the beginning of Cobb's Creek Park.

The Indians called the creek the Kakarakonk, or the Karakung, which the Swedes twisted into Carcoen's or Karkus; the English, however, prosaicly dubbed it Mill Creek because Governor Printz built a mill at the point our journey begins. Later it was officially named in honor of William Cobb, a contemporary and friend of Penn, and it has so remained.

The site whre the mill stood was deeded by William Penn in 1682 to Morton Mortimer, from whom it decended to the Cobb family. Years before the Revolution an Inn was built there, called the Blue Bell. When Fort Mifflin surrendered and the American

Upper, reader's right, the Ryerss Mansion, Burholme Park, which, with the park and great collection of curios and art objects housed in the mansion, and an endowment for maintenance, were a legacy to the city. **Lower**, the old Blue Bell Tavern at the lower end of Cobb's Creek Park, scene of a lively little battle in 1777, and a view in the Park. **Diagram** shows route followed.

Army retired along what is now Woodland av., a picket of thirty-three soldiers was left at the Inn to cover the retreat: on the night of November 18, 1777, Cornwallis started with 2,000 Hessians and a battery of light artillery to attack Fort Mercer, intending to cross the river near Chester. The plucky little troop of Americans opened fire on this overwhelming force and kept on fighting until all were killed, wounded or captured. The British also lost many men and an officer. The little old building on the creek side was the original Inn; the larger section was built after the Revolution.

With this historic spot as a starting place we follow Cobb's Creek Parkway, a broad, imposing avenue lined on one side with handsome residences. The creek itself, with its tree-shaded banks is the downtown rival of the Wissahickon, and there are many pretty nooks and open lawns and fields; we pass through Mt. Moriah Cemetery, where Betsy Ross and many other celebrities are buried. As we roll along we espy a road that enters the Park and winds its way northward, and decide to investigate it; it is a good dirt road that leads through a pretty section, then gets rough and finally lands us in somebody's back yard; we withdraw in disgust and retrace our way to the Parkway; some day this is going to be a fine Park drive, but it is to be avoided now.

We go on to Race st., turn left and ignoring the roughness of a short, hilly twist, we dive into the Park again, past two vast quarries, one of which has no bottom, apparently, and are on an excellent dirt road; it takes us past the public golf links; across the road is the special one-hole course for beginners; a robust enthusiast is trying to hit the hole; he uses all his clubs in turn and so many balls that they dot the field like a miniature snow storm; when all are used up and the hole is

still empty he retrieves them; we suspect that he is not a beginner, for he hits the ball nearly every time, but that he is just doing a bit of practicing.

This links marks the end of Cobb's Creek Park which, extending from city line to city line will in time be an imposing pleasure ground.

We go out Haverford av. to city line, then right and proceed straight ahead, skirting the entering Fairmount Park as we cross the Schuylkill river and turn south along the River Drive; left on Hunting Park av., crossing Broad st. and taking the Roosevelt boulevard, which is also part of the Park system. The Pathfinder's objective is Pennypack Park, and he rambles for many miles into Holmesburg, where after numerous experiments he finds that the Park is still in the making; that what will some day be fine drives are now non-negotiable dirt roads, and that avenues bordering it exist only on the city plan. One may enter the Park in many places and there are many sections that are of much beauty; some day it, like Cobb's Creek Park, will be a splendid part of the Park system; neither can ever hope to compete with the Wissahickon, for they lack the hills and cliffs that make that valley a wonderland.

The Indians called the Pennypack the Pennipacka or Penniceacka; Penn called it Dublin Creek; but fortunately for romance the old Indian name, in modified form, was substituted.

But as Pennypack Park is not yet open to motorists, this part of the Pathfinder's trip may be avoided, and those who follow him will find it worth while to take up the journey from the Roosevelt boulevard, to which he returns.

We turn left on Oxford pike above Summerdale, to Cottman st., and we are at Burholme; we turn left through the town within the city's borders and then right along the avenue that bounds Burholme Park; we enter the driveway and come to anchor in front of the ornate and imposing mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Ryerss. The estate, originally a little less than fifty acres, now covers sixty-nine.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryerss were great travelers and enthusiastic collectors, specializing in oriental articles, but acquiring Indian and other art objects as well. The mansion was filled with marvellous vases, furniture, images, Chinese and Japanese temples and idols or replicas of them; there are pieces of marble statuary, tapestries, table ware, jewels, bric-a-brac, ornaments, curios; there are wonderfully carved models of ancient or oriental ships and boats; swords of the Samauri; tables of rare and costly inlaid woods and mother of pearl, and one of the finest collections of carved ivory in the world.

Under the will of Mr. Ryerss, supplemented by that of his widow, not only this property and this vast collection, but $60,000 in cash and an annuity of $5,000 for maintenance came to Philadelphia.

Part of the benefaction was to be a library, and so a branch of the Free Library occupies most of the second floor; with the $60,000, an addition to the building was constructed to house the curios, and spacious as it is, it is far from adequate to hold the entire collection. It spreads throughout the first floor, both old and new sections, and takes up all of the new section on the floor above. A broad stairway leading up from the library is roped off; it leads to floors above where every room is filled with rare articles of great value, stored until room is found for them; until this time comes it has been suggested that the collection on exhibition be changed from time to time.

In the collection are two chairs once owned by William Penn; there are (not now on exhibition), an ancient four-poster bedstead, a couple of finely carved high boys, several lowboys and many other articles of furniture that would make an antique dealer's mouth water.

Just outside there is a mound from the middle of which rise two tree stumps, and around it are a dozen little tombstones that mark the graves of dogs and cats that were so loyal to their master in life that he paid them this tribute in death; two of them were buried as long ago as 1862; and a short distance away a larger single grave is that of a favorite horse that lived for thirty-odd years.

The mansion rests on the top of a gentle hill which, however, makes it one of the high spots in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and from it a broad view stretches in all directions; from the upper rooms one may see for miles, and it is a pretty view no matter which way one looks.

In summer the Park is a favorite place for picnic parties; it has trees, lawns and gardens; Mr. and Mrs. Ryerss loved it and we do not wonder why; and it was partly to preserve it intact that they gave it to the city.

We eventually leave it, and following Cottman st., which becomes Township Line road, we skirt Jenkintown, pass through Wyncote, detour from the straight road over excellent avenues, past beautiful estates, to Easton pike, left to Stenton av., left to Gorgas st., right, continuing on Carpenter st., to Lincoln drive, left thereon, and back home by way of the familiar Wissahickon and East River Drives and the Parkway.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, December 3, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

PICTURESQUE RUN ALONG THE PERKIOMEN

Past Scene of Howe's Attempt to Surprise American Army, Fort Washington, Muhlenberg's Church and Camp of Washington

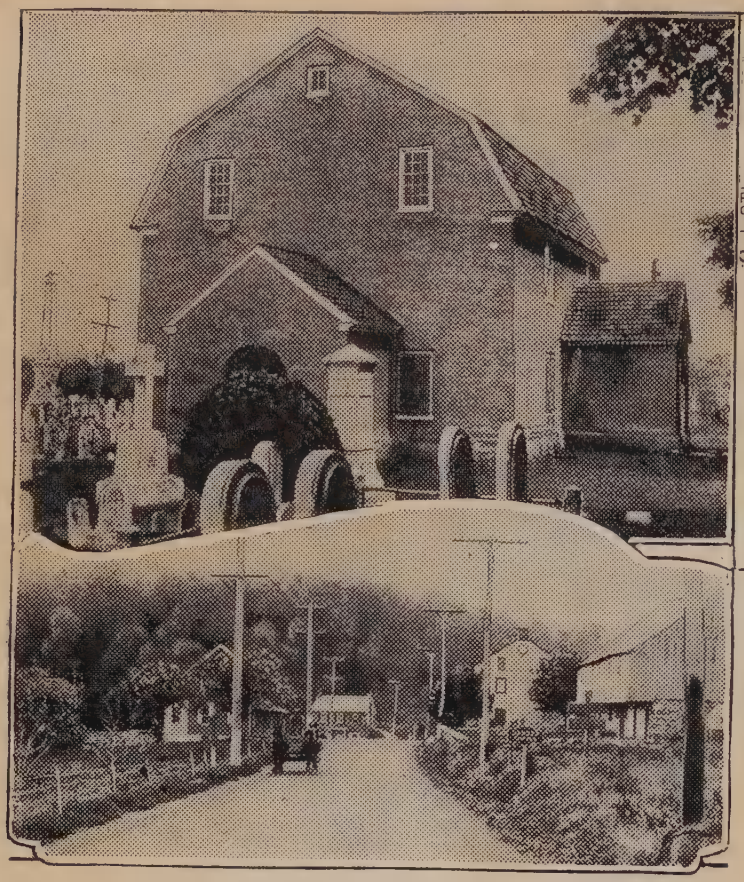
There are men who, seeing a community need, supply it; and there are men who, blessed with beautiful estates, permit the public to enjoy their beauties with them. And they do all this without personal gain, their philanthropic actions prompted only by the goodness of their hearts. This is just a thought, as the Pathfinder ponders over the pleasures of his latest one-day trip.

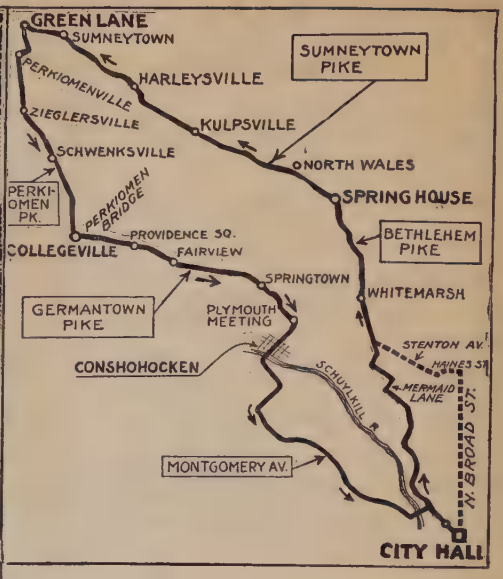
Starting from The Bulletin Building as usual, we roll along the Parkway and up the East River Drive, crossing Ridge av. at the end and continuing along the unmatchable Wissahickon drive, its sinuous wanderings following the ancient "catfish stream" of which one never tires. Then the drive swings across the creek where the car cannot follow, and we proceed along Lincoln drive, lined with fine residences, to McCallum st. There we swing left and presently cross the Cresheim Creek ravine. On our left are the colorful gardens of Dr. George Woodward, which are open to the public. Flowers and plants may not be touched, but they can be enjoyed.

We go on to Mermaid lane, right to St. Martin's lane, left to Gravers lane, right to Evergreen av.' left again, swinging around the Chestnut Hill station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, cross Germantown av. and we are on the Bethlehem pike, with its memories of Washington, the Fries rebellion, of Count Zinzendorf and the Liberty Bell and a hundred other names and incidents of history. They call it the Bethlehem pike because it leads to Bethlehem; but long before Zinzendorf led his people to the banks of the Lehigh, even before Columbus discovered America, it was the Minsi Trail, down which the Lenni Lenapes came to people this part of the country. It is the oldest road in America.

Ancient buildings dot the roadway, some of which were there when Howe made his "surprise" trip and was surprised himself. Soon to the right, a flagpole on the top of a hill can be seen. It marks all that remains of Fort Washington, with its earthworks, thrown up as a protection against the British, still in evidence. A little farther on to the left is an ancient grist mill on the bank of the creek. It was built in 1714 and ground grist for the American Army.

A few hundred yards beyond is the pretty home of Elmer E. Dungan; between it and the mill are thirty acres





Above is the quaint old church of the Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenburg, founder of Lutheranism in America, at Trappe; below, along the Perkiomen pike approaching Zieglerville. Diagram shows route followed.

of land called Dungan Field. About twenty years ago Mr. Dungan moved there from Philadelphia with his wife and three children. He soon noticed that the children of Fort Washington had no public place to play, so he bought this land, laid it out in lawns, a base ball diamond and tennis courts, installed other facilities for sports of various kinds and opened it to the public. Recently he bought the old mill and is arranging to restore it to its original condition.

On we go, skirting Ambler, to Spring House where we swing left on the Sumneytown pike. There is an occasional rough spot that we do not mind; we pass splendid farms with crops peeping through the ground, here and there acres of freshly-turned brown earth ready to receive its seed, or great fields golden with the blooming wild mustard. Now and then, from the crest of a hill, we get magnificent views of the rolling country with its farms, streams and woodlands.

Arriving at Green Lane, we swing left on the Perkiomen pike, noting one of the proposed sources of Philadelphia's future water supply. It is a pretty run down the Perkiomen valley. At Schwenksville we cross the new concrete bridge that has replaced the old covered wooden one, burned a year or so ago, and visit the site of Washington's camp at Pennypacker's Mills. The mill is still there; up the hill a short distance is the General's headquarters, subsequently the home of the late Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker.

Along the Perkiomen creek in May there are wonderful wild flowers, including what the natives call bluebells, which not only challenge cultivated flowers for beauty, but have a delicious and distinctive odor.

We go on to Collegeville, and just because it is nearby and the newly-concreted street looks tempting, we swing right a mile or so to Trappe, and pay a visit to the ancient Lutheran Church of the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, founder of Lutheranism in America and father of that clergyman-statesman-soldier, General Peter Muhlenburg. Both the General and his distinguished father, as well as their families, are buried alongside the church.

Then we turn back to Collegeville, where we cross one of the oldest bridges in America (opened in 1799), and swing left on the Germantown pike, Here again from time to time we pause to admire the beauty of the landscape visible for many miles in all directions. At ancient Plymouth Meeting we bear right to and through Conshohocken, left after crossing the bridge on Conshohocken State road, up a winding hill, through the woods a short distance, then right on Spring Mill road. This carries us past some of the fine estates that have made the Main Line section world-famous, to Montgomery av., then left to City Line, left to Belmont av., right through the park and home again. We started at 9 o'clock and are home at 4, and took an easy pace all day.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, May 14, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WEYMOUTH FOUNDRY NOW A TREE-GROWN RUIN

Pretty Run Through Woods to Deserted Place Where Cannon Were Made for the Revolutionary Army

It's haying time in New Jersey. The fragrance of freshly mown clover and alfalfa makes one forget the odor of heated asphalt and gasoline fumes.

Besides, the laurel is in bloom. Acres of pink and white blossoms stretching away through the pine scrub oaks, ranging along the road, and nodding to you, make a trip along the gravel and paved highways beyond the Delaware a real pleasure. Want to go? Then follow the Motor Pathfinder on a different route to May's Landing and back.

A lunch is going to be a necessary part of your standard equipment. The roads are excellent, so you can plan to pick flowers during the time you might otherwise spend fixing a tire.

Crossing the ferry the trail is out Haddon av. to Collingswood and on through to Haddonfield.

In case anybody is thirsty, there is a fine town pump in front of the Old Indian King Inn. The water is cool and, if you forgot your radiator an old fashioned trough provides plenty to fill that, too.

This is not going to be a history tour, but just the same a peek at Elizabeth Haddon's old estate near the railway is interesting. At the old Haddon place, at Potter st. and King's Highway, the turn is right and you have a straight, paved shoot to Gibbsboro.

A mile or so out, you get the first whiff of new mown hay.

"Maud Muller on a summer's day—"

One appreciates the inspiration Whittier received from wilting timothy and clover—ummm! Say! This is great! Gibbsboro is a disappointment—not because of itself, but because it interrupts the rural siesta into which you've fallen.

An "S" turn in Gibbsboro, around the paint factory, and the road strings away to the White Horse pike. At West Berlin the trail is over the pike through Berlin, then, instead of turning left with the main road, stay to the right and hit toward Cedarbrook and Blue Anchor.

Pond lilies dotting and often covering small lakes and pools bring many a shout to stop from the rear seat. But there's a lot better ahead. A battalion of scarecrows add their dubious art to the landscape. Here and there a convivial crow or black bird, showing his contempt for such antique defences, perches nonchalantly atop the flapping figure. Around him his mates set up a chorus of jeers which illustrate the need for automatic scarecrows or an able substitute who can handle a shotgun.

The road is so good you are tempted to speed. All the traffic is on the pike, and there is a fine asphalt highway all to yourself. Hammonton provides another chance to tap the town fountain; then, on your way again. South of Hammonton the White Horse pike butts in for the last time. Follow it to Ellwood, then take a turn right where an almost hidden sign says: "Weymouth 5 mi."

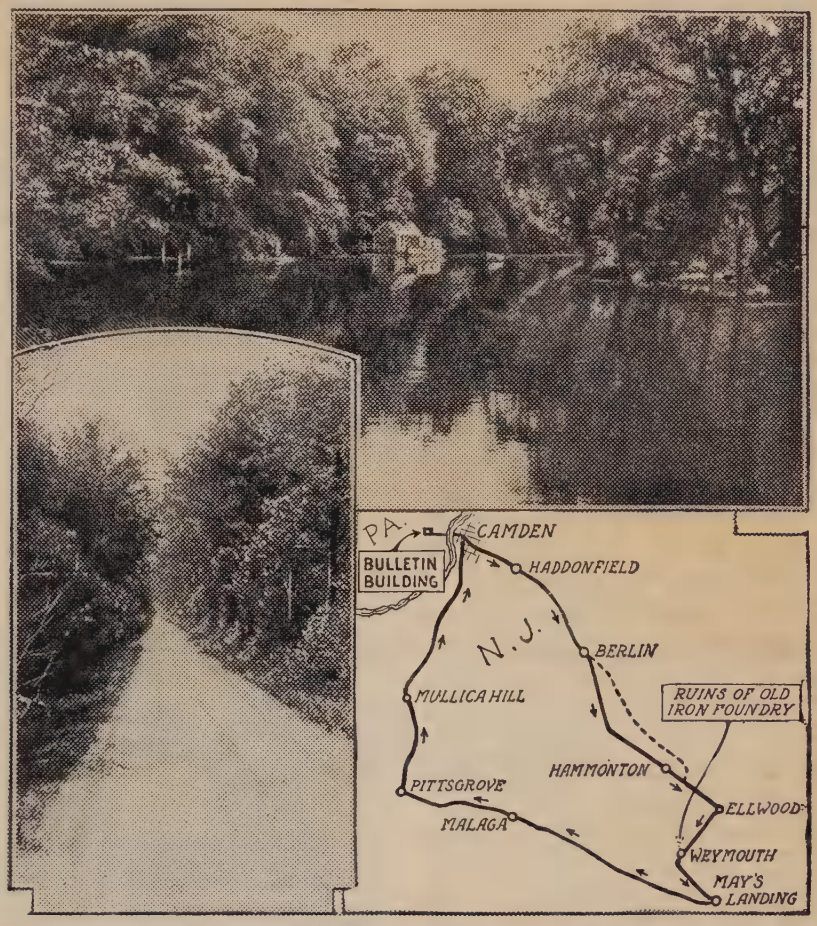
Ahhh—this is the road. A winding tape of hard gravel, with a canopy of trees over it nearly all the way; what more to ask? That fragrance! It comes from the magnolias back in the woods, while all about the laurel is bobbing in the wind. All ready? You're off again. Over a couple of hills, through some burned-over area where the forest fires swept through and you are almost at Weymouth. A number of huge marshes and bogs are dried up. The heat wave has left a drastic mark upon this section.

Young partridges, hopping across the road, interest the children. So do a pair of rabbits, convoying a fuzzy bunch which appears to be Rabbit, Jr.

A sharp turn, and here is a noisy creek and on its shore the ruins of several ancient brick buildings. You stop to investigate. The creek drains the bog and the bog contained the iron years ago, from which were made our forefathers' flintlocks and cannon. The ruins are those of Weymouth Foundry, built way back in the 18th century.

Through the gaping windows limbs of trees protrude. The roof is gone and just a skeleton of brick wall remains. The tall stack is intact. Inside huge trees have grown up. Truly, a picturesque old place. On the creek bank is a fine place to dispose of that luncheon. Canoes provide a chance to paddle about.

The road south of Weymouth, after making the bend to the left, is fully as pretty as that just traversed. Indeed,



The enchanting water scene is a stretch of Great Egg Harbor River at May's Landing. A section of the five-mile road of hard gravel between Elwood and Weymouth is also pictured. This highway was made delightful by a canopy of trees and the odor of blossoming laurel.

it is one of the most beautiful in the Garden State. A sharp curve over a rustic bridge gives the driver a chance to show his "motorship" and also calls another halt. Son wants a picture. Well—all right.

At May's Landing you hit the concrete. You must make a "Y," retrace your way, and go back out the concrete road on the return trip. May's Landing is a good place to start a fishing expedition, pike in the lake and other fish down the river may turn Dad from a motorist into an angler. You'll have time, too, if you get an early start.

The return route is paved as far as Landisville, then, straight ahead to Pittsgrove it is gravel as smooth and hard as a billiard table. The same hay-cutting, grape-growing, peach-orchard scenes line the way. Back to Camden through Woodbury and over the ferry. How far?

The speedometer indicates just **114** miles at City Hall.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, June 11, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

FORT MOTT SLEEPS BUT READY FOR BUSINESS

Disappearing Guns Kept in Order at All Times, with Only a Few Soldiers Left in Charge

The fact that if you give him a few months' time your esteemed Uncle Samuel can get together an army than can lick all creation does not alter the other fact, so General Pershing and army officers generally point out, that if the other fellows hit us suddenly, and refuse to give us those few months, we will have a tough time of it.

But Congress decrees that the Army shall not be increased, and in consequence the War Department finds it necessary to close up some of its posts and forts, simply because it has not men enough to man them; and one of these places that was doomed to be turned over to the mosquitoes is Fort Mott, on the Jersey side of the Delaware about eleven miles below Pennsgrove. Only enough troops are there now to keep the spider webs off the guns.

Fort Mott is of no historical importance, but for more than half a century it has been one of the defenses of Philadelphia, and there is a lot about it that is interesting. In view of its relegation to the status of Fort Mifflin the Pathfinder determined to ramble down that way and look it over.

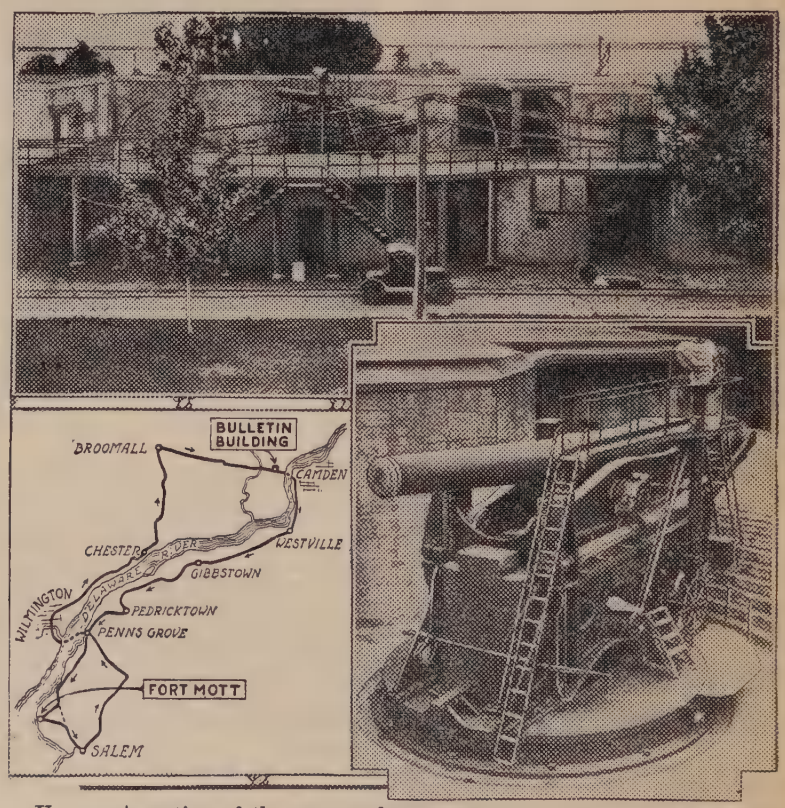
From The Bulletin we circle City Hall, duck through Juniper st., and down Chestnut to the ferries, which take us to Camden; we go straight ahead to Broadway, turn right thereon and go straight south through Gloucester, scene of one of the earliest settlements on the historic Delaware, to Westville; we swing into the first road to the right, and roll along the smooth stone surface; presently we cross the new concrete road that leads to Fort Mercer, of Revolutionary fame and importance, which we visited on an earlier trip. If you haven't been there, it is worth including in your outing.

The excellent road takes us to Paulsboro and Gibbstown, changing below to fair gravel for a few miles; then stone again brings us to Pedricktown. There is not much in the way of attractive scenery, but there are occasional woods, many fine farms and roses galore. In fact there is not a farm house, however modest or unpretentious, that is without its rambler, now a blaze of color; and the Pathfinder halted once simply to drink in the beauty of one home, the entire lot—a large one—being bordered by a high hedge composed entirely of rose ramblers in their full glory.

From Pedricktown a good hard road takes us to Pennsgrove. We pass a settlement in which there is a long building with a sign, "Post Hospital," and another, "Post Exchange." This is Perkinstown, where the Government established an ordnance depot during the World War, and still maintains it.

We roll easily along the smooth concrete from Pennsgrove, past Carney's Point and Deepwater Point, a cluster of communities still bearing signs of their war-time activities, past Riverview Park, with its salt water bathing beach, and Pennsville. About a mile beyond we come to a cemetery, and bear right on a dirt road four miles. The road is not bad, and much of it is excellent gravel, and we presently pass a lighthouse and come to the fort itself; and it looks as if it might have been the setting for General Charles King's novels of Army post life.

There is the broad parade ground bordered by the neat homes of the officers, the post headquarters, with the flagstaff



Upper—A section of the gun emplacements which harbor the giant fourteen-inch disappearing guns with which the fort on the lower Delaware is armed; below, one of the guns at rest; diagram shows the route covered. This fort, one of the first defences of Philadelphia on the way to the sea, has been abandoned as an active military post.

in front, the clean and comfortable barracks, the hospital and other necessary post buildings. There isn't the sign of a wall, but over on the river side we find the massive masonry and concrete walls camouflaged from the river with grass and foliage, and there are the fort's guns, each ready to suddenly peep over the top, slam a shell weighing more than a half ton at a belligerant ship and slip back out of sight again. Out in the middle of the Delaware river, very wide at this point, on an island, stands the older Fort Delaware, ready to help keep the enemy away from the big city above.

Every gun is kept in spick and span condition ready for use, and there is an ample supply of ammunition in the underground magazines. In fact, if a hostile fleet should appear in the Delaware Bay, Fort Mott and Fort Delaware are prepared to receive it properly and effectively.

Fort Mott was built in 1871 and enlarged and improved in 1898; again in 1917 it was put in order to meet any demands the Germans might make upon it; but it has never had occasion to show what it could do. South Jersey loves it, and sent forth a collective yell to keep it functioning; but the fiat went forth, the houses and other buildings were boarded up, the guns covered—but kept ever oiled and in shape for use—and fewer than a dozen men left to guard it against fire and dust it off once in a while.

Although the fort itself has not figured in history, just above it is a national cemetery that is very little known outside of that section. There lie under the smooth sod the bodies of hundreds of Union soldiers, many unidentified, with numerous markers bearing the names of the identified and various inscriptions. There among them also lie the bodies of 2,436 Confederate soldiers who died in Fort Delaware while prisoners of war. To the memory of the latter the United States Government has erected an imposing monument, on the four copper panels at the base being cut their names and their commands.

We say good-bye to Fort Mott and start back. For variety we turn right at the fork and take a fine gravel road which brings us back to the stone road, and in a few minutes we are in old Salem; then we head north again on the concrete until we come to a fork of three roads; the one on the right goes to Woodstown: the middle one to Sharptown. We take the left road, presently turning left on the hard stone to Pennsgrove, where we take the ferry to Wilmington. The boat leaves every hour on the hour when the schedule is observed. Sometimes it is as much as fifteen minutes later. It is advisable to time your trip so as to make close connection. If you miss a boat, you have an hour to wait for the next, and the 4 o'clock boat goes to Deepwater Point to pick up a few hundred workmen before going to Wilmington, which means another hour on the river.

We are crossing here to enjoy some pretty scenery after our history trip. so we turn right on French st. at the end of Market, and take the fine brick highway, with its borders of fine residences and woodlands, with occasional views of the river. In Chester we follow the signs pointing "To Philadelphia," but desert them to swing left to the Media road, then right at the fork above, along the Chester road through Swarthmore to Broomall, where we turn right on the West Chester pike and trundle along home.

All along this trip there are streams in which there are bathing or swimming and now and then a shady woods. The family out for a day's outing should start early; if it does it may seek out a shady spot along some creek to park and lunch and perhaps take a dip in the cool waters.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, June 18, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WHERE PENN PREACHED AND AUDUBON STUDIED

Merion Friends Meeting Dates from 1682; Famous Naturalist Lived and Worked on Hillside Overlooking the Schuylkill

Picnic weather; the woods are calling, and as the Pathfinder plunges into the alluring country, from time to time halting at historic spots he thinks; "What a chance for the kiddies to enjoy a day in the open and learn something about the country and its early struggles!"

We leave The Bulletin at 8.30 A. M. and trundle out the Parkway, noting as we enter the Park that the Art Museum is beginning to acquire a shape; to the right at the Lincoln Statue, around Lemon Hill and cross Girard av. bridge; we veer right under the railroad bridge, and then swing left at the first Park drive, which takes us to Belmont av. Right thereon to Wynnefield av., left to 54th st., right and straight ahead to Montgomery av., left thereon to Meeting House lane, where we stop.

Last week we took a look at the Haverford Meeting, one of the only two buildings standing anywhere today in which William Penn preached; we are now at the other, the Merion, where Friends still assemble every Sunday for services, and where there is still the peg on which Billy used to hang his hat. Across the road is the borough of Narberth.

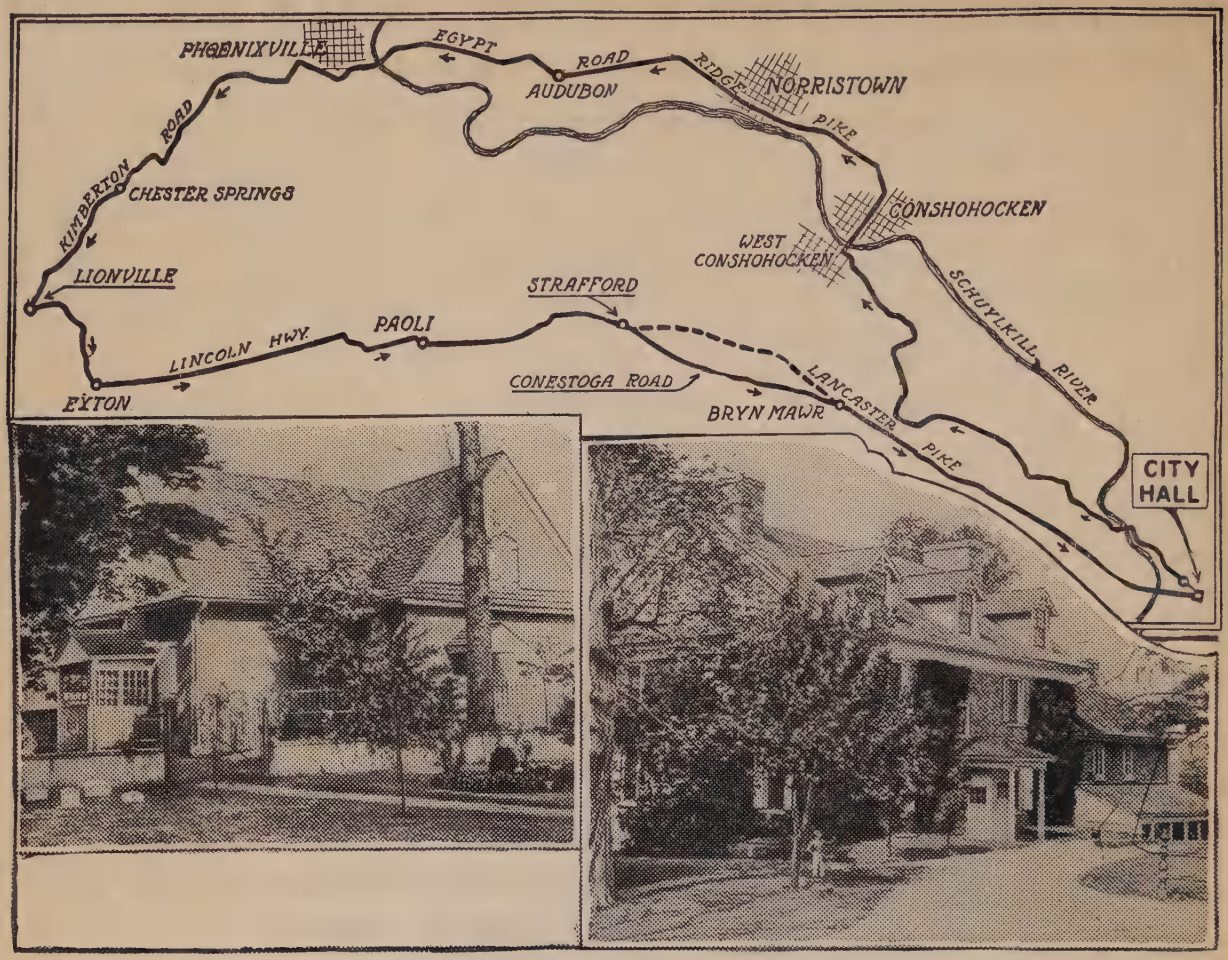
Away we go out Montgomery av. to Ardmore, where we turn right at the church on Mill Creek road, which in its gentle descent passes fine estates and is one of the loveliest drives in Pennsylvania, a State celebrated for the magnificence of its scenery. Where the road meets Dodd's lane is a quaint little settlement, and here we pause again. Around it cluster memories of the Revolution. The farthest little house to the left was five years old when John Hancock wrote his name so big "that John Bull could read it without glasses."

But chief interest lies in the big house up on the hill, really two houses now. To the left of the road a short distance beyond are the ruins of an old grist mill. According to tradition it was operated by the owners of the big house. When British soldiers forced them to make flour for the red-coated army they ground up glass with it to give them a "pane" in the stomach. Tradition also says that a secret tunnel connected the house and the mill. If so it was sealed and covered long ago; but a favorite sport of the boys living thereabouts is to try to find that tunnel. The road forks; we take the left, and just beyond is the ruin of another mill where George Washington first ate an apple dumpling.

We keep on through Gladwyne, joining the Conshohocken road beyond, and are soon rolling over the fine concrete bridge to and through the town. we swing left on the outskirts on North lane that leads us into the Ridge pike; this in turn takes us through Norristown along the Main Street.

At Jeffersonville we turn left on the Egypt road, which we follow to Audubon, and here we turn left a short distance, and opposite a quaint old church turn right through the open gateway of Mill Grove, the country home of Mr. William H. Wetherill, but which was the first home of that eminent naturalist, John James Audubon, in America; there he settled in 1798. He picked out a beautiful site, high up on the hillside slanting down to the Schuylkill river. As we approach it we are greeted by a raucous squawk that for power rivals a suburban fire siren. We jump, then look in the direction of the sound and see a magnificent peacock perched in a tree acting as if he wanted to let everybody know that here Audubon studied the birds and the flowers, and that he represented the former at its best. The bird comes down and considers spreading his wonderful tail, but he gets a look at his feet, gives a squawk of disgust and ambles off with his finery trailing behind him.

The old Union Church (Protestant Episcopal) to which we have referred, was attended by the naturalist. In its yard are the bodies of American sol-



To the reader's left is the Ancient Friends' Meeting, Merion, one of the only two buildings standing in which William Penn preached; to the right is Mill Grove, the first American home of John James Audubon, the naturalist, on the Schuylkill river bank, midway between Norristown and Phoenixville. These are two of the historic places visited by the Motor Pathfinder on the tour shown in the diagram above.

diers who, too sick to travel, were left behind when Washington abandoned Valley Forge, and who died in Valentine Saylor's barn, which had been converted into a hospital. The Saylor property is now the country home of Mr. J. H. Chambers, who keeps the ancient mansion as near as possible in the condition it was when built. Near it is a stone brought from Concord, Mass., scene of the first battle of the Revolution, and over it twines ivy brought from Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington.

Back to the Eagle road, which we follow through Oaks to Phoenixville, going straight ahead through the town, and swinging right with the trolley to the Kimberton road, and turn left thereon.

At Lionville we veer left on the concrete Wilmington-Pottstown Highway to Exton, on the Lincoln Highway.

Almost anywhere along the line one may pick out a spot to park the car and unpack the lunch basket; just do it when the spirit moves you or when appetites become assertive.

We turn to the left on the Lincoln Highway, which a few miles beyond makes a sharp turn under the railroad, and having passed through we stop again for a moment; on our right, a hundred feet or so along a road is the Warren Tavern. The original tavern was built on the opposite side of the road in 1745, and named after Admiral Vernon, from whom the home of Washington also derived its name. It was soon changed to Warren, after Admiral Warren of the British Navy, but after the Revolution while the name was retained it was in honor of General Warren of the American Army.

During the Revolution the tavern was conducted by Peter Maher, a Tory, and the house was a meeting place of those loyal to the King. There British spies were warmly welcomed and kept posted on doings of the patriots. Major Andre stopped there while a paroled prisoner, and drew a map of the country thereabouts, and he also stopped there on the night of September 30, 1777, preparatory to the attack on Wayne at Paoli. In all these doings, Peter helped, with the result that the people turned their backs on him and he failed, going down the business hill until he ended by pushing a handcart.

Soon after the Revolution the old building was torn down and the present one erected; it was damaged by fire in 1831 and the inside largely rebuilt. In 1786 it was acquired by Gideon Fahnestock, of Ephrata, who prospered in spite of the innovation he introduced of refusing to sell liquor on the Sabbath. He was a staunch and strict Presbyterian.

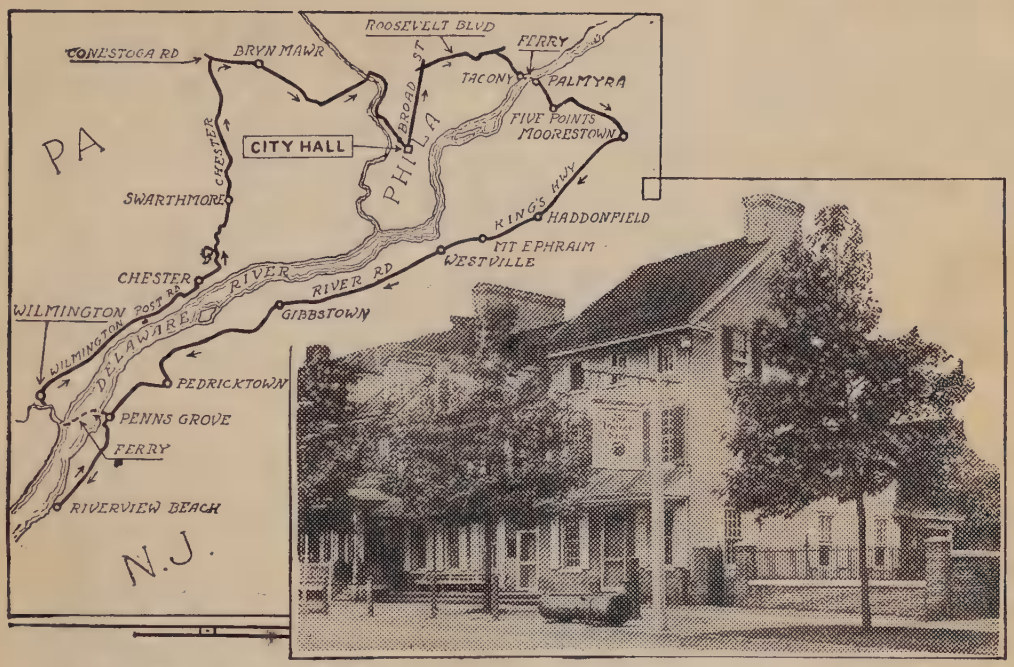
Back a few yards from the tavern is a woodland that invites one to ramble a bit among the trees and perhaps eat lunch.

Leaving the tavern we follow the Lincoln Highway again up the winding way from which magnificent views extending for many miles are obtained; near Strafford we swing right on the old Conestoga road, the original way to Lancaster, with beauty on all sides of us; at Ithan we pass the Radnor Friends' Meeting, built in 1718. We get back onto the highway at Bryn Mawr, and follow it through to Overbrook, then south on 63d st., to Chestnut, left and home again. We have travelled along at a leisurely pace, picnicked under the trees, stopped a few times to study history, and are home again at 4.30, having covered ninety miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, May 7, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

OVER THE KING'S HIGHWAY AMONG THE HADDONS

Pathfinder Visits Home of the Heroine of Longfellow's "To Elizabeth," and Takes Salt-water Swim in the Delaware



Indian King Inn, Haddonfield, N. J., in which New Jersey was created a State, and scene of many other historical incidents.

In all west Jersey a name to conjure with is Elizabeth Haddon. A demure little English Quakeress was this maiden, who came to help build up civilization with Friend William Penn. It was his tales of the wonderful charm of the new world, told in her father's home, that held her breathless and aroused the adventurous spirit within her. So she induced her father to give her some land he had purchased in the Jerseys and hither she came.

That was in 1701. She first settled in what is now Camden, and like others of her faith, made friends with the Indians; then in 1713 she built a permanent home to the south, along the Indian trail, half a mile from the house that had been erected by another friend of her father's, Francis Collins, in 1682. She became the wife of an eminent Quaker, John Estaugh, and about her grew an important community that was destined to figure strongly in the Nation's history and bear her name—Haddonfield. Longfellow's poem "To Elizabeth" was addressed to her in memory, and no opportunity has been lost to pin the name of Haddon to street or avenue, road or town in affectionate tribute to her worth.

The old house disappeared in flames eighty years ago, and another has taken its place, occupied by a family named Wood, who take pride in the historic association of their home. On the grounds is a building, part of which was Elizabeth's still, built of bricks she imported from England, for the knowing Miss unhampered by Volsteads and Sheppards and Eighteenth Amendments, distilled liquor of high voltage for the use of herself and friends, as well as made medicines for her Indian proteges.

Let us visit Haddonfield on our weekly ramble, passing along the King's Highway, which in town no street may cross. We roll north on Broad st., right on Roosevelt bvd., again on Robbins av. following the arrow to the Tacony Ferry which takes us to Palmyra of the Jerseys; straight ahead, crossing tracks and on to Moorestown and Marlton over good roads, right on the fine Marlton Pike to Ellisburg, and left on the King's Highway. In quaint and quiet Haddonfield we pause at the ancient Inn called the Indian King; there, on March 18, 1777, the New Jersey Council of Safety organized and afterwards met. and there the following September it decreed that in all public and private documents New Jersey should hereafter be referred to as a State and not as a Colony. And thus New Jersey became a State.

Along the splendid road we roll, through Haddon Heights, Mt. Ephraim Westville, where we take the road to the right to Paulsboro and Gibbstown, nearly all concrete and as smooth as a ballroom floor, Good dirt for awhile and then stone to Pedricktown, good to Pennsgrove, and thence by concrete through the section where so much explosive was produced to suppress Bill Hohenzollern—Carney's Point, Deepwater Point, Pennsville. Here is Riverview Beach Park, with its many picnic lunch tables in the grove, its numerous summer park pleasures and opportunity for a swim in the brackish waters of the Delaware.

Back to Pennsgrove, where we take the Ferry, which runs every hour, and if you catch the 4.15 boat, it means an hour's sail on the river, for the boat goes first to Deepwater Point. It lands us in Wilmington.

We take the superb brick road to Chester, with its fine views of the river; follow the arrow directing to Philadelphia, but turn left on Media Road. Beyond, where Providence and Chester Roads fork, we keep to the right and roll through the beautiful Delaware County hills; when we come to the Radnor Friends' Meeting on the left, we veer right on old Conestoga Road to Bryn Mawr, right on Lincoln Highway, left on City Line to East River Drive and home through the Park. Distance about one hundred miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July. 24, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WHERE BUFFALOES ROAM NEW JERSEY FIELDS

Real Wild West Ranch is that of Louis Weber, Near Grenloch; Church on Way Built by Lottery with Washington a Ticket Buyer

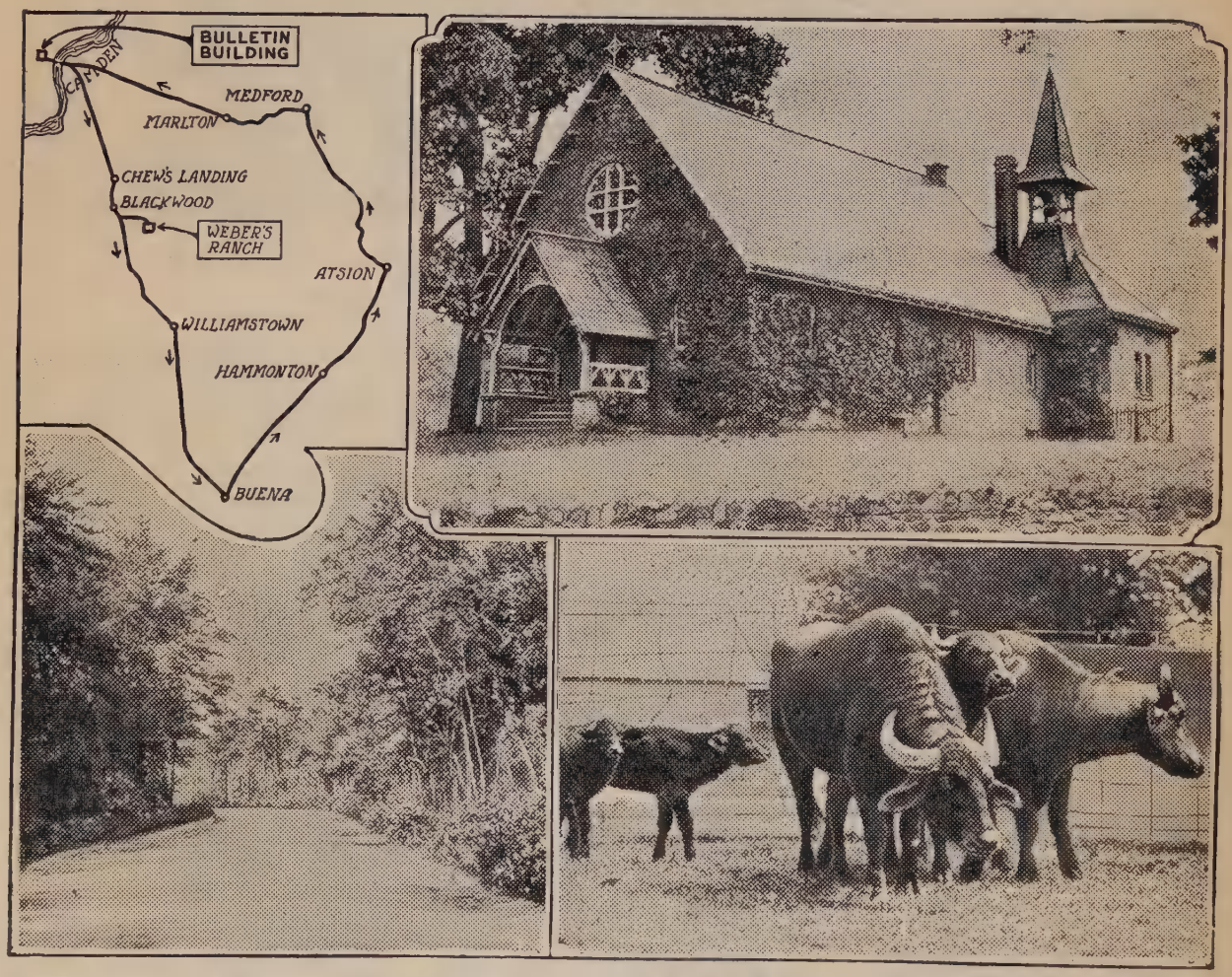
There are buffaloes in New Jersey.

Fact; right in this anno domini of 1925; and moreover, they are roaming fields not far from Philadelphia, with only a slim wire fence between them and the wide, wide world. But these picturesque natives of the Western plains are wise; they know that if they stick to the boss they are sure of good board and lodging; so they just accept the wire fence as a boundary marker and respect it; that is, they do as a rule; sometimes they go through it, but don't stray far from the eats, and quickly return.

The boss is Louis Weber, who has established a big ranch of a thousand acres or so back in the country to the east of Grenloch, on the Black Horse pike. The Pathfinder, having frequently seen these animals at the Philadelphia Zoo and once having eaten a section of one (didn't like it), decided to look over this unique herd on his weekly pilgrimage. Mr. Weber nas other things besides buffaloes, too.

From The Bulletin building we wiggle through traffic to Market st ferry, embark for the far east and are pushed off the boat in the town at the other end of the bridge whose graceful span, the longest in the world, makes an impressive picture from the craft. In Camden we proceed out Market st. to 7th, then right to Haddon av., left to Mt. Ephraim av., and right thereon. This is the Black Horse pike which is urged as an alternate route with the White Horse pike to Atlantic City. We roll along its smooth surface through Mt. Ephraim to Chew's Landing, where we make our first halt.

The Chews were among the early settlers of New Jersey; and there was one, Aaron, who was of the militant variety, and did valiant service in the American Army during the Revolution, rising eventually to the rank of Captain. He was born in a log house up on the hill, but it was torn down in 1890. While home on a visit the British captured him just above the creek along the present road, and the residents of today chose that spot as a fitting one upon which to erect their memorial monument to those who entered the World War from Chew's Landing. And when the Revolution had been



Upper Right, the P. E. Church at Chew's Landing, built by funds raised by a lottery, one of the first tickets for which was bought by President Washington. **Below,** at left, the road near Atsion. **Right,** Philippine water buffalo on the ranch of Louis Weber, near Grenloch. Note the twins, born only a few weeks ago.

fought and won Captain Chew chose the site upon which to build a new home. The house he built still stands and is stilll occupied by his descendants.

Big Timber Creek was navigable for barges in early days, and wood cut from the dense forests in that vicinity—the woods still stretch away for a long distance—was shipped direct to Philadelphia and other points; the loading wharf was called Chew's Landing, and thus the town acquired its name. The landing has long since disappeared.

Captain Chew wanted to go to church, but there was none. He was an Episcopalian, and decided to have a church built near his home. The National Capital was established in Philadelphia in 1790, and immediately the hustling Captain started a lottery, a popular means in those days of raising funds to build churches as well as for other purposes, and hurried to Philadelphia. He stood well with the great men of the new Republic, and promptly sold a ticket to President Washington, following it up by selling tickets to Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton and all the other eminent citizens. So the funds were quickly raised, the church built, and it is still standing and functioning.

We are off again, through Mechanicsville, Blackwood, Grenloch; at the foot of the hill we swing left on a dirt road along the lake side for about a mile and a half and suddenly see a real, honest to goodness American bison; he lifts his magnificent head glances at the visitors and then goes on his way.

We are at the ranch, with its $50,000 worth of animals and birds; there are ten American bison, five Philippine water buffaloes, a herd of elk, hart, sickel and European red deer; peacocks (one pure white), pelicans, swans, cranes, various kinds of geese and ducks, etc. Mr. Weber also has a museum of stuffed heads rivaling the famous Ostendorf collection that was wiped out by the Eighteenth Amendment. (Make your own pun.)

The water buffalo is docile, and not at all like the scrappy bison. About a month ago Mrs. Buffalo surprised her owner by presenting him with twins. It is said that this is a rare occurrence; the youngsters are frisky and gentle and seem perfectly satisfied to live in New Jersey. There is a grand little lake for them to slosh around in, spreading trees to shade them when it is hot and tasty food all ready when they get hungry.

There are quantities of antlers; one interesting exhibit is of the skulls of two deer, the antlers firmly interlocked, a tine of one piercing the jaw of another, telling the tale of a battle to the death in the Minnesota woods where they were found, nobody knows how many years after the fatal fray took place.

About the grounds are funny little gnomes, giant toadstools, snails and other forms of statuary and quaint ornament. At times expert riders go there and a regular rodeo is held. It is a bit of the old wild west transplanted to the old tame east.

We turn back to the Black Horse pike and swing left down Squankum way. Some Indian names are melodious; some harsh and grating. Once when somebody referred in the presence of Henry Miller, the actor, to Walla Walla, he asked, "Why have to say it twice?" One might also say of Squankum, "Why have to say it at all?" But the tract deeded by the Penns before the Revolution to Israel Williams, was known as Squankum until 1842, when it acquired a postoffice, there was another Squankum in the State, which necessitated a change of name. so the residents got together and decided to perpetuate the name of the first settler there, and it became Williamstown. The other Squankumites revolted later and the name no longer appears in the Jersey list of postoffices.

Years ago a couple of circuses wintered there, but they have passed on. Williamstown brings our smooth, hard highway to an end; the Black Horse pike for about ten miles further, to where it joins the State Road near Downs town, is just plain dirt. The Pathfinder decided to risk it, and found the road not at all bad except in a few spots; it passes through sparsely settled farm lands and scrub pine with nothing special from a pictorial standpoint to make it interesting, but it is a short cut. Some day it will probably be paved, and the Black Horse pike route to Atlantic City will become a fact.

We roll to the left along the smooth, hard highway to Buena, where we turn left on the gravel road that has been oiled and rolled until it is like stone, with only a few bad spots in several miles. This road takes us through the cranberry country; the bogs generally are back in the woods and reached only by rough lanes; we pass one or two, however, where the men are harvesting the makin's of Christmas sass with long sweeps of formidable wooden scoops.

We pass Atsion and its pretty lake, by the side of which an amiable cow consents to pose for her picture and then tries to kiss the photographer. The road takes us through Indian Mills to Medford, where the first nails were made by machinery in a little house still standing; we veer left on the fine, hard Marlton pike through Marlton and presently find ourselves at the Camden ferry, and are home in plenty of time for dinner.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, October 1, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

FOLLOW RODNEY IN RIDE FOR INDEPENDENCE

Concrete has Superseded the Rough Road from Historic Dover, Del., Over Which Patriot Galloped to Philadelphia in July, 1776

"Delaware, with its new du Pont Highway, looks pretty good to me for a motor trip", said the Skipper as he spread out his motor map.

"That's fine. I've always wanted to see the town of Dover with its historic green," agreed the Skipper's wife. "They say it's one of the quaintest towns in the East."

The little motor party started early, as the trip to Dover is a long one.

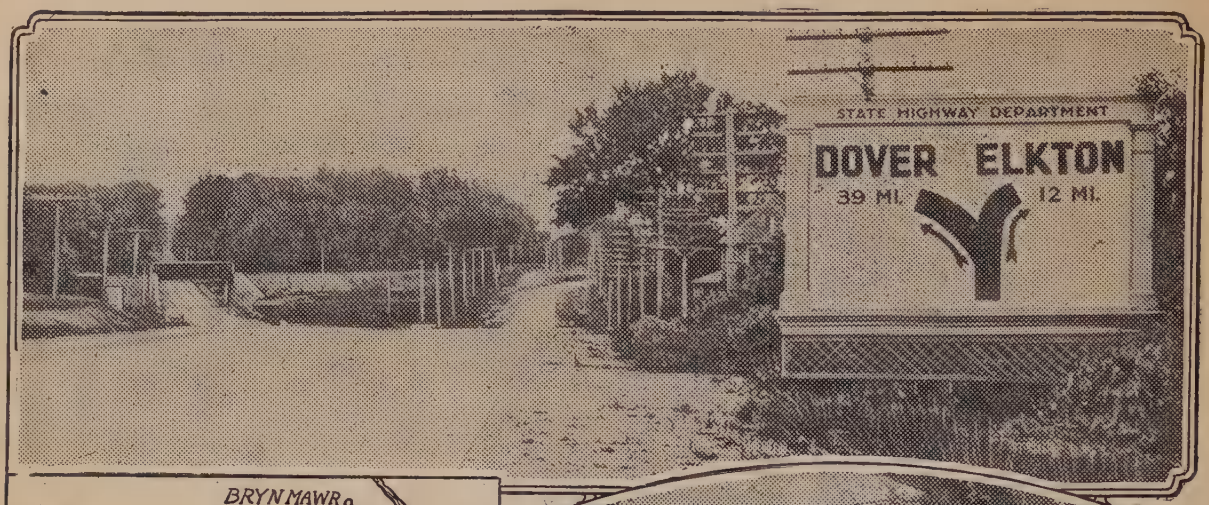
Out Walnut St. they drove from City Hall, turning left on Cobb's Creek Boulevard, then right into Baltimore Pike. At Chester Road, Swarthmore, they turned left to Chester, then right, following the arrows, to Wilmington.

In Wilmington the route led down Market St. into the du Pont Highway, that splendid, ninety-seven-mile, $4,000,000 strip of concrete, the gift of General T. Coleman du Pont to the people of Delaware. The road was as smooth as a billiard table, with nary a bump the whole way down to Dover. Furthermore a State law prohibits the obscuring of the beautiful Delaware scenery by sign-boards along this route. It passes through fine, rolling country, dotted with picturesque farmhouses and unusually well-cared for farm lands.

And may we not picture the spirit of Cesar Rodney galloping again over this highway and marvelling at the change wrought in the 150 years since he dashed over the same route to cast his vote for Independence?

It was a rough road that Cesar rode upon, bad enough for horses that were used to it, but which would have wrecked a modern motor car before it got very far. It is said that it took him more than twenty hours to reach Philadelphia, but the journey to-day can be made in a little over two hours without damaging any statutes, if one is in a hurry, for the trip is one continuous glide. The road that Rodney took had some kinks and twists that do not exist in the new trail, in which they have all been straightened out, this necessitating the construction of a few entirely new stretches.

So we come to Dover and its famous Green; it is dominated by the State house, the second oldest of such Capitols in the United States still in use, having become such in 1777. It was from the hotel at the corner that Rodney started. Here, later, the Declaration of Independence was read to an assembled crowd of patriotic Delawarians. Here they burned an effigy of King George 3rd, and from this famous Green troops from Delaware have assembled before going forth to all the



Above, duPont Highway, Delaware, at intersection with State Road to Elkton, Md. (2) The oldest house in Dover, facing the famous Green. **Below**, the whipping post, a method of punishment of law breakers still used in Delaware.

wars in which the United States has participated.

The Green has many interesting old buildings surrounding it. There is the old Ridgely home, built in 1728, which is one of the oldest Colonial mansions in Delaware and still stands, as a remarkable example of early Colonial architecture. The present owner, Henry Ridgely, has carefully restored this mansion to its old-time charm. Then there are several wooden houses on the Green of great antiquity.

To the rear of the State House, by the prison, the old whipping post, famous in Delaware history, still stands. Delaware still punishes offenders with the lash, and the old post, recently painted, is the most visited spot in Dover.

Regretfully, the party turned back again along the du Pont Highway, although it beckons the tourist on to lower Delaware and the many interesting towns on the way.

Desiring to vary the trip back, the Skipper turned his car to the left from the du Pont Highway to the old State Highway at Blackbird, passing through Townsend, Middletown, Mount Pleasant, Summit Bridge, Glasgow, and Cooch's Bridge. These are all pleasant, little Delaware towns with a charm all their own.

At Cooch's Bridge, there is a monument as the road turns over the bridge, which commemorates the spot where the Stars and Stripes were first under fire on September 3, 1777.

The road leads into Newark and passes the University of Delaware. The main Highway leads directly into Wilmington. A turn to the left was made at the Washington Boulevard, passing through a beautiful residential section. The Boulevard leads into the Wilmington-Pottstown Highway into the quaint West Chester section. .

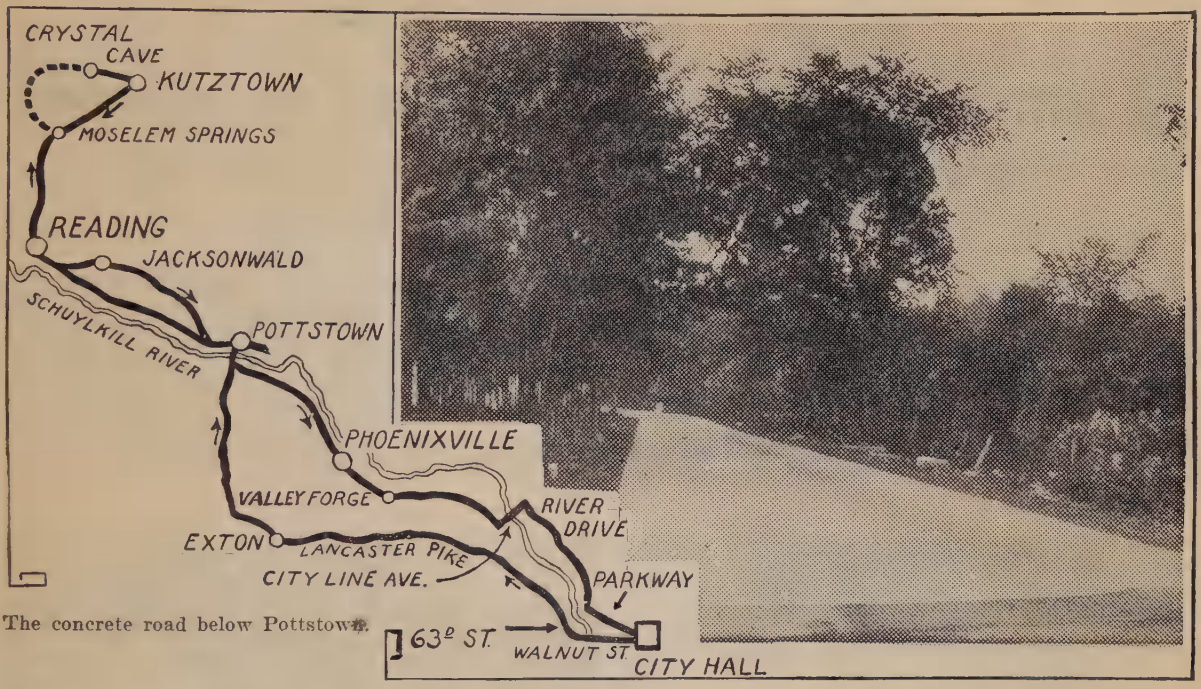
At the Baltimore Pike the party turned right, proceeding along the Pike to the road near Darlington Station that leads to the Glen Mills Schools, a group of fine buildings perched on the heights.

Beyond Glen Mills they turned at Locksley into the Gradyville Road and left into the road which leads into the West Chester Pike; then right to beyond Newtown Square, where they bore left into Bryn Mawr Avenue. Here the road is not always what it should be, sometimes it is quite bumpy, but the trip through is short and leads into the Lancaster Pike. Turning right the party proceeded home by way of City Line Av., Wynnefield Av., Belmont Av., Park Drive, Girard Av., East River Drive to the Parkway and City Hall. Distance covered was approximately 165 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 3, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

PATHFINDER VISITS A PENNSYLVANIA CAVERN

Road Leads Through Wild and Beautiful Country Among Berks County Hills and Valleys



The concrete road below Pottstown.

God made the country and man made the town, said Cowper; and the motor car burrowing through highways and byways shows how puny is the effort of the latter in the way of adornment and design. The mountains and valleys, hills and dales; majestic woodlands dotting a landscape over which is spread the carefully tended farms with their orchards and vineyards and fields of ripe or ripening fruits and grains; and here and there a brook, a cascade, perhaps a river, all uniting in their challenge of reproduction, even on canvas.

Nor has nature in her artistic mood spread all her loveliness upon the surface; here and there she has dug deep into the earth, and having created a wonderland there, covered it up and left it for man to find. Hence the mighty caverns of Kentucky and Virginia, and these in a smaller way have been uncovered elsewhere; even Pennsylvania, State of never-ending beauty, has not been overlooked; and one is led to wonder what other marvels still lie beneath the crust upon which we travel.

The Pathfinder made an early start this week—7.30 A. M.—for a trip of unusual length for a day's outing, and still got home with a substantial amount of daylight to spare, and without damaging any laws. From City Hall we go south to Walnut St., right to 63rd, right again to Lancaster Av. On holidays and Sundays, when commercial travel is minus, one may go straight out Lancaster Av. from Market St. Lancaster Av. is on the Lincoln Highway, and upon it we roll past the famous Main Line suburbs; at Malvern, the Lincoln way makes a sharp turn to the right and dives under the railroad, then on again, soon descending a long, winding hill from which one has a vista of the beautiful Chester Valley. Twenty-two miles from City Hall we come to Exton, where the Wilmington-Pottstown Highway crosses it; we swing right upon its smooth and inviting concrete to Pottstown, then left on the main street and head for Reading.

The going is good, a few rough spots in the old macadam being no handicap, and there is a stretch of concrete as we approach and go through Douglasville. As we mount the succeeding hills--none serious-- we get splendid views of broad valleys rimmed by mountains, and here are some more of the barns which we noted on a previous trip, with their pretty symbols to warn away the evil spirits.

The road leads into Reading by way of Perkiomen Av., then Penn St. which we follow to 9th, then turn right on the William Penn Highway. At Moselem Springs—they pronounce it Mo-sel-em, accent on the second syllable—a big sign points to a dirt road to the left as the way to Crystal Cave. If you care to ramble seven miles over a hilly, bumpy, dirt road which we are sure inspired the shape of a pretzel, take it. It leads through a wild, sparsely settled country of unsurpassed beauty that it really repays one for the bumps; but if this doesn't appeal, go four miles further along the macadam to Kutztown, and just beyond turn left on another dirt road that is not quite so bumpy, not quite so crooked, and, be it said, not so picturesque, but it is three miles instead of seven; and we are at the cavern.

It was discovered in 1871 when quarrymen, cutting away at the limestone, suddenly uncovered a gaping hole filled with gleaming iridescent rock formations; there are the stalactites and stalagmites, the turtles and eagles, the castle on the peak, the bearded prophet and countless other formations of pink and blue, purple and red, orange and brown and gold. it bores a thousand feet into the hillside with the surface sixty feet overhead. Wear rubbers and a light overcoat, for the floor is wet from the constant dripping of water seeping through the earth, and the temperature is 42 degrees in summer.

Back to Kutztown by the short road, and there being no good road in the direction of Philadelphia except that on which we came we return to Reading, pass through the city and Mt. Penn, then turn left on the Boyertown road for variety. A short distance beyond we are halted by a relic of a by-gone age, a sign bearing the words "Toll

Gate". It is at a fork, and the place boasts the romantic name of Jacksonwald. We are told that both roads lead to Boyertown; that the longest is the best and costs twenty cents, while the shorter one is "poor" and costs five cents. Out of curiosity we decide to try a nickel's worth, and find ourselves on an excellent gravel road which presently runs into the smoothest of macadam and takes us back to Douglasville; we return to Pottstown, cross the river and canal, then turn left on a good macadam road that takes us to Pheonixville and Valley Forge; we skirt the creek and run on to New Centerville, then left to King of Prussia. We pass through a rugged picture country, to Gulf Mills, then left passing under the historic hanging rock that official vandalism would have destroyed. Into Montgomery Avenue, to City Line, left to East River Drive and home again through the park, and, reaching there at 6.30 P. M., the speedometor reads 168 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 10, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

ALONG THE SCENIC SKIPPACK PIKE TO READING

Through Pennypacker's Mills, Site of American Army Camp, and Headquarters of Washington, Near Schwenksville

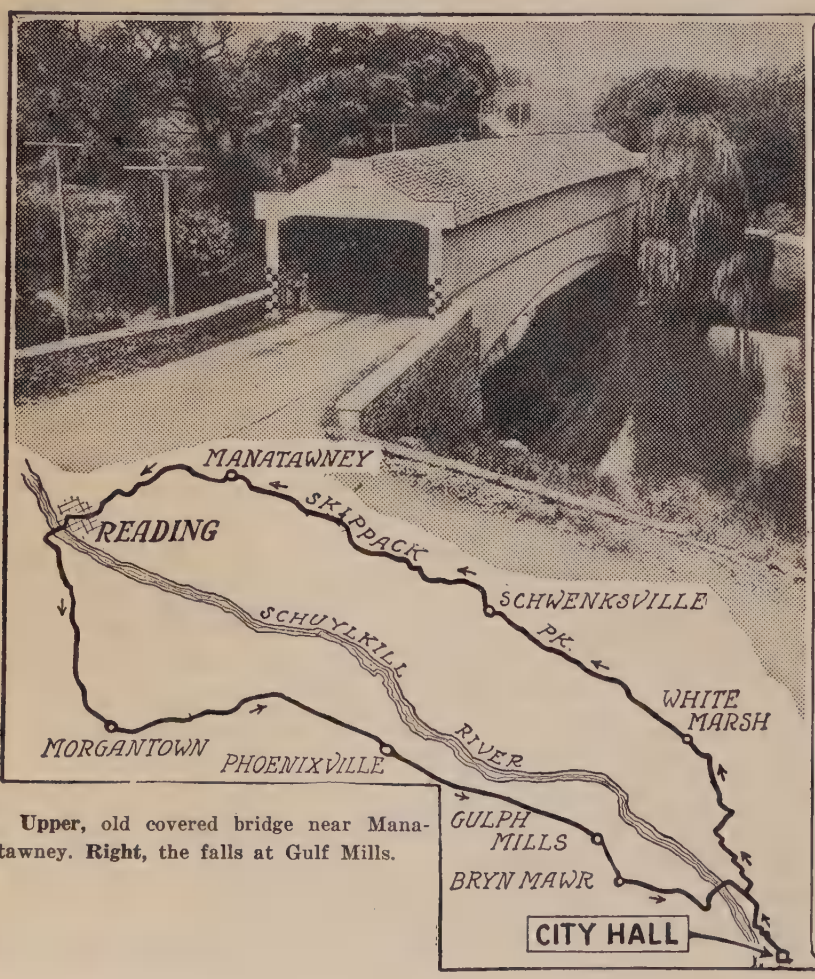
Scenery along the Skippack Pike, Reading, and the old Morgantown Road are the hinges upon which this week's jaunt by the Motor Pathfinder swings.

"Mother, why can't we go to the mountains this time?" demanded Sis. A family consultation decided that for a one-day tour the best approach to a mountain range near Philadelphia is at Reading.

"Means I'll have to clean out the carbon and change my oil", remarked Dad. Before the trip was finished he was glad he had. For if the old bus has a "kink" in the motor it will show on the trip. In all, 143 miles were reeled off before the family was ready to call it a day.

Out the Parkway and East River Drive, along the Wissahickon to Lincoln Drive they went. Dad swung the machine along Carpenter st, Germantown, crossed Germantown Avenue to Stenton Avenue, and turned left to the Bethlehem Pike. At Whitemarsh he shot under the railway bridge and nearly upset the whole bunch turning left onto the Skippack Pike.

The Skippack is little used, but winds through beautiful farming country, af-



Upper, old covered bridge near Manatawney. **Right,** the falls at Gulf Mills.

fording the motorist a fine chance to look at something besides traffic.

Old houses, vintage of nobody knows when, and churches of similar antiquity, line the way. Skippack, a quaint little town, and then Schwenksville is reached. However, Dad has heard of the late Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker's home and the Continental Army camp at the Mills, so he shoots ahead.

Where several roads seem to merge, stands a plain monument. It marks the place where the Continentals pitched their tents after the defeat at Germantown. The sign says: "377 yards northeast is the house in which General Washington made headquarters". Everybody piles out and hikes up.

"Good morning"! A little tanned woman greets the family from her front porch. Dad tells her they are looking for the General's headquarters. "Why, they were right here in this house," she says. Mrs. Pennypacker, widow of the Governor, who was a descendant of the original owner of the place, is speaking. "You see, we come here to spend the summer, it's so quiet and away from everything." The Pennypacker home is a large brown, plaster-covered building, the original being almost intact. Mrs. Pennypacker gladly shows the family around. Bill gets a great kick out of the old fixtures and walls.

Back, past the Pennypacker mills, through Schwenksville, the motor purrs. We turn right, Zieglersville is where the road forks. The route is to the left. The road is fairly good, but light traffic makes it possible to pick out the good spots. Through Boyertown the road twists, doubles, and rambles away.

Suddenly a white painted building appears to block it off. It's a covered bridge over the Manatawney River. "Queer gang of Commissioners we had when that was built," says a native who lives nearby. "Put their names up in it. See them on that cement stone in the center up there? Built in 1852. Later they put a roof over it. One of the Commissioners of Berks County wanted to put eaves on the roof. Guess he was afraid the rain would fall in the river."

It is not far to Reading, but first comes Mt. Penn. Back of this picturesque village rises the mountain for which it is named. It was christened after Richard Penn. Neversink Mountain is to the south. Atop both hills stand strange pagoda-shaped hotels.

Reading provides the only "big town" atmosphere of the trip. Down the main street, Penn Avenue, to the Plaza, to 5th St. and then south Dad steers. At the Plaza and 5th St., he stops and snapshots are taken of a bank, occupying one of the city's oldest buildings. The bank was chartered in 1814. The building formerly was an old tavern, Federal Inn, erected in 1763. In it Washington was a guest on October 1, 1794, when as president he passed through Reading.

Now over the Schuylkill, then sharp left onto the old Morgantown Road the party proceeds. Straight into Morgantown it leads, but—such a climb! The view, however, has everyone in the party exclaiming.

Through Elverson and Pughtown the motor rambles into Phoenixville. The sun is dipping toward the trees by now, so no stop is made. A little ways beyond lies Valley Forge. Here too, lack of time forbids a long stop. But at Gulf Mills they halt long enough for Bill to snap a wonderful waterfall near the road. Then the motor noses into Philadelphia and another week's trip is over.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 14, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

TOUR TO TRENTON, PRINCETON AND MONMOUTH

Pathfinder Visits Scenes of Two Famous American Victories and a Drawn Battle During the Revolution

Once upon a time George Washington said damn, and it stood as the historic American cussword until Charlie Dawes made hellenmaria famous.

In fact, so much has been made of George's damn in history and fiction that the Pathfinder decided to go see in what sort of a place G. W. said it. He went and found he expressed himself right near a church. The damn exploded and its echoes have been preserved by historians; the great man who said it passed away a century and a quarter ago; but the church still stands and rears its steeple as proudly aloft as it did on that hot June day in 1778.

It is a nine-hour trip of 162 miles to the three battlefields; Trenton and a riotous Christmas ending in disaster; Princeton and a seasoned British general tricked; Monmouth and Molly Pitcher and the damn that made Lee's ears tingle.

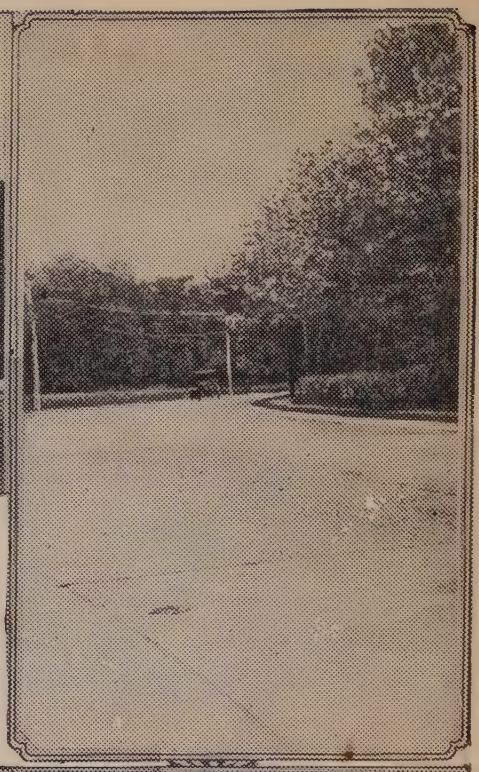
We start north from The Bulletin on Broad St. Five miles up we swing right on Roosevelt boulevard, past Bustleton, Neshaminy Falls, South Langhorne through Morrisville into Trenton across the free bridge, then left on Warren St. which brings us to the Five Points and the monument that marks the place where the American army found in the scarcity of Christmas trees the Hessians themselves under Colonel Rahl well lit up, for what they had was much, oh much, more than one-half of one per cent. We find interesting relics of the Revolution under the monument, including part of the famous Arch under which Washington passed in Trenton to be made President of the United States.

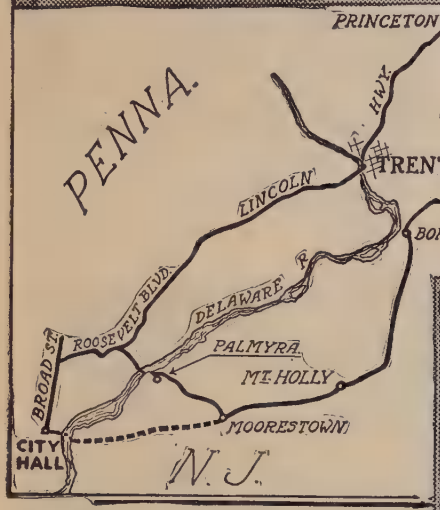
A rifle-shot away is the house in which Colonel Rahl was carried mortally wounded and the rectory of St. Mary's Cathedral occupies the site of the house in which Rahl had made his headquarters. In a few minutes we are in Mahlon Stacy Park, where stand the barracks erected by the British during the French and Indian War, and used by them before Washington took Trenton away from them; they have been recently restored. Across the street is the oldest Masonic Temple in the North, built soon after the Revolution, and inside the park is the house in which Washington held a council of war in January, 1777. There is much more to see in Trenton, but we must push on.

We take the Lincoln Highway again to Princeton. Just as we enter the university town we pause at the point where Colonel Mawhood made a stand against the victorious Americans. Not far away, at Stony Brook, is the house in which General Mercer died, and near it the Quaker Meeting House used as a hospital during the battle.

Just beyond the university buildings we swing right on macadam, cross the battlefield and Carnegie lake and roll on through the farming districts; on through ancient Hightstown. Manalapan, Millhurst, Freehold. We turn left on a smooth gravel road that parallels the Pennsylvania Railroad. Two miles out a round stone well right alongside the track bids us pause. It is full of stagnant water now, but it is from this well that Molle Pitcher pulled bucket after bucket of water and hurried with it to the fighting Americans, some of whom were actually perishing from the intense heat and not British bullets. Her husband was an artilleryman and diligently he slammed shot and shell at the enemy until he was overcome, whereupon Molly made herself immortal by taking his place.

A mile further on is the village of Tennent, and just to the right we find the old Tennent church built in 1751, taking its name from that of its first pastor, the Rev. William Tennent, Jr., whose visions in a trance are sacredly preserved in the church annals. This church, too, harbored the wounded of the battle, and their bloodstains may still be seen under the pew cushions. Just outside of it in the churchyard, where lie some eminent persons of other days, is buried Lieutenant Colonel Henry Monckton, a gallant British officer who fell in the battle, and who was ever so esteemed by those against whom he fought that his grave has been carefully tended and marked, and on memorial





Reader's Upper Left—Restored British barracks at Trenton, built during the French and Indian War and used during the Revolution. Upper Right—Fine stretch of roadway entering Princeton at point where the British fought the Americans. Lower—Old Tennent Church on the Monmouth battlefield.

day a British flag is placed above him.

And it was here in the vicinity of this church, that Washington, finding General Lee, in whom he had placed so much confidence, retreating, let go the historic damn, aiming it right at Lee's nose and hitting the mark, adding the further statement that Lee was a poltroon. It was Lee's blunder that made it a drawn battle instead of an American victory.

Now we take the back roads and have them largely to ourselves for long stretches, gravel smooth, but a bit loose on top, necessiting caution to prevent skidding in some places, through Millhurst, Smithburg, Clarksburg, Wrightsville, Allentown—on macadam again—Yardville, Bordentown. left to Columbus. pretty Mt. Holly, Moorestown, then to avoid congestion at the Camden ferries, right to Palmyra, ferry to Tacony, out the Roosevelt Boulevard and home again.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 17, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

ODD TREES SHADE HOME OF EMINENT BOTANIST

Rare Grove Still Remains of Botanical Gardens Established by Humphrey Marshall in 1773—Last of Chester County Lenapes

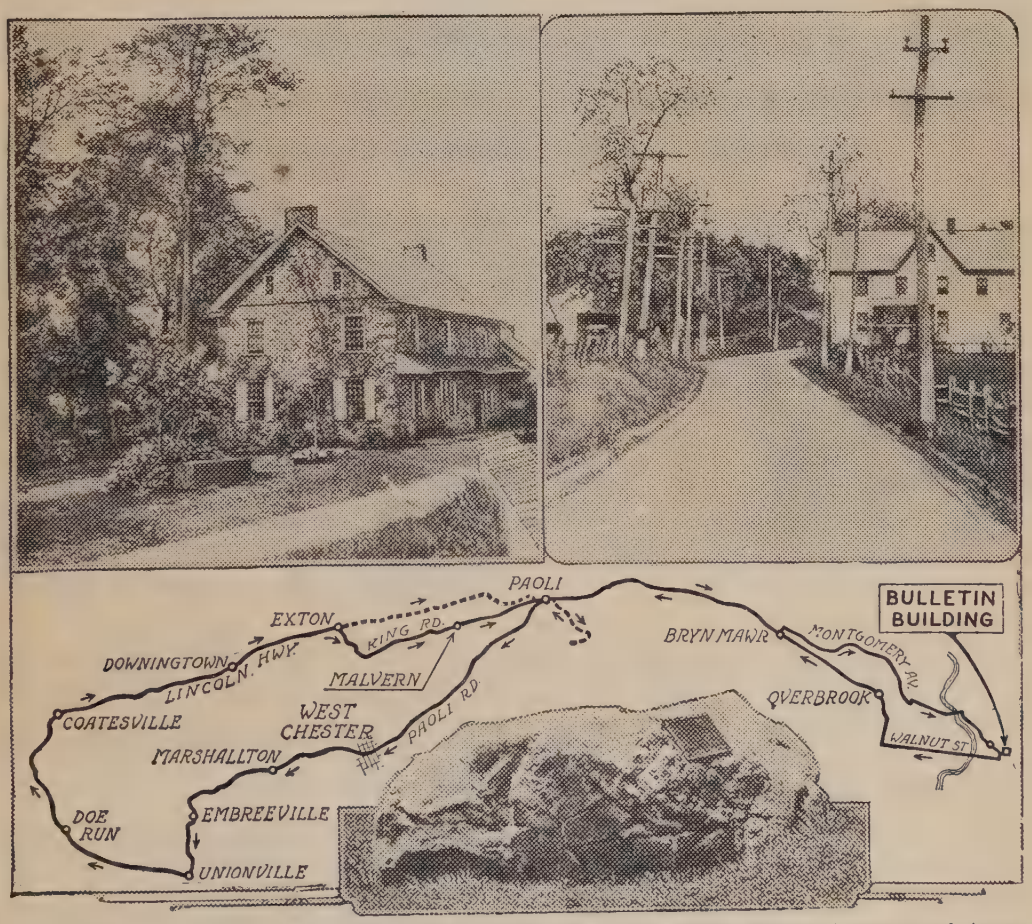
Miles away from the beaten paths of travel there lies a quaint little village that seems like one picked from the pages of history and preserved as an example of the sturdiness and industry of the people of the early days in Pennsylvania.

Marshallton, they call it; it takes its name from that eminent botanist of early days, Humphrey Marshall. He was born in that little back settlement in 1722, there he elected to live his life and establish a botanical garden that was second only in date and importance to that of John Bartram, in Philadelphia. It is one of the most interesting places visited by the Motor Pathfinder on this week's ramble.

We leave the Bulletin Building, circle City Hall and swing out Walnut st. to 63d, right to Overbrook where we turn left on Lancaster av. This, the Lincoln Highway, about which clusters so many historic memories, takes us to Paoli, where we turn left on the smooth macadam road through beautiful country to West Chester; straight ahead on Gay st. we roll, veering to the left in a few minutes on Hannum av. Then away over the quiet country road, admiring the scenery and noting particularly the pretty bits along the creek, and trying once to get a picture of a flock of ducks, which prove to be camera shy.

So we come presently to Marshallton. It was called West Bradford when Humphrey Marshall first saw the light, but in the course of time the name of its first citizen was substituted. Here we find homes dating back one to two centuries, so solidly and honestly built by those early artisans that neither time nor weather can wear them away; two ancient inns are evidence that this was once a well traveled section; but it is missed by the average motorist of today who sticks to concrete.

And there stands the venerable home of Marshall, where he studied the trees and the flowers, little altered either inside or out. There he established his botanical gardens in 1773. In the end wall of the house there is a stone on which is roughly chiseled the Masonic square and compass and the date, 1773, which may indicate the year in which the house was built as well as the establishment of the gardens, or only the latter. Another stone bears the initials H. M., still another carries several other



Above, at reader's left are the residence and grove of Humphrey Marshall, creator of America's second botanical gardens. All the trees in the grove were imported from other lands and some are rare in this country; the two in front are mahogany. To the right is a scene along the road between Doe Run and Coatesville. Diagram shows route followed, and under it is the stone marking the grave of Indian Hannah, the last of the Lenapes in Chester county.

initials, the significance of which is not now known.

All that remains today of the gardens, however, is the splendid grove of rare trees in front of the house; every one of them was brought from a foreign land and planted by Humphrey himself. The property is now owned by Walter Lilley, who inherited it from his father, and it is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. The great botanist died in 1801.

We run ahead on the Strasburg road. Just before reaching Embreeville we find on our right the handsome buildings and well-kept grounds of the Chester County Home, and turn in to pause for a moment at a huge rock which marks the grave of Indian Hannah, the last of the Lenapes in Chester County, who had lived in a cabin a few miles to the southeast, and who died in 1802. On again into Embreeville, crossing the Brandywine on a very modern concrete bridge, and through the woods and farmlands to Unionville.

Here we come to a concrete road upon which we roll away for about five miles when we come to smooth macadam, and so through Doe Run and Ercildoun we reach busy Coatesville, and are homeward bound. We follow the smooth Lincoln Highway through Caln, Thorndale, Downingtown to Exton, then right on the Wilmington Highway to King road, where we turn left; it is dirt, but all right, and keeps us in the country away from the heavy traffic.

The dirt presently gives way to stone and the road brings us to a monument and a vast grave surmounted by a shaft and guarded by a pair of cannon. It is the scene of the Paoli Massacre, that event on the night of September 20, 1777, when General Gray, of the British Army, led a force through a raging storm, and not firing a shot bayoneted General Wayne's tired soldiers as they slept. Fifty-three of them lie buried in the big grave.

We pass through Paoli, and at the road that bisects the Tredyffrin Country Club, turn right to the second cross road beyond, then right thereon through a tree-made tunnel a short distance to the home of General Wayne himself, Waynesborough; it is now the home of William Wayne, a descendant of the General, and one room is preserved exactly as it was when the General himself lived there, the old carpets still on the floor, the furniture standing just as he left it; the only change since his death was the hanging of the new silken curtains at the windows, which was done in honor of General Lafayette, on the occasion of his visit there in 1824.

Back to the Highway, eastward we roll to Bryn Mawr, where we duck to the left under the railroad and turn right on Montgomery av., with its borders of fine estates and pretty suburban homes; and this presently brings us back to the city by way of Fairmount Park and the Parkway. It isn't a trip for a man in a hurry but to the man with a family and a car it gives a fine opportunity for a day in the country, with a couple of hours for a picnic in the woods, time to stop for dips into history and a toddle home in time for supper.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, June 2, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BRISTOL, SCENE OF ROMANCE OF EARLY DAYS

Amusing Tale of a Town Hall—Inn Where Burr Halted in His Flight After Killing Hamilton—Battle of Crooked Billet

A romance of other days; the echo of a famous American tragedy; glimpses of beautiful country roads back from main roads, are among the interesting features of this trip of the Pathfinder.

We strike out the Parkway from The Bulletin, follow the East River drive to Hunting Park av., which divides North and South Laurel Hill Cemeteries, swing right and follow, crossing Broad st. and continuing on the Roosevelt Boulevard, presently rolling over the ornate bridge that crosses the beautiful ravine of Pennypack Park; another bridge carries us over the tracks of the Pennsylvannia railroad, and we swing right at the park guard's sentry box onto Grant av.

It is a pretty run down this stone road past beautiful farms and handsome residences, to the ancient Bristol pike, which we take to the left, through Andalusia. This was the first public road surveyed through Bucks county, and was called the King's Highway when its construction was ordered in 1686. Only the fact that MacAdam didn't begin to build roads of the kind that bear his name until a hundred years later convinces us that he didn't build this one, and authorities don't like to disturb it; but it flattens into fine concrete at Croydon, and we can stand a little roughness for the sake of its associations.

It was down this road that a courier came to spread the news of the battle of Lexington, and for many years it was the main highway to Morrisville and Trenton. The wounded Lafayette was carried over it. When John Craig, a Philadelphia merchant, built a beautiful home on his estate along the river his Spanish partner suggested that he give it the Spanish name of Andalusia, and so the estate and town came to be named. It was a centre of fashion in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The mansion still stands, the home of Charles J. Biddle, a descendant of Craig.

So we come to historic Bristol. Its funny little Town Hall, now a police station, has a somewhat amusing history. In 1811 Samuel Scotten devised $200 to the borough to buy a town clock provided the borough would build a hall with a steeple to hang it in. The bequest was payable within five years after the death of his widow. She had been dead four years and ten months when somebody remembered it, and the town got frantically busy. It took two weeks to pick a site. The time expired at midnight December 31, 1831. On that day the uncompleted structure was roofed over, and the town, having spent $3,781 for the purpose, collected the $200 legacy.

And it was here in Bristol that a romance developed. A wealthy resident was Major Lennox, who built a fine mansion on the river bank with spacious grounds to the water's edge in 1816. There he and Mrs. Lennox entertained extensively, and among their frequent guests was Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, a king out of a job, who liked to cross the river from his Bordentown estate and enjoy the hospitality of society down Bristol way. Perhaps a lure to discarded royalty was the Major's beautiful niece, Miss Sarah Lukens Keene, the toast of the countryside and the apple of the Major's eye, he having no children of his own.

Came a-courting among many others, young John Hare Powell, of Philadelphia. What give his niece to a commoner? Never! She must be nothing short of a duchess. Major Lennox went to the Court of St. James to represent the young Republic, and while Sarah was popular there, the dukes and princes gracefully ducked the Major's lasso and lesser lights retired from the field, thinking they hadn't a chance. In due course Lennox was gathered to his fathers and Miss Keene was his sole heir. She lived in the gorgeous mansion and swains stayed away. Powell became one of Philadelphia's most eminent citizens, while Miss Keene grew gray in maiden loneliness. When she, too, passed away, she left her property to the Protestant Episcopal Church, the home to be used as a home for aged women of that church, and so it is today.

A mile further on is a yellow house built in 1740 as a tavern, a place of refreshment for man and beast; but the principal refreshment for man has been outlawed, and the beast has well-nigh disappeared before the on-rush of the speedy motor car; in time it became a residence, that of W. K. Highland. It was a mighty important inn in its day. Hard by was the ferry across the river, which made it the main route to the west from New York, and oodles of

Above, the "Yellowstone Inn," above Bristol, built in 1750, now a private residence. Aaron Burr stopped there while on his flight to the west after killing Alexander Hamilton. Below, the ancient Meeting House at Horsham. To the reader's left is the route followed.

famous personages slept under its roof. When Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in the most celebrated duel in American history, he fled to the West, crossing the Delaware on this ferry, and put up over night at Yellowstone Tavern, as it was called.

We turn back through Bristol, taking the road to the right of the cemetery below and travel its pretty, partly tree-lined way through Hulmeville and Langhorne to Newtown, occasionally revelling in the magnificent views over wide sweeps of fertile country. We turn left to Richboro; for a short distance the road is bumpy and not constructed for a speedway; but soon we rumble through the aged covered bridge over the Neshaminy, and we have a smooth road beyond, which runs through alluring woodlands and past splendid farms. At Richboro we swing left again to Hatboro, again through real country.

In early days a thrifty person built an inn which he called the Crooked Billet after another tavern in Philadelphia, and the village that grew up around it took its name. There on May 1, 1778, General John Lacey led an American force in battle with the British. In time an individual began to manufacture hats there, and the people shed the name of Crooked Billet and called the place Hatboro. Just above Washington camped, and along the road, the "Old York," the American army marched.

We swing right on the fine stone road on the south side of the creek and roll away to Horsham, with its Meeting House so symbolic of peace and quiet, then Three Tuns. Having due regard for American thirst, the fellow who built the tavern there in 1740 started in business with three tuns of liquor, and so the place got its name. We roll left a short distance, then right on the Bethlehem pike to Chestnut Hill, where we swing left just below the Pennsylvania Railroad station, and follow the smooth drives through that delightful residential section to the Lincoln Drive, then along the Wissahickon to East River Drive and home again.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, May 28, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

THE MINSI TRAIL, OLDEST ROAD IN AMERICA

Way to Historic Bethlehem Through Country Where Fries Rebellion Seethed and Liberty Bell Was Carried for Safety

Before Columbus discovered America, at a date long since lost to history, the aborigines living in this section established a highway from the Susquehanna to the Delaware, and down from the Blue Ridge Mountains to tidewater, and the latter part of it was known as the Minsi Trail. William Penn's followers broadened it into a rough wagon road, and along it in 1740 went the Moravians to settle upon the banks of the Lehigh and found the city of Bethlehem.

In 1763 George Klein established his stage coach line along the road; Washington marched his army over it; it was the road upon which traveled the Liberty Bell in its flight to Allentown when Sir William Howe led the British regulars into Philadelphia.

In time this rough road was smoothed out with stone or concrete to accommodate the swift gliding motor car; today we call it the Bethlehem Pike, and it marks part of the route covered by the Pathfinder in his weekly ramble.

From City Hall, out the Parkway, East River, Wissahickon and Lincoln Drives, left on McCallum St., past the Woodward gardens, right on Mermaid

Lane, left on Cherokee St., right on Willow Grove Av., left on St. Martin's Lane, right on Highland, swinging into Evergreen Av., around to the left on Germantown Av. a few feet, and right on to the Minsi Trail.

Down a long, winding hill into the Whitemarsh Valley we roll on through a gorgeous country, up hill, down hill, with now and then a vista, extending for many miles, spreading out before us. Past Fort Washington, part of the earthworks of which still stand; history stares us in the face at every turn.

We are on fine concrete to Spring House, then smooth stone except some rough places inside borough limits, all the way to Bethlehem. At Montgomery Square we pass the ancient school which General Winfield Scott Hancock attended—he was born nearby, but the house is gone—past the two Inns, one of which is two hundred years old. Through the section where the Fries rebellion of 1799 seethed.

As we pass along from time to time we see ancient barns bearing curious symbols, painted there by their builders about two hundred years ago to ward off evil spirits. So on to Centre Valley when we veer right away from the spur that leads to Allentown.

There are some formidable hills to negotiate, and before starting it is wise to examine brake bands, wheels, tires, etc. and see that every part of the old bus is tight and perfect; these hills carry us by successive stages over the Haycock Mountains, from the summit of the last of which we make the long, steep, winding plunge into what was once "Souse Beslehem". Better take it

A stretch of the magnificent road between Easton and Kintersville, on the way to Easton. One of many ancient barns, marked to ward off evil spirits.

on low. There is a magnificent view with the Blue Ridge in the background, cleft by the Wind Gap.

Topographically speaking, Bethlehem is not on the level, and one must exercise caution in wiggling through it; we leave it by a fine concrete way which takes us to Easton, the main street of which is long, wide and steep—another case of low gear.

Then the concrete again to Kintnersville through as lovely a land as this world can boast, with mountains and cliffs rising sheer on both the Pennsylvania and New Jersey sides of the rippling Delaware; here we leave the concrete and take the old dirt road to Point Pleasant, along the river. Every bump, every splash through the mud is more than recompensed by the grandeur of our surroundings, and the road is not so bad at that. The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts are encamped on the islands in the river, and here and there are excellent places to bathe.

From Point Pleasant a smooth stone road takes us back to the Easton Pike at Danboro; we veer left thereon through Doylestown, Willow Grove, Glenside and into Stenton Av., left thereon to Haines St., left again to Broad, right and home again. We have covered a hundred and fifty magnolious miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 17, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

OYSTER TRAINED TO RING A BELL FOR DINNER

Trip to Maurice River, Where Luscious Bivalves are Gathered and Shipped by Many Millions Daily—An Orchard of Ten Square Miles

There is a man at Bivalve, N. J., who trains oysters.

He has discovered that these lowly creatures possess intelligence to a degree hitherto unsuspected. He has not yet succeeded in educating them to eat out of his hand or walk on their hind legs, but he has taught them to ring a bell in his office when they get hungry as they recline lazily in their beds.

The oyster is unlovely to look upon as he comes from his watery home, but he has a kind heart under his rough and tough exterior; everybody loves him, particularly when he is in the soup, but no one imagined that he was capable of being educated. It is one of the unusual and interesting things the Pathfinder discovered on his weekly ramble.

It is a trip over good roads, mostly concrete; we embark at the ferry for the Jerseys, and having arrived safely in the bustling city of Camden, strike south on Broadway through Gloucester to Westville; here we find the work of repaving the broad avenue leading toward Glassboro has been finished, and we swing left thereon and roll away on continuous hard, smooth surface through Hurffville, Glassboro, Clayton; concreting this road has been completed to near Franklinville, where we come to excellent gravel.

Our road rolls on through a fine farming country where "the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," and late crops are being harvested. The golden heads of the pumpkins dot all South Jersey by millions, suggesting Hallowe'en and hobgoulins and luscious pies. Dame Nature is out with her paints and brushes and the foliage is rich with the gorgeous hues of autumn, the last step before turning to dull brown and falling, leaving bare limbs to whiten with the snows of winter.

"Oh, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrecking siege of battering days?"

We pass through Malaga, skirt Vineland, and, approaching Millville, find work in progress of building a broad concrete way, but traffic goes through for a stretch until an excellent dirt road provides a detour into the city; this is the only poor section on the trip, but it is short, and we do not complain in view of the purpose.

From Millville we roll out on the new concrete that now continues to beyond Port Elizabeth. Here we are attracted by the wreck of a schooner that appears to be stuck in the woodsy marsh and wonder how it ever got there. But it seems to have sailed in there years ago and couldn't sail out again. Maurice river is navigable at that point, and there are many other vessels moored in safe waters.

Port Elizabeth was named in honor of Miss Elizabeth Clark (afterward Bodely), who acquired the tract in 1771, and laid out the town in 1785.

Gabriel Thomas, in his early chronicles of the Province, refers to the river as the "Prince Maurice" river, and at times writers have spelled the name Morris and Moreises; the Indians called it the Astvehoens river and the Swedes the Kildare Kill. It was named in honor of Prince Maurice of Orange, Count of Nassau, who died in 1625. Cumberland county, in which it is located, got its name from the Duke of Cumberland, victor in the battle of Culloden.

A short distance below Port Elizabeth we swing right to Mauricetown, then to Port Norris, center of the South Jersey oyster industry, and scene of a snippy little battle in 1781, when a party of fifteen Tories tried to capture a boat held by some of the militia. Seven Tories were killed and the rest captured. The place was originally known as Dallas' Ferry, but in 1810 Joseph Jones, son of a Philadelphia coffee merchant, settled there, established the town and named it after his own son Norris.

Another mile and we are at Bivalve, a little settlement that simply hums with industry; where the smallest Custom House does business out of all proportion to its size; where hundreds of stout and graceful power schooners and more hundreds of giant scows bring vast quantities of oysters from the cove a couple of miles below for shipment, and where the education of the oyster was accomplished.

Now let us be serious about this thing. New Jersey, joining forces with the many engaged in the oyster industry, has expended thousands of dollars in establishing up-to-date sanitary conditions throughout the district; even workers must pass a physical examination to make sure that they are absolutely free from all disease; the water in the river is tested daily for evidences of possible pollution, and the oyster is studied from every angle. This work is in charge of William H. Dumont, and a visit to his laboratory is a revelation of efficiency.

How and when does the oyster eat? What does he eat? Does he prefer salt to fresh water and what degree of saltiness, if any? In which kind does he thrive best? One excellent way to find out was to be on hand when he fed, and oyster feeding time is not like that at the Zoo. Dr. Thurlow C. Nelson, State Biologist, furnished the solution, and Mr. Dumont put it into operation.

A fine, husky oyster is selected and cemented to a chunk of concrete to keep him from wandering off somewhere in search of adventure. A hole is bored in his upper shell, and a rod inserted, which reaches a lever; there are wires and other technical arrangements whereby when the oyster opens his mouth the lifting shell moves with such power that it moves the lever; an electrical connection is made that rings the bell in Mr. Dumont's office, whereupon he hustles over to the oyster and watches it at work. He also tests the water.

So it has been learned that when the water gets fresh and muddy, Mr. Oyster spits it out and shuts up tight, and he does not open again until the changing tides raise the saline content of the water in which he lies. Mr. Dumont changes his pet every few days, and finds a remarkable uniformity in their habits.

While the oyster beds near New York and in the Chesapeake have been much depleted and measures are to be taken to build them up again, the Maurice River cove and other south New Jersey beds are being extended and this year many additional acres out in the Delaware Bay seed beds were covered with new shell.

A new and growing industry in south Jersey is oyster shucking; the

Upper,—An oyster schooner just in at Bivalve, N. J., with its cargo from the Maurice River Cove beds. **Lower Left**—A heap of palate-tickling shellfish just out of the water. **Lower Right**—A view of Bivalve with some of the motor cars that take the oystermen to and from their homes in various parts of southern New Jersey. Diagram shows route covered.

oysters are opened, washed, packed in tins and shipped to all parts of the country. and this year they have begun shipping oysters by the barrel to Europe, where the native oysters wear whiskers and are not particularly tasty.

We pull reluctantly away from the oyster foundries and trundle back to Port Norris, where we go straight ahead on a nice new gravel road that presently merges into the old pike and takes us to Millville. Then we turn right to the point, left on the broad concrete and whirl away to Bridgeton. This fine old town was named after the Rev. Thomas Bridge, who was sent to that section in 1695 by the West Jersey Society of London, because folk down that way needed preaching to and there was nobody to do it. The town is on the Cohansey creek, which like most places has had a hard time to get a name that would stick. The Indians called it the Cohanzick, or the Canahockink; on Lindstrom's map of 1654 it is called the Sepahacking. John Fenwick, the founder of that part of Jersey, decreed in his will that it should be called the Caesaria, but did not get away with it. It was finally decided to Anglicize its Indian name.

Still on the concrete we hie away to Deerfield Street, passing a 3,600 acre orchard, mostly peach, but with hundreds of acres of new apple trees, some of which are just beginning to bear fruit. Pittsgrove, Mullica Hill, Mantua, Woodbury, Camden—Home. Trip was a bit long, but very much worth while from any standpoint.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, October 15, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BACK IN THE COUNTRY ALONG WOODLAND ROADS

Where Nature Uses Her Brush with Lavish Hand and Beautiful Farms and Lakes Abound

Squirrels and nuts; back roads and landscapes in wonderful color are the principal features of the Pathfinder's ramble this week.

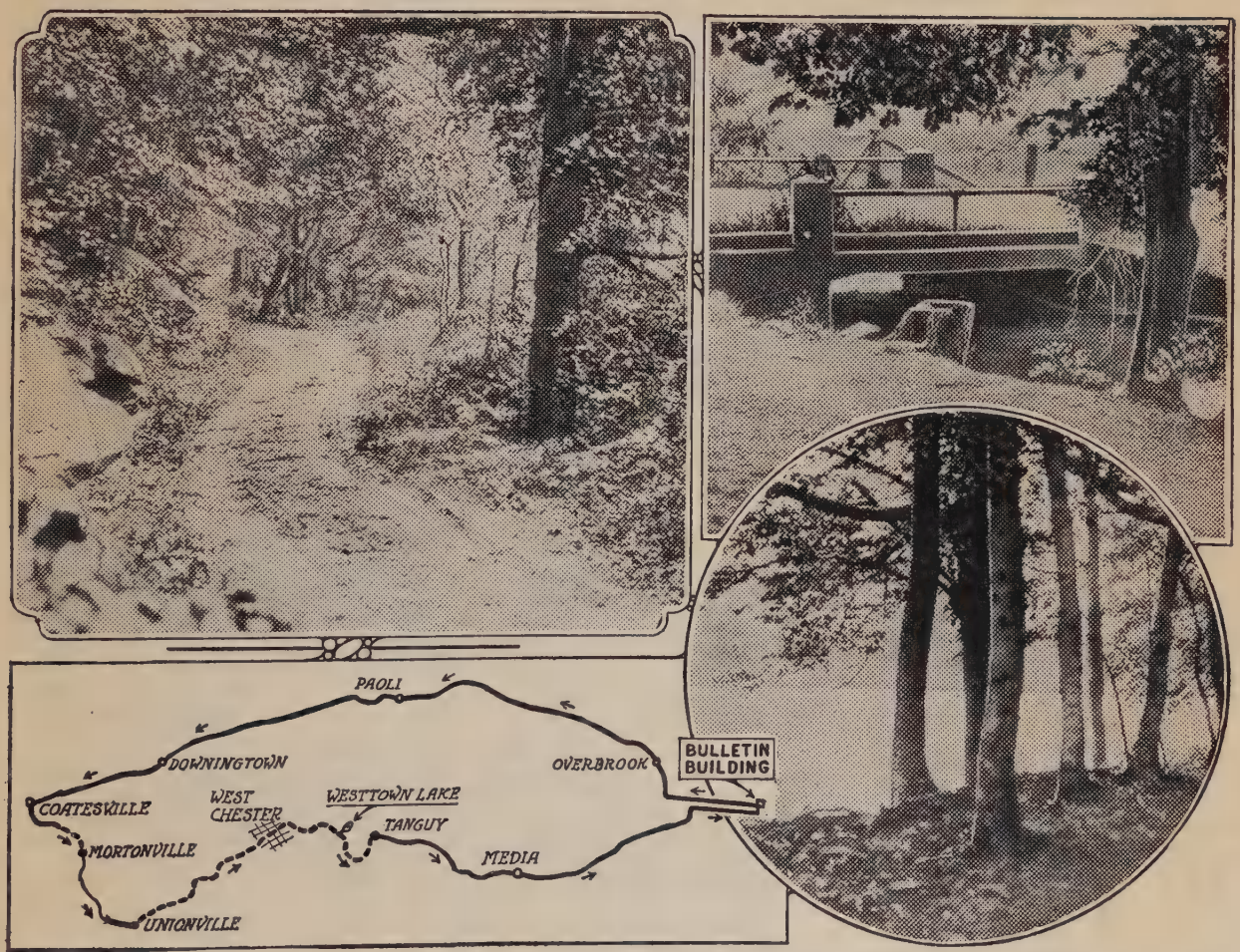
We start off with the intention of forgetting history and spending our day enjoying to the utmost the glories of Autumn scenery and trying out some back roads that might prove interesting, and let it be said right at the start, they do.

There is a tang in the air as we roll away out Walnut st., turn right on 63d, to Overbrook, left a few yards then right on Wynnewood road, which skirting Merion, Narberth and Wynnewood, brings us back to the Lincoln Highway at the latter place; we proceed ahead to Bryn Mawr, where we swing left on the old Conestoga road to Strafford, where we again pick up the Highway. The entire detour is over excellent stone roads and more attractive from a scenic standpoint than is the main road itself, and the distance is not enough longer to bother about.

We roll along to Devon and take comfort in the fact that work on the Lincoln way here includes the extension of it straight ahead to Berwyn, thus making the two mean S turns under the railroad unnecessary. Now, however, we take them, and again at Malvern take a third dip under the rails, and then remain on the north side of the track to Coatesville.

In Coatesville, just before reaching the Brandywine creek, we swing left and in a few minutes leave the town behind us, trundling along the fine concrete road on the hillside past vast masses of old iron awaiting the furnace that will restore it to use. At Modena we come to the end of the concrete, and take to the good dirt road that carries us through the woods along the creekside; there are pictures on all sides of us; pictures rich in blends of many colors, the first of a myriad of such scenes that we see on this trip. Nature not only invents marvelous shades and tints and applies them with lavish hand, but does so in such a way that the colors never clash, but instead are massed in magnificent harmony. The winding roads are like a kaleidoscope, each turn bringing a different color arrangement more beautiful than the last.

We go on to Mortonville, cross the creek on one of the many venerable covered bridges that abound in that section, over the railroad, jog along a bit,



Upper, reader's left, road through the woods near Mortonville, Pa., and at right bridge over the creek that runs from Westtown Lake. **Below**, a glimpse of Westtown Lake. Diagram shows route followed; solid lines denote hard surface; dotted, gravel or good earth roads.

rumble along another bridge, turn to the right and keep on going through the bountiful farmlands for which Chester county is famous.

And all through the country there are nut trees to be hunted up; most of them are on enclosed private property, the owner's permission is required to gather them. It is possible that some may grant the permission, either for the value of the nuts in cash or out of the goodness of their hearts; sometimes the trees overhanging the road drop their fruit thereon for those to gather who will. The recent unusually early frost, however, brought most of the nuts down and they have been gathered. Black walnuts are scarce this year, but there are plenty of hickory nuts and shellbarks.

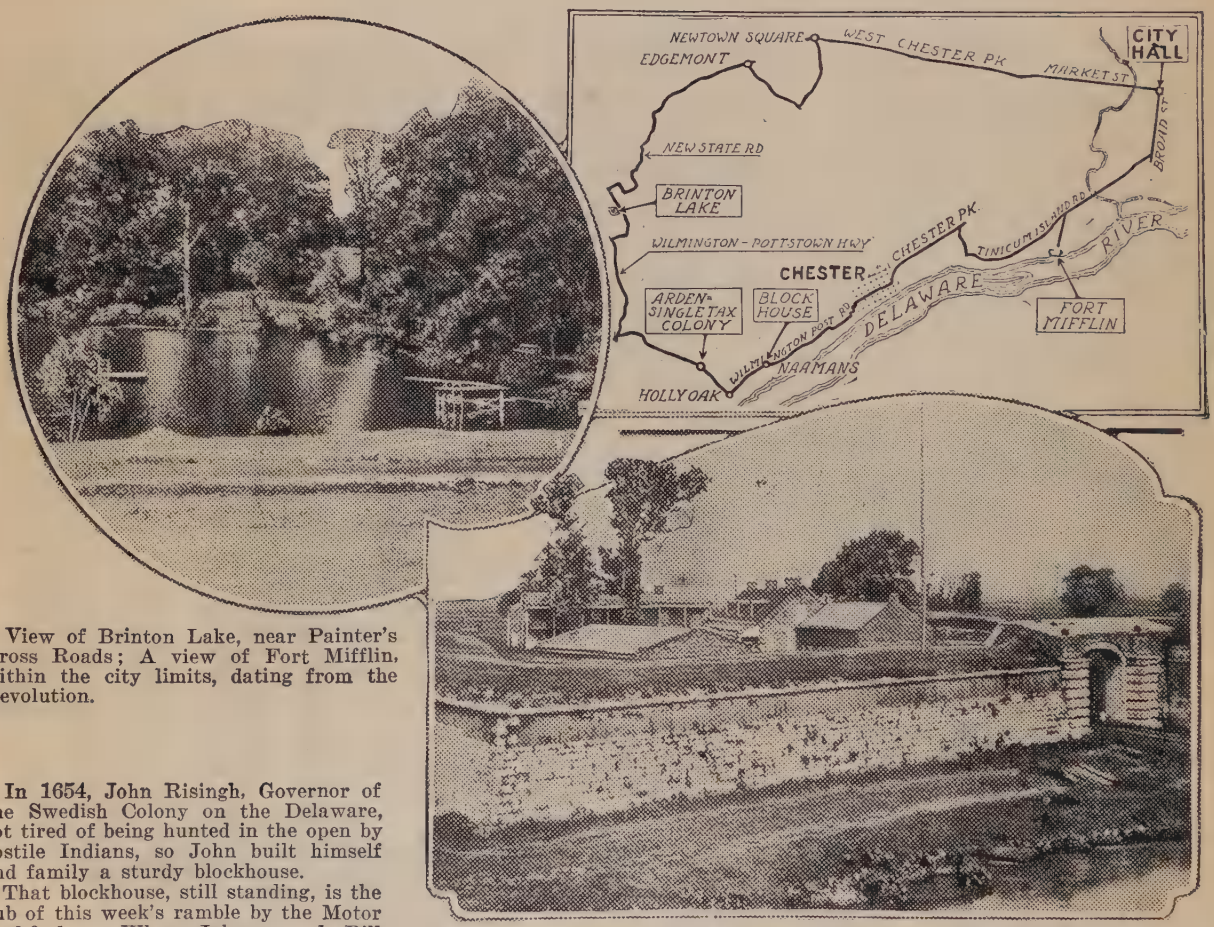
Where there are nuts there are squirrels, and the little fellows are met on all sides, frolicking about and storing up their winter supply of grub. Here and there, too, there are flocks of turkeys, fat and ready for the guillotine that will send them to Thanksgiving tables.

Our dirt road is sometimes rough, and in a few short places very rough; but in the main it is good, and worth taking because of the gorgeous views and the joy of being out in the real honest to goodness country. So we presently come to the nice new concrete road that runs us into Unionville; we turn left on a road that is sometimes macadam and sometimes gravel through more gorgeous country to Wawaset and West Chester; we pass through the capital of the county on Price st. to town limit, and then turn right on the Westtown road, which is good macadam and takes one through more delightful country, presently passing by beautiful Westtown lake, and bringing us out at last on the Edgemont road at Tanguy; we turn right on this to the Baltimore pike, swing left and roll away home.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, October 22, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

FORT MIFFLIN AND RISINGH'S BLOCK HOUSE

Pathfinder Drops In at Arden, Colony of Artists and Altruists, and Visits Brinton Lake



View of Brinton Lake, near Painter's Cross Roads; A view of Fort Mifflin, within the city limits, dating from the Revolution.

In 1654, John Risingh, Governor of the Swedish Colony on the Delaware, got tired of being hunted in the open by hostile Indians, so John built himself and family a sturdy blockhouse.

That blockhouse, still standing, is the hub of this week's ramble by the Motor Pathfinder. When Johnny and Bill take a squint through the upstairs peep holes out of which old John Risingh used to poke his "funnel bored" blunderbuss for a shot at the redskins all other thrills become meaningless.

To the south the Delaware River, broadening out to meet the sea, tosses glinting waves in the sunlight. All around are Colonial gardens.

Such is Naaman's-on-the-Delaware. But before the old bus reaches this picturesque scene of the Swedes' Colony, there are other interesting sights. We proceed south on Broad Street to Moyamensing Av., continuing to Penrose Ferry Rd. Just a hop after the machine rambled over the rickety drawbridge

are two paved roads leading toward the river. Dad chooses the left and we roll over the asphalt and boards up to crumbling Fort Mifflin.

Half an hour later Johnnie and Bill emerge from behind the mouldering brick walls rather awestruck. They expected to see guns, shells and warlike trappings. Instead all that remains of Fort Mifflin are green-grown earthworks, rotting headquarters, and the dank, smelly dungeons where many an unfortunate prisoner watched the hours lag from behind massive iron doors.

The green-scummed, sluggish moat is still there, the gun placements and powder dumps likewise remain. But the guns are gone, the cannon-balls absent, the powder long since removed. Gone, too, the soldiers. Grasshoppers now swarm over the Courtyard where men drilled feverishly when the British fleet hovered at the mouth of the Delaware in 1814, considering an attack on Philadelphia.

"Woo!" Silence a moment and then, "Woo. woo!" still fainter, the echoes, from dark, unseen passages answer. Bill and Johnnie wait no longer, lest a ghost appear. The party turns around while Dad winks at Mother and the boys are strangely silent.

Past the many industrial plants, shipyards and small towns they proceed. The rifle ranges are to the right.

Chester is full of history. In the heart of the city stands the Washington House and directly opposite the old Court House. Both are fine specimens of Colonial substantiality. In the hotel, General Washington sat down at midnight, September 11, 1777, and wrote the only report of the Battle of Brandywine. In this same place he later received congratulations as the first President.

On the road south again, concrete makes speed possible. Through Marcus Hook and finally to Naamans they go. Aside from the whitewashed blockhouse, the Colonial mansion, built in 1724, is interesting.

Mention of a secret-passage gets Bill excited again. The boys explore it and their day is complete. Upstairs, into what seems to be a closet, they are led. The panel slides shut and all is black as tar. Down a crooked stairs, round and round they go and then out. It is just like stepping from a bookcase.

Back on the main pike it is two miles or so to Grubb's road. Sharp right and over the Baltimore and Ohio tracks and then Arden, flourishing Single-Tax colony, appears. Dad finds Frank Stephens, one of the founders of the colony, and the whole family tours the colony.

Arden's 300 dwellers in their cosy homes come as close to what they consider true living as possible.

Smooth winding cement roads speed the way to Pottstown highway, to Painter's Cross Roads, turning right on to the Baltimore Pike. Off, then left to the Brinton Lake Club, where the road is new. Everyone unloads at Brinton Lake, which borders a road lined with trees. Nature outdid herself there, but man decided to help out and dammed the little stream, making a beautiful expanse of clear water.

Delightful countryside forms the remainder of the trip along the twisting Brinton Lake Road to Cheney, Tanguy and thence to the West Chester Pike. Exclamations of wonder from all the family greet the pretty scenes along the pike, which brings us home. In all the tour covers 66 miles. There is enough history packed into it to last all summer.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 7, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

NORTH'S FIRST CUSTOM HOUSE IN DELAWARE

Port Penn has Legend of Visit by William Penn — View of Chesapeake Canal Under Process of Widening

Great oaks from little acorns grow.

William Penn heading up the Delaware to see what sort of real estate he was getting from Charlie Stuart, ran short of water, and having a thirst, stopped the "Welcome" opposite Reedy Island and landed to get a drink. Thus saith tradition; and from this grew the legend that he not only made this his first landing on American soil at Port Penn, Delaware, but that he lived there three months; some persons down that way will tell you vaguely that he lived in a tent on the site now occupied by a partly old brick building; others that he lived in a quaint little house hard by.

Albert Cook Myers, authority on the doings of Penn, says he didn't do anything of the sort, and he has the documents to prove it, so that's that.

Nevertheless, Port Penn has other elements of interest that made it well worth while for the Pathfinder to breeze down that way on his weekly ramble; there's salt water bathing, boating, fishing, crabbing and all sorts of amusements for the pleasure seeker; it is the Augustine Beach our daddies used to go to in the old Thomas Clyde, and they now call it Delaware Beach; however, let us discuss it when we get there.

We leave the Bulletin Building and go out the Parkway to Spring Garden st. bridge, left to 31st., left to Powelton av., right to 44th st., left to Walnut, right to 63d, then left; we forego the pleasure of skirting pretty Cobb's Creek Park to duck the congestion on the Baltimore pike as it enters the city, and veer right on Marshall road just below Spruce st.; this takes us to Lansdowne, where we pick up the pike to Swarthmore, then turn left on the Chester road to Chester. Just as we enter the city we swing right as directed by the Wilmington arrow, and in a moment stop to inspect the weirdest, strangest bit of architecture on earth. This is at 24th and where Potter st. would be if it were cut through.

It is the creation of Edward Dickerson, a contractor who paved many of Chester's streets; in front of a perfectly normal brick house, now vacant, stretches the entire width of a wide lot and back on both sides of the house an imposing wall, its numerous columns supporting pergolas. Walls and pillars are made of every conceivable kind of junk; there are cobble stones, Belgian blocks, other stones of all sizes, shapes and colors; pieces of discarded iron, such as chains and meat hooks; bottles, jugs, pieces of terra cotta pipe stuffed with concrete to make them solid, even bits of broken statuary, some busts, etc., all jumbled together and welded into a solid mass with mortar and cement. The author of this creation died not long after he finished it.

We go on, soon leaving Chester and rolling ahead to Wilmington, going through on Market st., crossing the Christiana creek on the venerable bridge and whisk away on the duPont boulevard, whose concrete surface invites one to "step on it." The miles trail off behind us and soon we are at St. George's, where we stop again. Here is under construction a big steel bridge to take the place of the ancient little one over the canal that has done service for so many years. It is part of the mighty work under way of making a great inland waterway capable of carrying the biggest battleships out of what has been heretofore a narrow ditch.

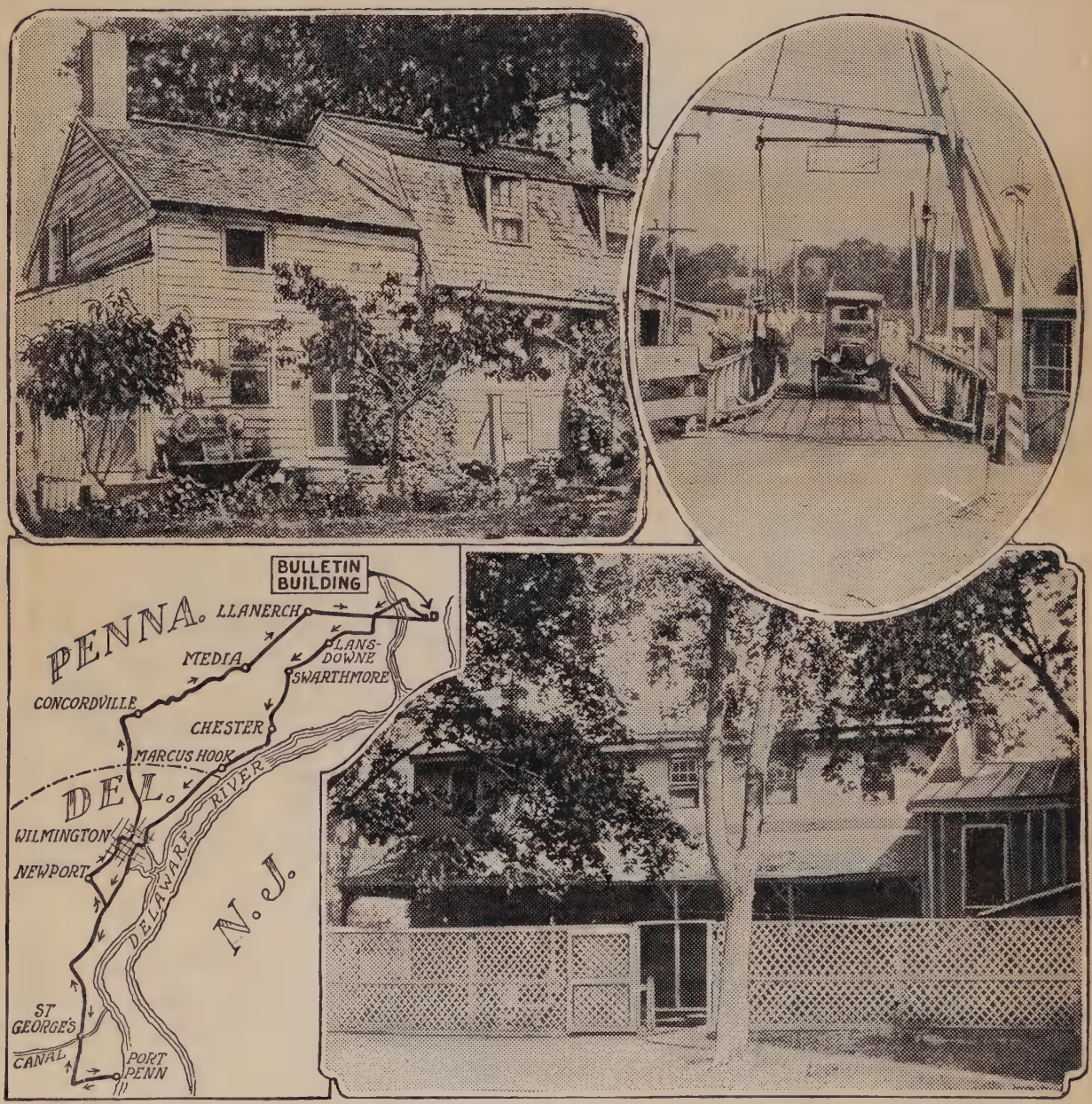
At this point is one of the locks, and we pause to watch them pass a trim yacht through, when we espy some enthusiastic anglers and wonder if they are catching anything. Miss Ruth Baker, of near Pottstown, promptly proves that they are by exhibiting a formidable looking carp that had been indiscreet enough to sample her hook a few minutes before.

As we leave St. George's we see a hundred or more women sitting out in the open husking corn which is piled in great heaps about them, for the canneries. A couple of miles are quickly passed and we follow directions on a big sign and turn left; the new concrete road brings us to peaceful old Port Penn and Delaware Beach. Before the railroad poked its iron nose down Delaware way Port Penn was an important grain shipping point, but today it sleeps away the time undisturbed by the rush and hum of commerce; we call at the "Hip Roof" house back of the Presbyterian Church. This is the one they say Penn lived in; its wooden sides and roof have withstood assaults of the elements for nearly two centuries. For years it has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Webb, a jolly young couple of eighty years,

and Mrs. Webb takes pride in showing to the visitors the quaint old inside architecture and the fireplace in which there is a metal tablet bearing the date, 1728.

Just below the town we come to the picnic grove and the broad beach lapped by the saline waters that have come up from the sea, we throw a stone into the drainage ditch and see a myriad of fiddler crabs skurry for shelter; out in the broad river (it is just at the head of the bay) is the breakwater built in 1765; there is Reedy Island, once a quarantine station. Back in 1773 the ship Polly, under command of Captain Ayres, and loaded with tea, came up the Delaware; he arrived at Chester on Christmas day, and was met by a delegation from Philadelphia, who escorted him to this city; there was a mass meeting of citizens, and Captain Ayres was told to chase the Polly and her tax-laden cargo back to Reedy Island, and then beat it for parts far away; he did.

Six hundred feet of this water front, and extending back to a similar depth, was conveyed by John and Peter Alrihms, the owners, to the Port Wardens of Philadelphia in 1774, and a Customs House was established there which was the first in the North and antedated only by that at Yorktown, Va. The building, still standing as part of a hotel, was built at a much earlier period, and constructed for defence against Indians. Down underneath are gloomy vaults, with narrow heavily barred windows, which tradition says, were used to house prisoners brought in by ships; there is a passageway, too, of much mystery; it has been walled up for many years, and no one now knows where it leads to or what was its



Upper, reader's left, a house in Port Penn, Delaware, built in 1728, and in which, according to legend, William Penn stayed three months; but he didn't. **Upper** right, the little old draw bridge over the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal at St. George's, soon to be replaced by a great steel structure now under way. **Below**, building at Delaware Beach, on the edge of Port Penn, which was the first Customs House in the north; it is a house of mystery, with iron-barred dungeons and a walled-up underground passageway that leads to no one knows where.

purpose; today it is peopled by ghosts of the forgotten past. What a story they might tell!

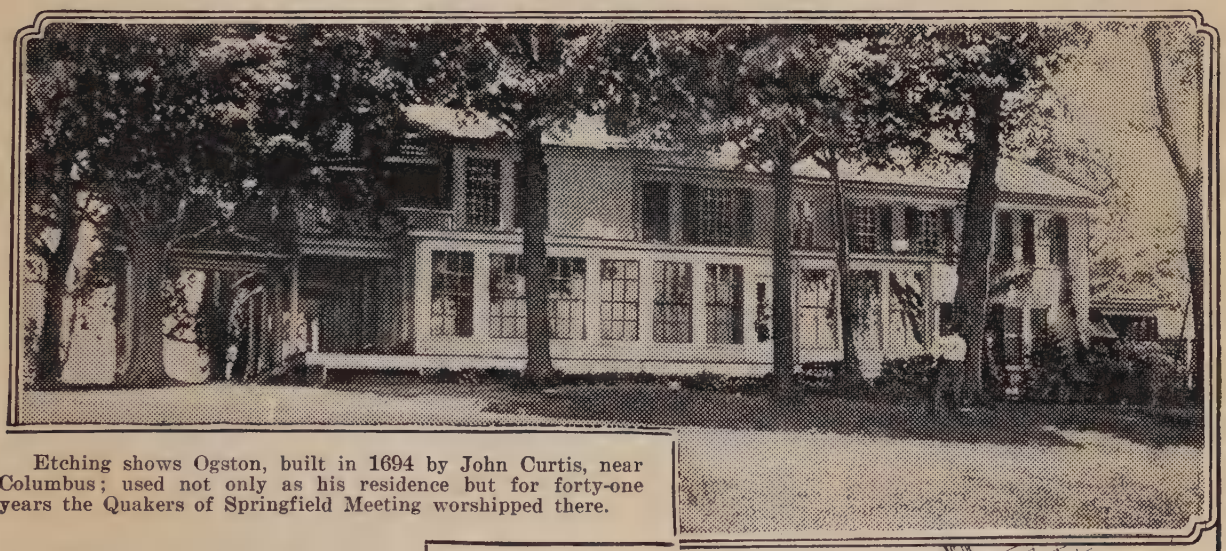
We turn our backs on the river and return the way we came as far as the Newport-New Castle road, and go back to Wilmington by way of Newport to avoid going through the heart of Delaware's metropolis; the day is warm, but we are a bit startled to see a whole family on the grass in front of their home in Wilmington clad in most up-to-date bathing suits, playing the hose on each other and enjoying it hugely.

We cross the Brandywine on the Washington Boulevard bridge, and in a few minutes turn left on the West Chester-Pottstown highway, with its wooded land border or alluring farms, cross the State line, shown by a slender stone marker, and go on to Painter's Cross Roads, then right on Baltimore pike to Media, left on the State road; we come presently to the West Chester pike, turn right and roll away home.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 3, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

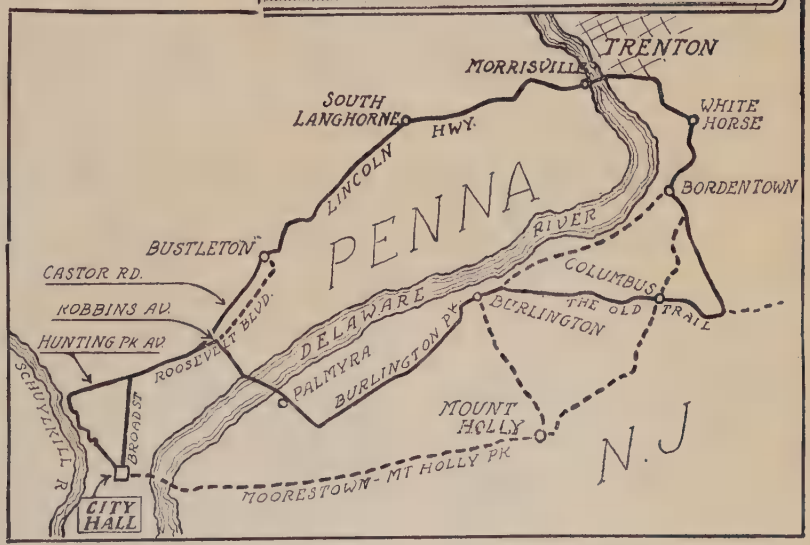
AMONG THE QUAKERS OF OLD BURLINGTON

New Jersey County is Filled with Homesteads of Families Dating from the Days of Penn



Etching shows Ogston, built in 1694 by John Curtis, near Columbus; used not only as his residence but for forty-one years the Quakers of Springfield Meeting worshipped there.

Just a century before the Declaration of Independence was signed, in other words, in 1676, the Province of New Jersey was divided into two parts: the followers of George Fox took the western half, and led by Edward Byllinge, the proprietor, the Quakers from London and Yorkshire began to settle there, the early ones picking a site on the Delaware River, where, in 1677, they founded the present town of Burlington. Others quickly followed, spreading out through what is now Burlington County, founding homesteads, some of which still remain and are still occupied by their descendants. In a short time Byllinge's interests passed to William Penn, and many of the friends and followers of that great founder found the land on the eastern side of the River to their liking.



It is rich in history; rich in achievement; rich in the land that for nearly two and a half centuries has yielded bountiful crops, is this Burlington County, so near our gates. It is refreshing to leave the City's turmoil, its gleaming streets radiating the heat of a summer sun and motor out through this quaint and lovely land, a picture of the solidity and peace that are the characteristics of the gentle folk that founded, built and still mantain it.

It is a trip through a country which includes a ramble over the Indian trail that was old when Byllinge was young; through a country that in imagination echoes the hoof-beats of the horses of Washington's couriers; over which the British fled as noted by the unfortunate Major John Andre. a country of rem-

iniscence; of story; of sturdy, uncompromising Americanism.

Starting from City Hall we go north on Broad St., swing right into Roosevelt Boulevard to Robbins Av., where a sign directs us to turn right to the Ferry from Tacony to Palmyra, N. J., thence through an avenue bordered by magnificent trees and left on the concreted Burlington Pike. We go a very little way and find an answer to the old question, "What shall we do with our old square piano?" There it stands in the middle of a lawn, its original innards ripped out, its formerly black box-body and massive carved legs painted green; it is filled with rich earth and a mass of colorful blooms rises from it.

We ramble past orchards of ripening cherry trees from which here and there is already being harvested the stuffing for tasty pies. On through busy Riverside to Burlington, through which the way is a bit rough at times, but the bumpy part is soon passed. Just beyond the bridge we come to a fork; the concreted highway winds away to the left, but we leave it for the macadam of the ancient Indian trail to Columbus. This is one of the routes to Camp Dix and worth taking.

When the early comers settled at this point builders on opposite sides of the trail pushed their claims forward until they overlapped in the middle of the road, and there was a clash between them on the question of the boundary, which resulted in naming the settlement Encroaching Corners. They got the thing straightened out in time and then, instead of holding on to a quaint name that had to do with its birth, the village noted the raising of the sign of the Black Horse at the new tavern, and promptly picked upon that name as an improvement; even this name so characteristic of the Colonial period palled on the so-called "progressive" folk of a later generation, and they inflicted Chris' cognomen upon it, thus destroying its picturesque identity.

It was from the Black Horse that Washington's couriers started on many an important mission. It is not there now, but Charles E. Black, the Justice of Peace, still cherishes the sign. He was born, by the way, on the Cave farm nearby, which has been in the family for eight generations, and gets its name from the fact that there Thomas Scattergood settled in 1687, digging a spacious cave instead of building a house, and in that cave he lived and reared a family of eight children; a practical Black of a by-gone generation, with a soul unattuned to history and romance, filled up the cave.

A mile beyond Columbus we pause again. When John Curtis, of Yorkshire, dignified grandson of one of the first followers of George Fox, led demure Ann Revel, of Ogston Hall, before an assembly of Friends and there according to the simple ceremony of his faith, made her his wife, he began to seek ways to please her. In 1684 he brought her to the Jerseys and acquired a formidable estate in Mansfield Township, at the point of our halt, and built upon the brow of the hill a spacious mansion. to the estate, in Ann's honor, he gave the name of Ogston, and it is Ogston yet; in 1812 the place passed into the hands of the Bishop family, and it is now the home of John I. Bishop. The old manse has had a porch and conservatory added and the walls have been stuccoed, but these walls are the same that were reared by the original owner, and the interior has been only slightly changed.

But a new and modern mansion sits by its side in the majestic old grove on the hill, overlooking the broad gardens and the fair domain, now a model farm. Springfield Meeting House, back on another hill not far away, was erected in 1727; until then the Friends of the neighborhood had no such place of assembly. so John Curtis threw open the doors of Ogston Manor to them, and there they met for forty-one years.

The adjoining farm, once part of Ogston, is now occupied by Walter Reeder and his family. Mrs. Reeder is a descendant of the founder of Ogston, and her great-grandfather built the house in which she lives for his bride soon after their marriage in 1801.

Burlington County is full of such homesteads, in full view from the roads, and worthy of note as we pass along.

There is a superb new road running from Bordentown through Columbus to Mt. Holly, but we will go half a mile beyond Ogston and turn left on a dirt road that is good except in wet weather when it is likely to be deeply muddy; it runs through quiet, prosperous farming country for miles with long stretches of solitude that is appealing to those who like to get away from the busy lanes of concrete travel. It merges into the new road referred to, which we follow to Bordentown.

Passing (on the left) the large estate that was once the home of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and himself a King, we continue on the superb new concrete road to Trenton. Five miles above Bordentown we come to Crosswicks Creek. To the left, on the other side of the bridge, we hear shouts and merry laughter and a prodigious amount of splashing, and there we find a host of children frolicking in the shallow water near the bank, while pulchritudinous maids and sturdy youths of larger growth dive into the deep water from a spring board.

We cross the Delaware River at Trenton over the free bridge and roll homeward over the Lincoln Highway, past South Langhorne, Parkland, with its multitude of camps and bungalows, its woods and stream; Neshaminy Falls, with its groves and picnic grounds; Byberry, where the new Hospital for Insane spreads out to the right; we cross Broad St. into Hunting Park Av. past factories, suddenly plunging into a bit of country as rural as any we have passed through, winding into Fairmount Park on the East River Drive; then left through the Park and along the Parkway to our starting point. We have covered a hundred miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, June 26, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

PICTURESQUE HIGHWAY IS LIMEKILN PIKE

Montgomeryville, on the Way, is Scene of Revolutionary Incident— Inn of Other Days Full of Interest

Old Jup' Pluvius flung wide the scuppers of Heaven the early part of this week, almost drowning the Pathfinder, and threatened to wash away the motor trip.

But the Pathfinder, not to be denied, put pontoons on the old bus, picked out an all-paved trail, snapped his fingers at the storm king, and reeled off sixty-seven miles of as pretty a trip as the week-end motorist could desire. And when the run was half over the clouds blew away leaving the "kick" of the journey, the Limekiln Pike, winding away in the sunshine.

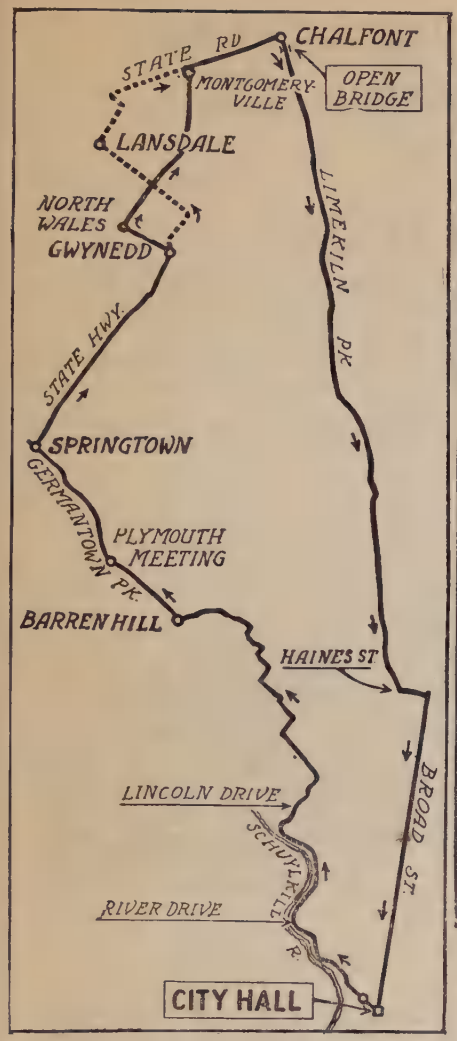
Now the start of motor journeys north of Philadelphia would be all wrong if they did not include the Wissahickon Drive. So the Pathfinder sneaked along East River Drive and Wissahickon to Germantown Avenue. If you don't like the cobblestones, go to Stenton Avenue and follow it to City Line, turning left until you hit Germantown Avenue again. The idea is to get to Barren Hill. Before you do, don't fail to take in the view of the Whitemarsh Country Club, lying to the right of the road.

Thanks to all the rain, no dirt roads are on the menu and good time can be made. Plymouth Meeting, a quaint little crossroads town at the Butler Pike, is next. Then on straight ahead to a corner known as Penn Square.

"By hickory, the roads are here and no mistake," ejaculated the driver and his companions agreed. The State Highway, brand new concrete which extends as far south as West Chester, stretches out to the northeast.

Miles speed past and there's Gwynedd.

"William Penn Inn is over 140 years old," is the first historical statement from the back seat. The building is



Upper, the concrete road between Chalfont and Montgomeryville. **Lower**, old Walker's Inn, now a museum, at Montgomeryville.

well preserved and is a bright spot at a busy crossroads. Across the street is the old French church, now a Friends' Meeting House. Headstones in the churchyard bear inscriptions 150 years old. The church is supposed to have been built in 1739.

On the Sumneytown Pike into North Wales, after a left turn at Gwynedd, and then right into Walnut St. is the next move. Walnut St. becomes the old Bearer's road. It's good, too, and the scenery is fine. If you want to take in Lansdale, take the first concrete road to the left and go north. But our trail is straight ahead.

The Bethlehem Pike gets in our way for a short distance before swinging left into Montgomeryville.

"I just read on the sign that this is an historic town!" shouts Bill. Back up, he can't miss this. Sure enough, a sign tells us that in the winter of 1777, the British in Philadelphia, learning that 130 head of cattle were on the way to Valley Forge and Washington's Army, sent out a detachment. The troops intercepted the beef and captured every head. No wonder there were no steaks for the Continental Army that winter. Walker's Inn is a quaint old place, just before the motor turns right onto the new State Highway out of Montgomeryville. It has an old bar—even the old aroma—ah—not a thing has been changed since the drought of 1920.

"Take a look at this old Indian harrow," says T. C. Walker, as genial a proprietor as ever bore the legendary name. "I hang hats on it now. Here are some old decanters," pointing to rows of priceless relics of long past, which line the fireplace mantel.

Mr. Walker has oodles of things he'll show you—if you have time to look at them. Even a bull's head, mounted after he killed his keeper, adorns the bar-room.

Now here is where you've got to be cautious! The road is just too tempting, and you may fracture the speed laws. What a road! Who said the rain would wash out the week-end tour? We approach Chalfont and swing right on Limekiln Pike. On the road home now, thirty miles of black pavement wiggles among the hills and trees, straight into Philadelphia.

Stever's Mill, a picturesque ruin, attracts the family as an old stone bridge comes into view. Pictures are in order. Then away over the hill, and on. At Fitzwater is a quarter of a mile that is not concrete, but the gravel is tarred and the going is fine. But before you get there however, just south of Prospectville is a fork. To the right is Montgomery County road, equally good, but keep to the Limekiln to the left. We pass beautiful estates and presently find ourselves back in the city and head for home. Truly, for a short trip, the Limekiln offers plenty of pleasure.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 27, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

MARYLAND DUCK IS PATHFINDER'S QUEST

Ramble to Headwaters of the Chesapeake Includes Run of Miles Through Alluring Forests

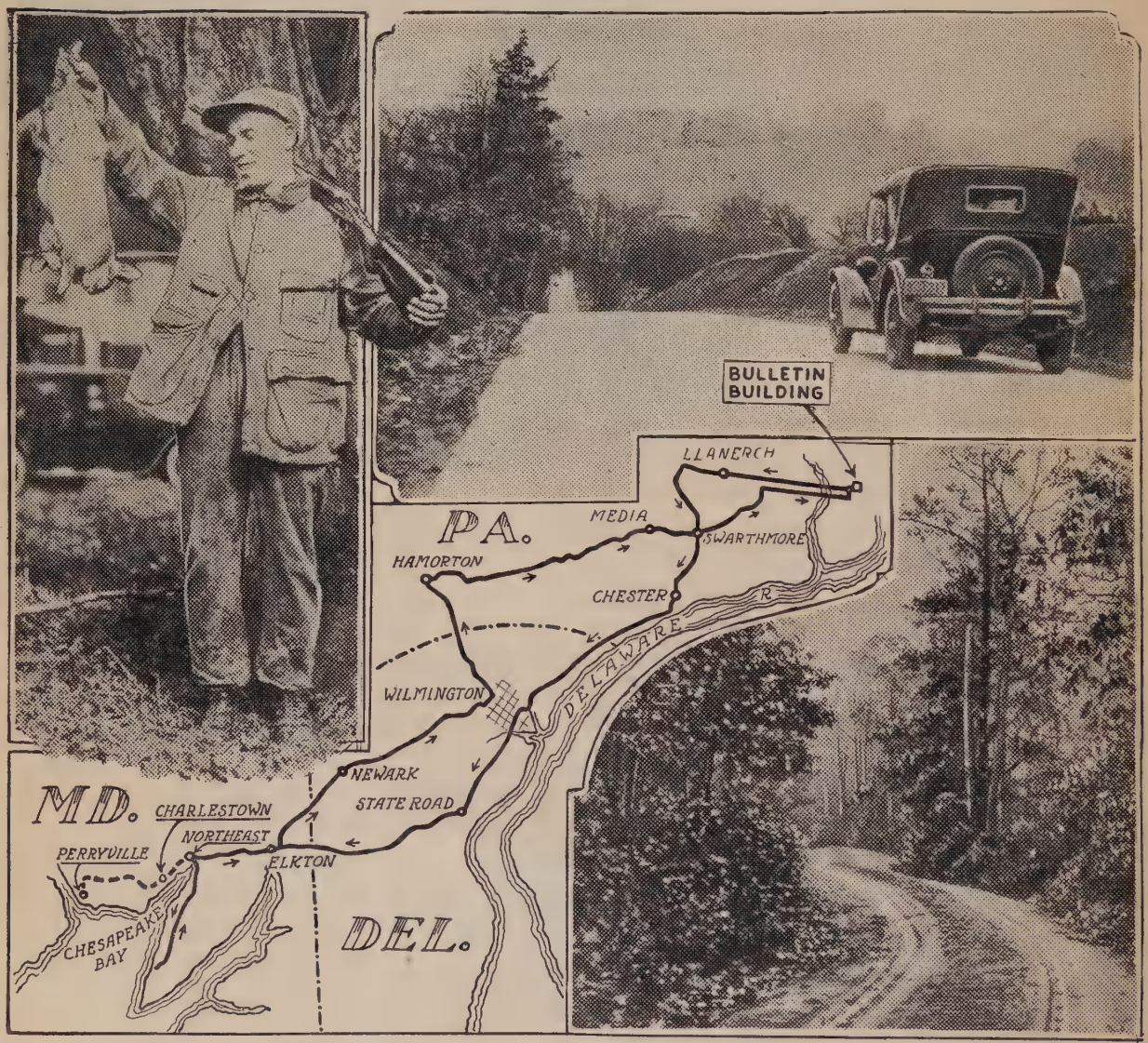
If there is one date in the year that a Maryland duck hates to see roll around it is November 1, for immediately some thousands of individuals start for his haunts to shoot him full of holes.

This month is on the black books not only of the Maryland duck, but also his cousins such as the goose, brant, Wilson snipe, coot and gallinule.

And starting with the 10th this party of malcontents has been joined by the rabbit, quail, ruffed grouse, wild turkey, woodcock and squirrel. In Pennsylvania there is a sympathetic grouch on the part of the bear, rabbit, squirrel, ruffed grouse, ring-necked pheasant, quail and wild turkey. So since November 1 guns have been popping and thousands and thousands of these denizens of air, land or water have been headed for pot or oven, while some of the shooters have headed for hospitals to have stray shot picked out of their epidermis.

The Pathfinder has heard a lot about those tasty Maryland ducks that risk life and limb in the head waters of the Chesapeake, and decided to roll down that way on his weekly pilgrimage and see how they behave on the field of battle, meditating the while that if all shooters are as good at marksmanship as he is the birds have nothing to worry about.

There's a new road just opened, the Lawrence, and being curious about new



Upper, reader's left, John Kapichok, of Wayne, shows his Sunday dinner that fell to a shot from his shouldered gun. **Right,** the fine Lawrence road, recently opened. **Lower,** a bit of the dirt road winding down toward the Chesapeake from North East, Maryland, a Mecca of duck hunters. Diagram shows route followed, with dotted line indicating route to other duck hunting points.

roads we take it in; so the voyage leads out Walnut st. to 63d, right to Market, left and straight ahead on West Chester pike; a short distance beyond Manoa to the left is this new road, making a fine concrete short cut to Chester road, along which we roll to the left to Chester, then left to Wilmington, straight through the city and follow the duPont Highway to State road, the point where this splendid boulevard forks; we swing to the right through Glasgow to Elkton; as our quest is ducks and not wives we pass through without stopping.

From the moment we left solid rows of houses behind us we have passed on all sides many Nimrods, and the frequent reports of gunshots tell of journeys ovenward of rabbit, squirrel or bird—perhaps. The hunters are all dolled up in leather, with bags shoulder-slung awaiting the quarry and backs are license-tagged like the old bus itself.

From the summit of a rise in the road we get a glimpse of the distant Chesapeake and in a few minutes roll into North East, on the river of the same name leading to the bay a few miles below. We inquire about duck hunters and are informed that the river is full of them, as, indeed, are all the little rivers that are really arms of the great bay. We are told that the hunters have made their way southward along a road—our informant waves his hand in the direction of a street at right angles with the one on which we arrived. We take it.

If you are going duck hunting you can get your boat at North East, or continue on a few miles to Charlestown and start there, or go on to Perryville and do your stuff. This means that you will stick to good hard roads. The Pathfinder, true to his title, did some exploring.

A city square is passed and a detour sign blocks the way; the detour is short, but involves going through a mud hole that messes the wheels up to the hubs; we are informed that the road beyond is all right, and being innocent and trustful we go ahead. It is a dirt road, good for considerable stretches, but, like the little girl with a curl, when it is bad it is horrid, and one stretch of about a quarter of a mile is surfaced with six inches of lard or something similar, and even though we coax the bus and speak kindly to it, it travels sideways part of the time, and marks out a pre-Volstead pathway of its own when it consents to go forward. But it passes through a most attractive country abounding in deep forests, with occasional farms, the wildness of the scenery compensating for the rough spots, and as there are no inclines and ditches at the side to skid into the danger is nil.

We expect to find our gunners near the town, but lose the river, and keep on going, expecting to find it again at any moment; but the speedometer tells us we have gone ten miles when the road at last ends in a field dotted with deserted summer bungalows. This colony sits on the top of a high bank that slants sharply down to the water's edge, and we find it is at the head of the bay. Out upon the waters we see boats, and from time to time hear shots, showing that somebody has discovered ducks.

In Pennsylvania the trees are bare and autumn gorgeousness has given way to winter drabness; but that dirt road passes through ten miles of the most wonderful color imaginable—rich crimson and golden brown, purple and scarlet, pink and green, with leaves unmarred by rusty spots or insect bites—all perfect in shape; it had been raining and each leaf glistened in its wetness or sparkled with raindrops; and in the field that brings the road to an end we get a hark-back to spring as we pick a fat bunch of daisies.

No doubt this road in dry weather is fair to good the entire distance; to the motorist who likes to get away from civilization and revel in the silent forest, it beats the concrete by a thousand per cent. And there is some shooting to be done, with ducks awaiting the executioners over in the river and bay.

We go back to North East the way we came and continue on to Elkton; here we swing left at the Court House and take the road through Newark to Wilmington, which city we enter on Union st. We keep on it to Pennsylvania av., which passes under the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Union st., turn left and whirl away to Hamorton, where we bear right on the Baltimore pike to Lansdowne, left and follow Marshall road to 63d st., left to Chestnut, right thereon and home.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, November 12, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

PATHFINDER VISITS HOME OF BAYARD TAYLOR

Tour Includes Not Only Kennett Square, but Trip Through Beautiful Country and Pretty Scenes

An unusual round gravestone marks the final resting place at Longwood Cemetery near Kennett Square, the town of his birth, of Bayard Taylor, author, traveler and diplomat. Thousands stop there annually to pay a silent tribute to the genius of Kennett, and, incidentally, obtain a forcible demonstration of how much mightier than the sword is the pen.

The Pathfinder went that way and studied the gravestone of Bayard Taylor, with its medallion of the noble head of the writer. And then he noticed another stone, nearby, in the same enclosure.

This one bore the legend, "Sacred to Charles Frederic Taylor, Colonel of the First Pennsylvania (Bucktail) Rifle Regiment. Born February 6, 1840. Gave his life for his country at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, falling at the head of his regiment in a charge upon the forces of the Southern Rebellion. Erected by His Soldiers and His Friends." This younger brother of Bayard Taylor was a colonel of one of the most famous regiments in the Northern army at twenty-three.

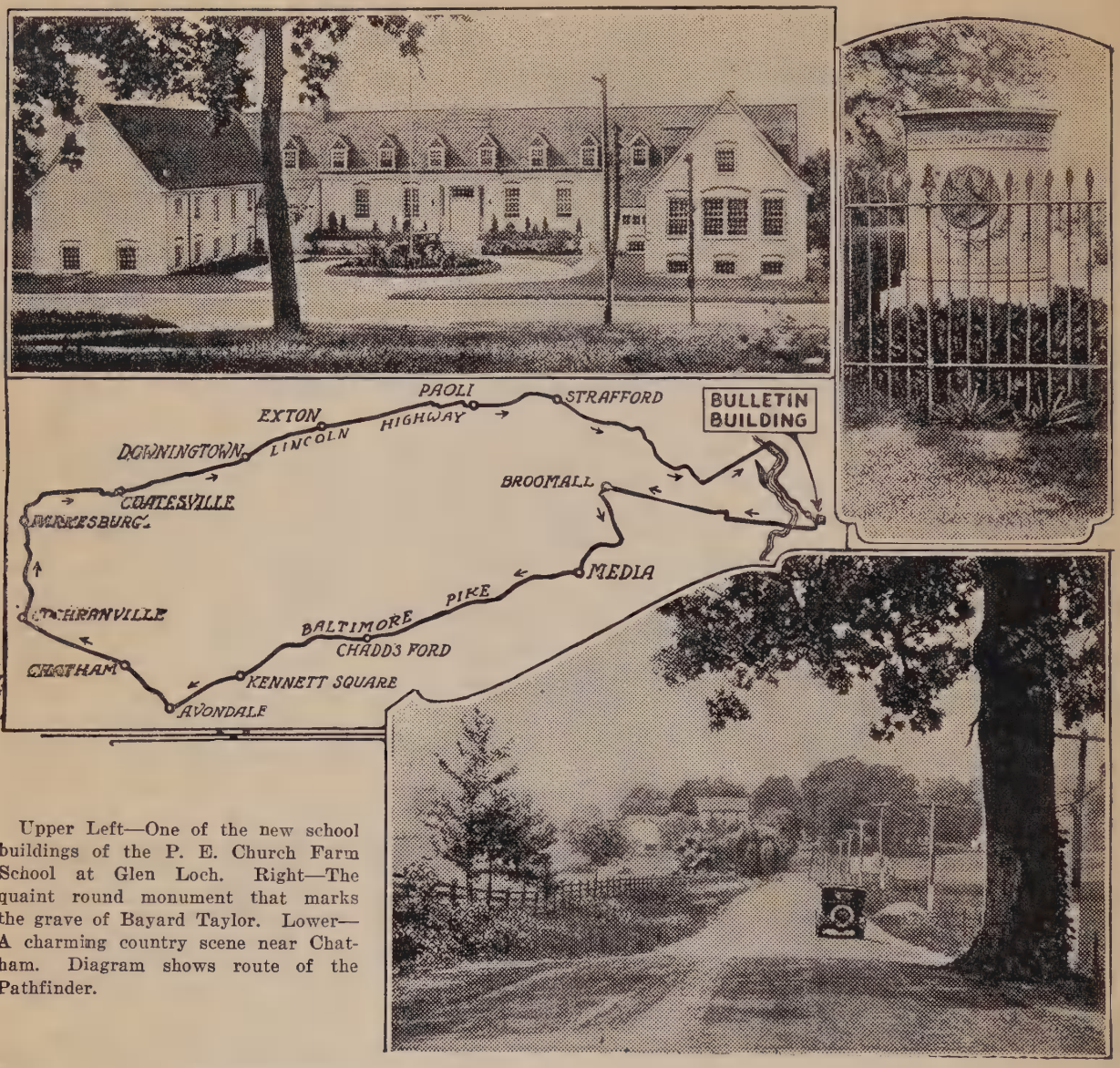
The brief references on the soldier's tombstone turned over a page of Civil War history that was brilliant. The Bucktails were hardy woodsmen, riflemen and river raftsmen from the interior of Pennsylvania. They came out of their fastnesses, carrying their own rifles, and demanded to be enrolled in the Union army. It was a time of confusion and delay, and State officers could not "get around" to enlisting them. They were told to go back to their homes, and they would not go. Instead they built rafts, floated down rivers and finally joined the Federal forces, so that their persistence eventually resulted in the creation of the Bucktail regiment. Being a colonel or any other officer of the Bucktails was a sure way to get killed or wounded.

Some writers said of them that they fought like the wildcats they had hunted in their native counties.

Coming to the grave of Bayard Taylor and then traveling down the sideline of history suggested by the stone over Charles Frederic's resting place were rather characteristic of other incidents on this trip. Interesting little things by the roadside or something out of the way cropped up here and there.

We started from The Bulletin, around City Hall and along Broad st. to Walnut. Why go so far afield to find history? Right there on the northeast corner of Broad and Walnut sts. stood the walled garden and old yellow house, a few years ago, known as the Dundas or Lippincott mansion, and where before that even the famous Vauxhall gardens. When Lee and his armies were pressing northward with the hope of taking Philadelphia, that mansion was the one selected by southern sympathizers in this city to be used by General Lee for his headquarters. The battle of Gettysburg, where young Taylor fell, broke up that pretty scheme.

The Pathfinder went out Walnut st. to 63d, then by Market st. to the West Chester pike at Broomall, turning left into the Sproul Highway. Less than two squares below the first wayside diversion appeared—the fire-ruined house of the "The Old Man Who Lives in His Chimney." He is Bernie Black, who cooks and eats, winter and summer, in the open space in front of the one



Upper Left—One of the new school buildings of the P. E. Church Farm School at Glen Loch. Right—The quaint round monument that marks the grave of Bayard Taylor. Lower—A charming country scene near Chatham. Diagram shows route of the Pathfinder.

remaining wall of his home, and sleeps in the barn behind it.

We took the State road into Media and turned into the Baltimore pike, (Washington st.), which was the route, thereafter, through historic country, to Avondale.

Along the road are the buildings used by Lafayette and Washington as headquarters and numerous other reminders of the Battle of the Brandywine, described on previous trips of the Pathfinder.

History has passed easily over Avondale, center for many years of a quarrying industry that produced famous Avondale limestone. According to A. T. Quarll, the place, when he was a boy, was called "The Stone Bridge," because of a four-arch bridge over the White Clay Creek bringing the old Lancaster-Newport road into the village, which consisted of a few houses.

Mr. Quarll still preserves the original deeds from William Penn of his family homestead near the town.

We turned off in that direction through Chatham st. to the right. But first we wondered at the well secured road sign on a tree in front of Avondale's hotel. The bark of the tree has grown over one end of the sign since it was nailed up five years ago.

We took a side trip to Mr. Quarll's old house, turning right down a typical country road when we came to a water tank, but the approach to the house, which was built in 1737, with an addition in 1811, is rough and may be avoided. The deeds in Mr. Quarll's possession show the transfers from William Penn, in 1714, to Isaac and Mary Sharpe, and the descent of the property to Mr Quarll's ancestors. In 1914, two hundred years after the first transfer, Mr. Quarll sold the property to L. Remy Hourdequin and Mrs. Hourdequin is tremendously proud of its quaint, old-fashioned beauty.

Returning to the main road, formerly the Lancaster-Newport pike, now called the Gap-Newport pike, we continued northward to Chatham, which was sold by Penn in 1699 and settled in 1714.

A supposedly good road leads almost directly north from Chatham to Phoenixville, but a short jaunt in that direction convinced the Pathfinder that all was not well and that the longest way 'round would be the shortest way home, so we returned to Chatham and to the Gap road. At Cochranville we found the splendid new concrete road through Parkesburg to the Lincoln Highway, where we turned right and on into Coatesville.

From here we continued straight on the Lincoln Highway through Downingtown, and Paoli to Strafford. On the way we admired the new school building of the Protestant Episcopal Church Farm School, near Glen Loch.

At Strafford we turned down the fine

old Conestoga road to Bryn Mawr; we take Railroad av., once part of the roadbed of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and then by Haverford road to City Line.

We followed down City Line to the East Park drive and then home by the Parkway.

Aside from the historic and other points of interest on this trip, it is a very appealing one to the average motorist, with a minimum of bad roads and a succession of beautiful scenery, picnic spots, old houses, broad farms and deep woods, and it would be well to remind the traveler that there are, also at Longwood, the wonderful conservatory and gardens of Pierre duPont.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 16, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

MULES AND MOTORS IN TRAVEL CONTRAST

Gorgeous Picture Land Where Delaware River and Barge Canal Cut Their Way Through the Mountains

"Mister, I never hurry. I hate to hurry. I don't have to hurry. Why? Because I know darn well those boatmen can't get through until I'm ready."

When the Pathfinder heard this observation and looked at the stodgy little keeper of the locks, he decided this week's tour was "made." Here was one man in the world who wasn't in a rush, who admitted he never rushed, and who was proud of the fact he didn't have to rush. Who, where, and what was he?

"Old John" they call him, but his name is John Santee. He keeps the Narrows lock, just below Kintersville, along the Lehigh Coal Barge canal. "Old John" lives in a setting of restfulness—he can't help it that he's the most serene object (with the possible exception of the towering cliffs along the Delaware) in that region.

So you'll find this motor trip one of the prettiest yet taken and you'll also meet John and see his canal. Maybe he'll have a boat and if you wait long enough, you'll see him open the locks and let it through.

It is not a long trip, 109 miles covers it all.

Go out the river drive—try the west side for a change, it's nice and quiet and has less traffic; Parkway to Spring-Garden st., cross bridge right on 34th st., skirt the Zoo, cross Girard av. and turn right on 1st road to the river side, then on to Falls Bridge; cross, then right to Wissahickon drive, follow it and Lincoln drive to Allen's Lane, right to Germantown av., left to Gowan av., right to Stenton av., right half a block and turn left, onto the Willow Grove-Easton pike. You pass the Harrison castle, taking the fork to the right which leads you through Glenside, past Willow Grove and out to the Easton road.

There's an old meeting house at Horsham, the third one built there so far, erected in 1803. If you want to make good time, keep to the main concrete, but to avoid traffic and see Sir William Keith's old home, take Keith road just a short distance beyond. Keith was made deputy Governor of Pennsylvania in 1716; he had been Surveyor of Customs at Charleston under Queen Anne. In 1739 Dr. Graeme bought the place from Keith and married his stepdaughter.

Doylestown is worth a stop and a look around. Particularly the quaint historical society building—it is the kind of a building Alice found in Wonderland. Built of concrete without plans, it looks like a medieval castle from without and like a Chinese puzzle within. It is filled with treasures in the form of relics, historic and otherwise, of olden days.

As you leave the place, walk across the road to the gates of the Bucks county jail. It bears this epic sign: "Ring for Private Reservations."

Follow the pike straight north, passing Tohickon Park, and over the creek which figured in recent discussions of Philadelphia's water supply; into Ottsville, up and over the hills where the corn is waiting to be cut and cows graze in a score of pastures.

Kintnersville, the apex of the journey, is backed up against the Delaware river with the Easton road winding through in an "S" curve. Just where this turns left, is a macadam road running between the trees along the canal. This is the river road and one of the most beautiful in Pennsylvania.

Hardly have you started on it before you come to Narrows lock. There's a wide turnout, so you can stop. An old "overpass" bridge attracts the children—you can make some "porthole" snapshots through the knotholes, the river and road affording a fine vista. Old John jogs out of his shack and contemplates you with quizzical eyes. He puffs furiously at a potent briar.

A canal boat comes up the narrow lane of water. Two mules, their heads nodding rhythmically, ascend the rise at the lock, a boy, as did President Garfield in his youth, shouts "Giddap" to them, tosses off the rope and then as the huge barge coasts in, coils it and tosses the loop on the deck.

The bargeman leaps to the prow, seizes a heavy mooring rope and just as you think the craft will smash in the end of the lock, he twists it about a post on the dock, gives it a half-hitch and snubs the boat to a dead stop inches from the gate.

"They get to be good at it—but you have to hurry. I don't like to hurry."

Old John shuffles over to a crank, stops to light his pipe again, looks up at the cliff three-hundred feet above his head, and then with an effort starts to unwind the gate.

There's something fascinating about a canal lock, watching the gates close in a big inverted "V," seeing the water gurgle up apparently coming from nowhere. The boat rises, the end gate submerges. A trio of young girls suddenly decide to take a ride to Easton ten miles up the river. They climb aboard with many giggles.

"There you are—this has been a big day for me!" John the keeper wipes an imaginary bead of sweat from his brow. He didn't crank hard enough to cause real perspiration.

"How many boats a day, John?"

"Oh, gosh, this was a big day. Must have been eight or nine through here to-day!"

John explains canal boating. The mules are good for twenty years of service, but a horse won't live long on the job, he says. Cargos are of coal. It takes a week to make the whole tugs. The canal boatman gets good pay—a dollar a ton—he often earns close to $100 a week.

Old John himself has been winding 'em up and letting them down at the Narrows lock for fifteen years. Live in that old house across the road?

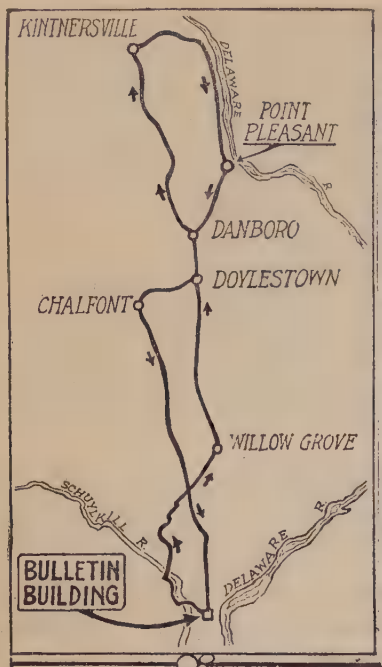
"I should say not! That's haunted! Funny noises from there at 10 o'clock, just about the time of night I get through work," he says. "No sir. I live down near Kintersville." Then, puffing his pipe, he trudges into his shack.

Not far down the twisting road are the famous "ringing rocks." If you like a climb and want a wonderful view of the river and surrounding country, there are several paths up the sheer cliff.

The road abounds in scenery and you'll see most of it because you have to go slow. The mountains come down to meet canal and river at their feet. The macadam is extremely narrow in spots, hardly permitting two machines to pass. But it holds the car well and when you have a stretch clear you can step right along.

At Upper Black Eddy there are canoes and a place to swim. A boy scout camp echoes with shouts of its members not far away. Point Pleasant arrives all too soon and the trail takes a turn to the right and up the steep hill. Up you go—it's some climb but the concrete is good and you enjoy it. Now through farming country and woodland, through the village of Gardenville, and then back onto the Easton road for three miles again through Doylestown.

At the centre of Doylestown take the turn right onto the Lower State road. This is unpaved but free of traffic and



Above, Route of the Pathfinder, and view of the Lehigh Coal Barge Canal below Kintnersville; **below,** reader's **left,** the concrete way into Kintnersville; **right,** a picturesque bit of road along the canal.

passes a marvellous flower farm which at this time is ablaze with color. If you wish, you may go through Chalfont by the upper State road and have paved highway. By doing so too you get a chance to visit Chief Tammany's grave.

The old chief took sick while his braves came down from Easton to negotiate a treaty and was left near Chalfont. He died before they got back and was buried in a field. It is just a spot covered with brambles and shrubs, unmarked, so hardly worth a long detour.

At Chalfont, by the upper State road, or at Eureka on the gravel road, you hit the Limekiln pike. It's been a long time since the Pathfinder traveled this road and it is an agreeable return. You're back home amply in time for "eats."

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 17, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

FINE SCHOOLS REPLACE PRISONS FOR YOUTH

Glen Mills and Darlington a Revelation in System of Upbuilding Character and Making Good Citizens

In times gone by, when a kid swiped a peanut or burgled a bank or some thing, they slammed him into jail and made a criminal of him.

Today they send him to school and make a good citizen of him.

For girls, substitute her for him and let it stand; the system applies to both sexes.

A hundred years ago thinking men planned to provide quarters for youthful offenders separate from those of seasoned old crooks, and organized the House of Refuge. They believed that boys and girls did not go wrong from innate cussedness, but were led into crime by their environment; they believed that the warp in juvenile mentality could be straightened out by judicious care and teaching. The thought progressed as time went by, and today finds expression in the Glen Mills School and Sleighton Farm, two institutions under one management that Philadelphians don't know half as much about as they ought to. They are the high spots on the Pathfinder's tour this week.

Although there are miles of concrete and other smooth roads on the trip, there are also some stretches of rough road to negotiate, but the trip is not long, and we can take our time; and, furthermore, if you don't take these rough back roads, you miss some of the most tempting woodlands and beautiful scenery in this scenic State of ours.

Out Walnut st. to 63d, right to Lancaster av., left to Bryn Mawr. At Bryn Mawr we swing left on Bryn Mawr av., which winds under a bower of trees past beautiful estates and splendid woods; after crossing Chester road it becomes rough, and we regret having come that way; we take it gently how-

Upper—Reader's left, looking across the campus at Glen Mills Schools, the present-day boys' department of the former House of Refuge; right, along Bryn Mawr av. approaching Newtown Square. **Lower**—At right, one of the attractive buildings at Sleighton farms, the girls' department of the House of Refuge; both these beautiful institutions are like select boarding schools, and are conducted with a view to educating children who have made a misstep, and arousing their ambition to live good lives; they are deeply impressive high spots on Pathfinder's weekly tour as outlined on the accompanying diagram.

ever, but can understand the significance of the sign half a mile on, "Repair Shop Ahead." And then we are glad we came, for the road smooths out and takes us whizzing through fine woods and gives glimpses of scenery that are a delight to the eye and well worth the bumps. If you prefer to pass up the scenery for the sake of continuous fine roads, turn left on Chester road to Baltimore pike.

Presently we swing right on the West Chester pike a short distance to Newtown Square, and then left on the good, smooth road to Media, where we pick up the Baltimore pike, running to the right; when we pass under the railroad and cross the creek at its side, we turn sharp right down a slight declivity on a dirt road and wind and climb past Darlington station and in a few minutes roll over a fine driveway to the administration building of Sleighton Farms.

A jail? Oh no! Say rather, a boarding school, with splendid buildings, broad lawns, gorgeous gardens; a field for sports and tennis courts, with hundreds of acres of productive farm lands stretched away in all directions. Here Miss Emily F. Morrison, the superintendent, and her eighty assistants, have charge of 483 girls of various ages up to eighteen; there is nothing there to suggest jail or crime, only goodness and happiness; and yet authorities recently contemplated erecting a grim prison right next to it, in constant view of these girls who are being educated away from jails and the things they stand for.

The Court decrees that a girl who has done something she should not have done be sent to Sleighton Farms. Is she received by a big policeman and slapped into a cell? Not at Sleighton; Miss Morrison receives her with open arms and a smile of welcome; she is carefully housed, but not at liberty until she is educated up to such trust; how soon this may be depends on the girl; but unless she is hopelessly vicious she is soon transferred to one of the handsome buildings, each of which bears an honored name, and given the liberty of the grounds.

And what a time they have! In season there is the planting of seeds, nurturing the plants as they peep through the ground and grow into things to eat, and then the harvesting of them; there are also outdoor sports and games, and in stormy weather play in the splendidly equipped basements of the buildings, or they may assemble in the living rooms and play and dance and sing. Each house is equipped with a piano.

And in winter there is school; the girls are educated along practical lines, and if any display a special talent an effort is made to develop it. For work the girls wear khaki knickers; but when this is done there is a bath and pretty dresses to wear. Each girl togs out in her favorite colors and may adorn herself as her fancy dictates, as individual expression in dress is encouraged.

They appear in little plays; there is a Banner House, to live in which for a month is a mark of distinction; and recently a big silver cup was put up as a prize to the best "sportsman," the winner to hold it three months; if she wins it twice, a small replica of it becomes her own possession. There were chortles of glee and congratulations the other day when Mary X was proclaimed the first winner and her name engraved on the shining cup. Never mind who Mary X is. You're not supposed to know she is there.

As a result of this wonderful work it is estimated that at least seventy per cent. of the girls go forth to live exemplary lives; many marry and become good wives and mothers, and all go away with love in their hearts for Sleighton Farms and its great-hearted teachers, and firmly convinced that it is good to be good.

We reluctantly pull away and take another bumpy dirt road—there's no choice—through more woods and wild country that invite one to stop and picnic, for about a mile and a half, and we come to Glen Mills station. We cross the railroad and by a gentle, winding ascent, reach the top of the hill upon which rests the boys' counterpart of Sleighton Farms, the Glen Mills School.

At one end of the broad green campus stands the towered office building with its porte cochere, all red brick and high ly ornamental; along both sides of the campus are rows of other red brick buildings of graceful architecture, the schools and dormitories of the institution, while facing the office from the other end is the marble church. Back of the buildings is the playing field, with base ball diamond, tennis courts, and facilities for other healthful outdoor sports. The boy, often one born in the midst of filth and immorality, perperhaps crime, who has followed the example of his elders and committed an offense against the law, is sent here. There is nothing grim or forbidding about this place, no frowning walls hiding the outside world; all is open and beautiful; the boy gets a view of a world unknown to him; where there had been ill-smelling alleys in the city, here are flowers and fields and trees; the twitter of birds by day and the chirp of crickets by night succeed the discordant clang of the trolley gong; there were kicks, here is kindness; there the law was his enemy, here it is his friend; there was hunger, here plenty; there was ignorance, here, knowledge.

As Miss Morrison cares for the girls at Darlington, so does Major H. B. Hickman the boys of Glen Mills. The angle of view at both places is that the children are not so much offenders as victims, with hearts to be won, souls to be stirred and bodies to be nourished and no child of wealth gets better care or more attention than do these boys and girls who have made a mis-step.

We return to the station, cross the railroad and turn left on the road that is in fair shape, to Gradyville; we turn left on the Edgemont road, along the smooth face of which we roll to the left to Tanguy, where we swing left on a good road to Cheney; here it flattens into fine concrete for some distance, then becomes dirt again, but fair, and there are indications that it will soon be rebuilt. This road takes us past pretty Brinton Lake to the Baltimore pike, and we decide to spend the rest of the day luxuriating in a glide along concrete.

We turn left to Concordville, and at the fork keep straight ahead through Chelsea and Village Green to Chester, turning left past the Fair grounds, and presently left and wind around the park to the Media road; we bear left thereon and again on Providence road at the fork keep straight ahead through Media to the State road, then right to West Chester pike and home.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, October 8, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WHERE SHOTS FIRST RANG AROUND THE FLAG

Cooch's Bridge, Delaware, Scene of Pre-Brandywine Skirmish— Visit Site of America's First Railroad

Late in August, 1777, General Sir William Howe, with a substantial army of fat and frolicsome Britishers, landed at the head of Chesapeake bay and headed for Philadelphia.

Washington with a much smaller army of lean but determined Americans, tried to head him off, and there began a series of maneuvers by both, very much like a game of chess, which starting with popping little skirmishes as parties of each army met, wound up in the Battle of the Brandywine. The skirmishes were part of the battle; on September 3 a little band of Americans, carrying proudly the new flag, bumped into another little band of redcoats, and there was a bit of shooting done; thus, metaphorically figuring that the Stars and Stripes had a nose, it got its first sniff of gunpowder.

This momentous incident in the history of the flag occurred at Cooch's Bridge, about three miles south of Newark, Del. The Pathfinder has referred to the incident on several occasions, and this week decided to include a visit to the spot on his tour.

Away we go from The Bulletin, circling City Hall, go out Market st. to 22d, left to Walnut, then right to West Chester pike (this to avoid traveling alongside elevated railroad pillars), left

on the pike to Bywood, where we swing left on the State road, a fine highway, chiefly concrete with a few stretches of stone; the recent completion of the new concrete bridge over the Crum creek making this a splendid run to Media. There are woods and farms, with modern villages springing up at places promising soon to grow until they meet and become virtually a part of the big city of Penn we have just left.

At Media we turn right on the Baltimore pike to Painter's Cross Roads, where we turn left and roll for miles through pretty country, the stone presently giving away to concrete, and soon we pause to drink in a magnificent view of Wilmington from the brow of the hill; there below us lies the powder city, backed by the silvery ribbon of the Delaware river, beyond which can be seen the flat lands of South Jersey stretching away toward the sea and losing themselves among the mists of the horizon. It makes a wonderful picture.

We go into it, turn right on Washington boulevard, crossing the beautiful Memorial bridge over the Brandywine creek and ahead to Delaware av., right thereon, left on Pennsylvania av., until we come to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; we turn left just as we reach it on Union st., and trundle ahead, soon leaving Wilmington behind us.

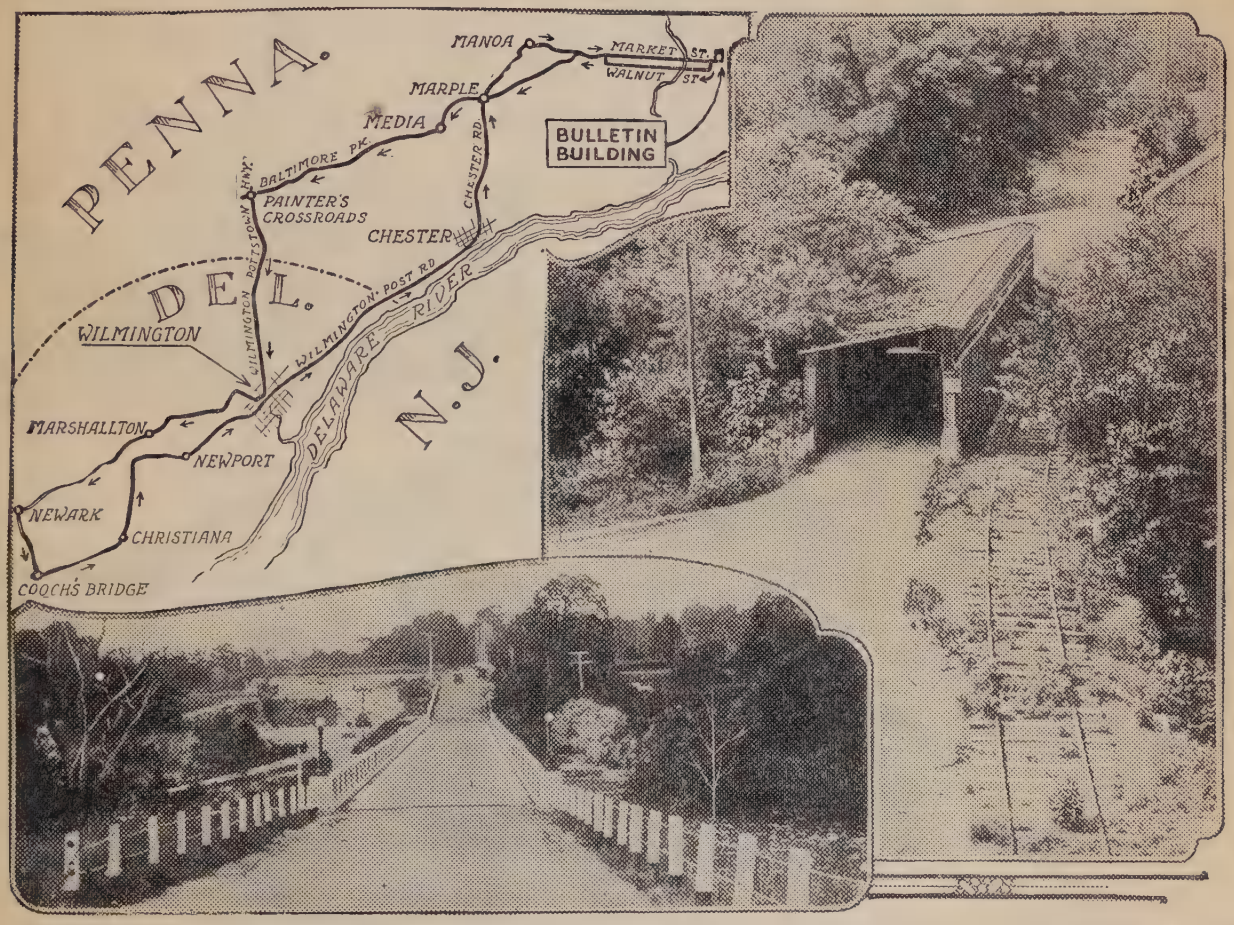
We roll through neat farm lands to Newark, and at the main building of the University of Delaware turn left, presently crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad and going straight ahead on a good road that in a few minutes begins to ramble along the Christiana, a creek that has a habit of wiggling in all directions; there are splendid woods along the creek side.

This road soon comes to an end, and we turn right, and there is the historic bridge or rather the spot where it stood, for a new concrete structure is there now, and at the far end of it, snuggling on the border of the grounds of the Cooch homestead is the ornate monument that tells why Cooch's Bridge is famous. Back of it along a poor road is Iron Hill, where the forces of Washington and Lafayette joined. This road was once part of the post road from Wilmington to Baltimore, but the five miles from Cooch's Bridge to Elkton, Md., are not the kind to tempt the motorist. We turn our backs upon it and go the other way, which is good macadam.

There are woods all around and plenty more on the way home. As we go ahead we let our imagination run riot and hear once again the galloping hoofs that tell the approach of the post rider or the stage coach that once bumped over the ruts and rocks that preceded the macadam, and around them we weave romances of days when the nation was new. And we get an added kick along this line of thought when we roll into quaint Christiana and stop at what was in olden days the hotel where post horses were changed and stand upon the worn stone from which the travelers mounted to the coach.

The town, like the creek, derives its name from Christina, the Queen of Sweden in whose reign the Swedes established settlements along and inland from the Delaware, and this little village is one of the oldest in Delaware; there was a time when vessels navigated the creek up to this point and thus made it a port; but port activities, like the post rider and the stage coach are now only memories.

We turn northward; at Stanton the creek does so much wiggling and tries to travel in two directions at once that it creates a large island to which has been given the name of Bread and Cheese; we turn right and pass Newport, which we visited a few weeks ago, and soon roll into Wilmington along Madison st.; we swing right on 11th,



Reader's Right—Ancient bridge (now closed) and railroad; site of what some historians say was the first railroad in America, in the Leiper quarries above Chester. Lower—The modern concrete Sproul viaduct on the Chester road crossing the quarries. Diagram shows Pathfinder route to Cooch's Bridge, Christiana and the quarries.

left on King, and roll away to Chester. then left on the Media road, keeping to right at Providence road fork, passing over the Sproul Viaduct, which crosses the famous Leiper Quarries and site of what some authorities say was America's first railroad, through pretty Swarthmore to Marple, where we decide to turn right an Eagle road and are well repaid by a trip through rugged country and wild woodland, so do not mind a few yards of roughness.

Eagle road brings us to Manoa on the West Chester pike, and we turn right on it and trundle home.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 23, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

PENN BEGAN RULE AT NEWCASTLE, DELAWARE

Building Still Stands Where He Received Territory from Representatives of the Duke of York

Before William Penn acquired real estate in this vicinity there was considerable dispute between the Duke of York and Lord Baltimore about the ownership of Delaware, and even the northern boundary of the habitat of the blue hens was a subject of controversy.

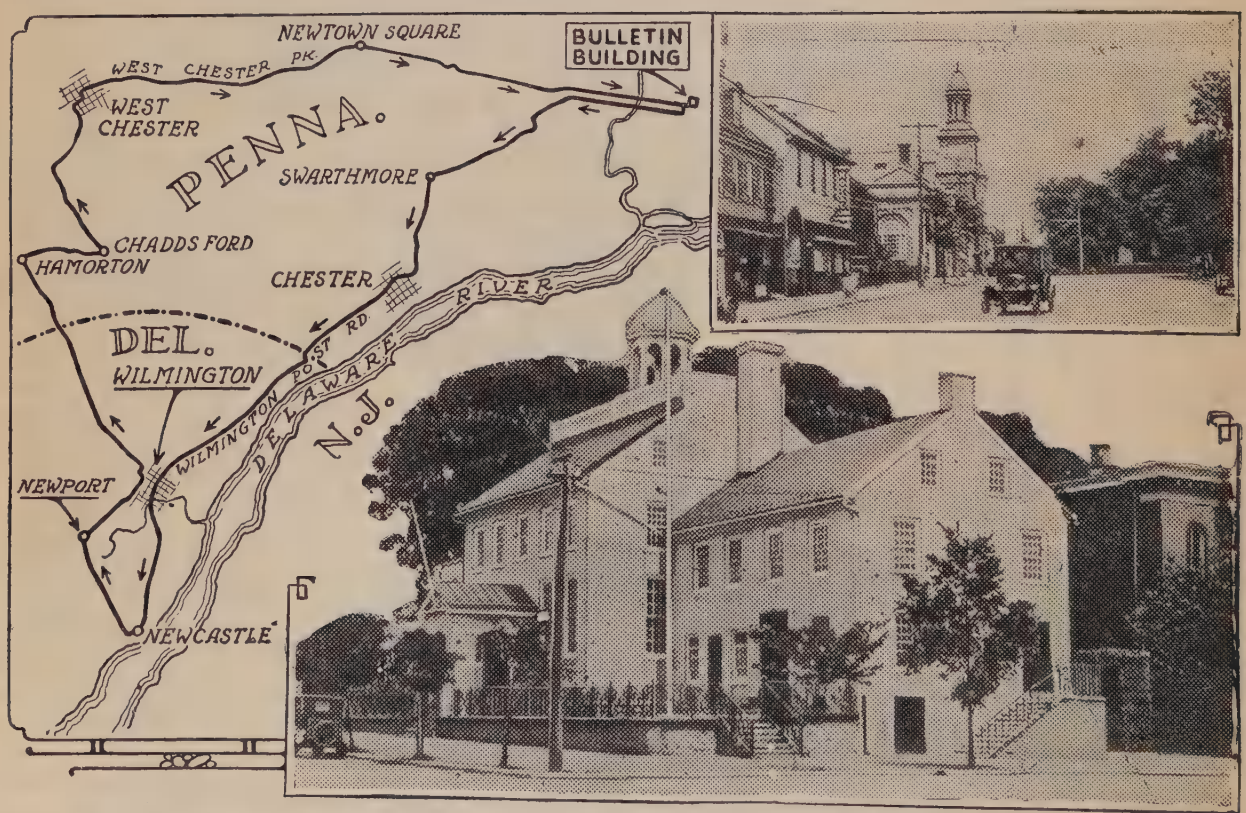
Both questions were settled in time, and the northern boundary fixed at twelve miles from the centre of New Castle, starting at the western edge of Maryland and reaching to the Delaware river. By thus working from a pivotal point the famous curve was created.

New Castle, Delaware, is more than forty years older than Philadelphia, as it was settled by the Swedes in 1640. and its court house, part of which dates from 1672, is said to be the oldest in America. The early settlers erected there Fort Casimir; and at the court house on October 28, 1682, William Penn proclaimed his government and received from the Commissioners of the Duke of York the keys to the fort, and "turf, twig and water" as symbols of the land and all that grew thereon and the water it contained which thus became his possessions.

The ancient town caught the attention of the pathfinder as he planned his weekly trip. It is only one of several interesting points touched on this day's ramble at that.

We leave The Bulletin and circle City Hall, swing out Walnut st., to 63d. turn left and just below Spruce right on Marshall road to Lansdowne av., left thereon to the Baltimore pike, and right to Swarthmore, where we turn left on the Chester road. As we enter Chester a sign discloses a short cut to Wilmington.

We turn right avoiding the congested city below, and with the exception of a couple of rough stretches have concrete and smooth stone to roll over. The advantages of this cut outweigh the disadvantages of the rough spots, which are only two or three squares or so



Upper, the Main Street in New Castle, Delaware. Lower, the ancient New Castle Court House, the steps of which William Penn ascended to receive from representatives of the Duke of York the keys of Fort Casimir, the "turf, twig and water" to signify his ownership of the Province. From this point the boundary survey was made that resulted in the arched top of Delaware. Diagram shows route followed.

long. The street or road brings us to Naaman's creek, just a jump from the Wilmington pike, and we find it worth while to stop a moment to look over the old block huse.

The place gets its name frm the Indian Chief Naaman. The block house was built in 1654 by Governor John Rysingh, who was captured a year later by Peter Stuyvesant, in spite of his little fort with its holes still in the walls, through which he poked his guns. It is a quant little two-story structure, with its big fireplace and little stairway.

On we go to Wilmington, keep straight ahead through the city, and after trundling over the venerable and well worn bridge crossing the Christiana Creek, veer left over the old macadam pike that presently brings us to historic New Castle.

The doors of the old Court House are all open. We enter the offices labeled "Mayor," "Receiver of Taxes,"etc., and find them deserted. Even the jail part is vacant, but they shut and lock it at night to keep people out. If visitors to New Castle want to go to jail, the town has another that it prefers that they use.

One tradition says that the steps of the Court House were the spot from where the boundary arc was measured; another that the quaint old square building opposite, in the middle of the street and once the town hall, occupies the site of the pivot. There are several other interesting historic relics about the town, but time is precious, and we must push on.

We rumble away up the streets past the Court House, and take the fine concrete road that presently crosses the duPont Highway and brings us to old Newport. This town, too, has its buildings dating to pre-Revolutionary days, and in one of them, once a tavern, George Washington slept while the Army was maneuvering around upper Delaware, trying to keep Howe away from Philadelphia.

And there is the building in which for a time, so say Delaware historians, Oliver Evans lived with his brothers. and it was in that building, according to the same authorities, that he discovered the possibilities of steam as a motive power for land vehicles in 1773, and where was born to him the idea of his Orukter Amphiboles, that granddaddy of the motor car, which he actually built and operated in Philadelphia in 1804. It had an advantage over the modern car in that it would travel either on land or water.

Evans, according to Watson, was a Philadelphia blacksmith. As a matter of fact, he was born near Newport, and spent his boyhood and young manhood in that vicinity, and had achieved some fame as an inventor before he came to this city to make his home and take advantage of its wider opportunities.

We trundle along on the excellent road to Wilmington, passing through inviting woodlands. Coming to a fork we swing left to 4th st., left again to Union, right to Pennsylvania av., thus avoiding the business section of the city, and are on the concrete Kennett pike. We pass fine estates, get beautiful views from hill summits, roll into Hamorton and swing right on the Baltimore pike to Chadd's Ford, where we cannot resist the temptation to take that alluring road along the Brandywine to West Chester, with its woods and stream; its cattle and its fields and hills, truly a pastorial picture land.

From West Chester we take the West Chester pike home, with much to see on the way. There, for instance, after passing Edgemont, we come to a huge sign. Just behind it is a rough road up into the wooded hill. We park the car and climb the hill, to find that curious mass of giant boulders known as Castle Rock, in the caves of which Captain Fitz, the picturesque highwayman of Revolutionary days used to hide, and where they finally captured him. Near Newtown Square is Ellis College, now a subject of controversy in the courts, a benefaction for orphan girls, as is Girard College for orphan boys.

With the few exceptions noted, the whole trip has been made over the smoothest of modern roads, through a country of much scenic beauty, with opportunities galore for woodland lunching and some bits of history for the youngsters to file away for school use.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 9, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

FIRST WALKER FOR PENN WAS SOME HIKER

End of "Walk" Under Treaty on Pathfinder's Tour, Which Includes Bryn Athyn Cathedral and Other Places of Interest

When William Penn sat down one day with the Indians and talked matters over, he made a deal with the assembled chieftains.

He purposed to acquire a tract a boundary of which was thus described: "Beginning on a line drawn from a certain spruce tree on the river Delaware by a west northwest course to Neshaminy creek; from thence back into the woods as far as a man can go in a day and a half, and bounded in the west by Neshaminy or the most westerly branch thereof, so far to the utmost extent of the day and a half's walk—" etc.

It was not until 1737 that the "Walk" was made, and then, it becoming necessary to establish title, Penn's grandsons hired trained runners to step it off. It was a raw deal, and the Indians protested; but the Penns got away with it. Their runners had stepped off sixty-eight miles.

The Motor Pathfinder drove along a pleasant road that runs with the Delaware river to Yardley to New Hope, passing through Washington's Crossing Park on the way. He came to a broad sign, just before reaching a bridge, or rather, two bridges.

"Baker's Creek," said the sign. "End of the First Walk, 1682. William Penn's treaty. This, however, was a trial walk.

On the route the Pathfinder had followed, by way of the York road, Southampton and Richboro, that was forty miles from The Bulletin. As a crow is supposed to fly, it is about twenty-three miles.

The motorist who pulls over to the side of the road at Baker's Creek and wanders about a bit will be well repaid for it.

Right beyond a house with a wheel pump is the higher of the two bridges. Under it one sees the quiet waters of the Delaware Division Canal, once the carrier of most of the coal that came to Philadelphia from the anthracite regions; unrippled on this day even by a rowboat.

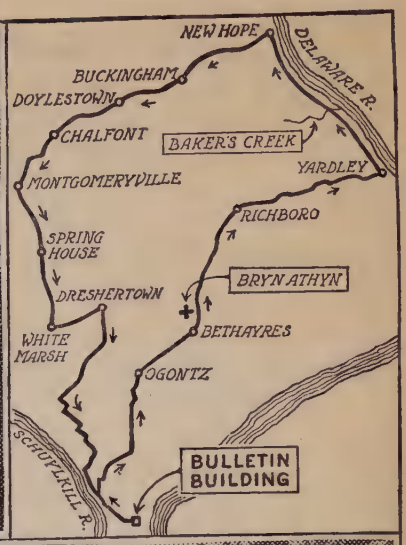
And then, when you get to studying the arrangement, you see that the canal itself is flowing over a bridge, or, more technically speaking, a causeway, that arches Baker's Creek, twenty feet below it and thirty-five feet below the road bridge.

Climbing down to the creek was worth while, too. The heavy rains of preceding days had filled the canal to overflowing, and it was "spilling" as it reached the causeway, forming waterfalls on both sides into the creek. At the mouth of the creek itself one gets a beautiful view of the Delaware river, up and down, especially up, where some high hills began to rear, giving promise of the rocky beauties of the "Gap" many miles above.

This road from Yardley to New Hope furnishes other attractions, notably numerous attractive summer cottages and boat houses, and near New Hope the road parallels the canal.

Old roadways—the quieter kind—had been followed to get here from the city. First, after leaving The Bulletin, we followed the route of the Broad st. buses; out the Parkway over 33d st. boulevard to Lehigh av., and then to Hunting Park av., Broad st. and Old York road, to Township Line road, half a mile beyond Ogontz.

First turning right and then left into Meeting House lane, we came to a fork where the entrance gates of the



The upper picture is the mouth of Baker's Creek, at the Delaware, termination of the "First Walk" under Penn's Indian treaty. The Delaware canal, which crosses the creek just above its mouth, is shown at reader's right, crossed by the River road bridge.

estate of Clement B. Newbold provide a landmark. Bearing to the left we followed Meeting House lane to the Huntingdon pike, where a left turn put us on the road toward Bryn Athyn. We could see across a valley and high on the hill on the other side, the towers of that beautiful structure, the Swedenborgian Cathedral.

The road passes close to the Cathedral, and we stopped there for a while then took up the way through Southampton to Richboro. At Southampton a yard in which hedge plants had been clipped into the shapes of birds and animals provided diversion. So did a mule colt by the side of the road near Richboro. He accepted handfuls of grass graciously, but posed badly.

Passing into Richboro, we turned to the right, at the postoffice corner, into the Newtown pike, leading to Yardley. It winds about, a typical country road, not so well-paved in places and bumpy in others, but worth it for the old covered bridge over the Neshaminy, if for no other reason.

In Yardley we crossed the canal and turned to the left into the river road, through a section of cottages and boathouses, and past the neat picnic grounds of the State park establishment "where Washington crossed the Delaware."

In New Hope we held to the lower road at a fork entering the town and turned left on Bridge st. toward Buckingham, back on the Old York road, again. We left it, turning to the right, at Buckingham, and sped over to Doylestown, where the building of the Bucks County Historical Society was the principal matter of interest this time, although Doylestown offers many things to the lover of old houses, or historical spots.

And then we headed for Camp Hill, choosing the route through Chalfont to Montgomeryville on the Bethlehem pike. This passes, just outside of Doylestown, the National Farm School.

The way is easy along the Bethlehem pike, with scenery and to spare in its "ups and downs." We bore left at Spring House, on the concrete, continuing to Fort Washington and Whitemarsh.

Around a turn to the left just beyond the bridge of the "Trenton cut-off" of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the road that leads to Camp Hill. In colonial times Nicolas Scull lived on one end of the hill, which juts out rather suddenly from the rest of the surrounding country. During the Revolution the home of George Emlen, a distinguished Quaker merchant, was on the property.

Shortly before the American army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge Washington and his officers held a three-day council, starting November 22, 1777, in the Emlen house.

They debated whether to attack Howe in Philadelphia, and decided against it.

The road passes the Whitemarsh station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Camp Hill station on the Reading, then runs uphill. At its end, at another road we turned right and a short distance further on, turned left and began climbing on an "old fashioned" country road. It curves around the edges of the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, present owners of the property where Nicolas Scull once lived and where Washington and his officers settled momentous questions.

Beyond here, through the woods, a gap in a rail fence offers a chance to see the country side from the hilltop. Continuing past the Manufacturers'

Country Club, we came down on the other side of the hill into Dresher-town.

Turning right, we followed the Lime-kiln pike to Germantown and Wil-low Grove Turnpike, bearing to the right on it, to Stenton av. A right turn there for a short distance, then a left turn in Gowen av. brought us to Ger-mantown av. Turning to the left on Germantown av. and right on Allen lane brought us across Germantown to Lincoln Drive and the East River drive, the Parkway and back to The Bulletin Building—98 miles of fine Bucks and Montgomery county scenery, with the Wissahickon and Fairmount Park to top it off.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 6, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

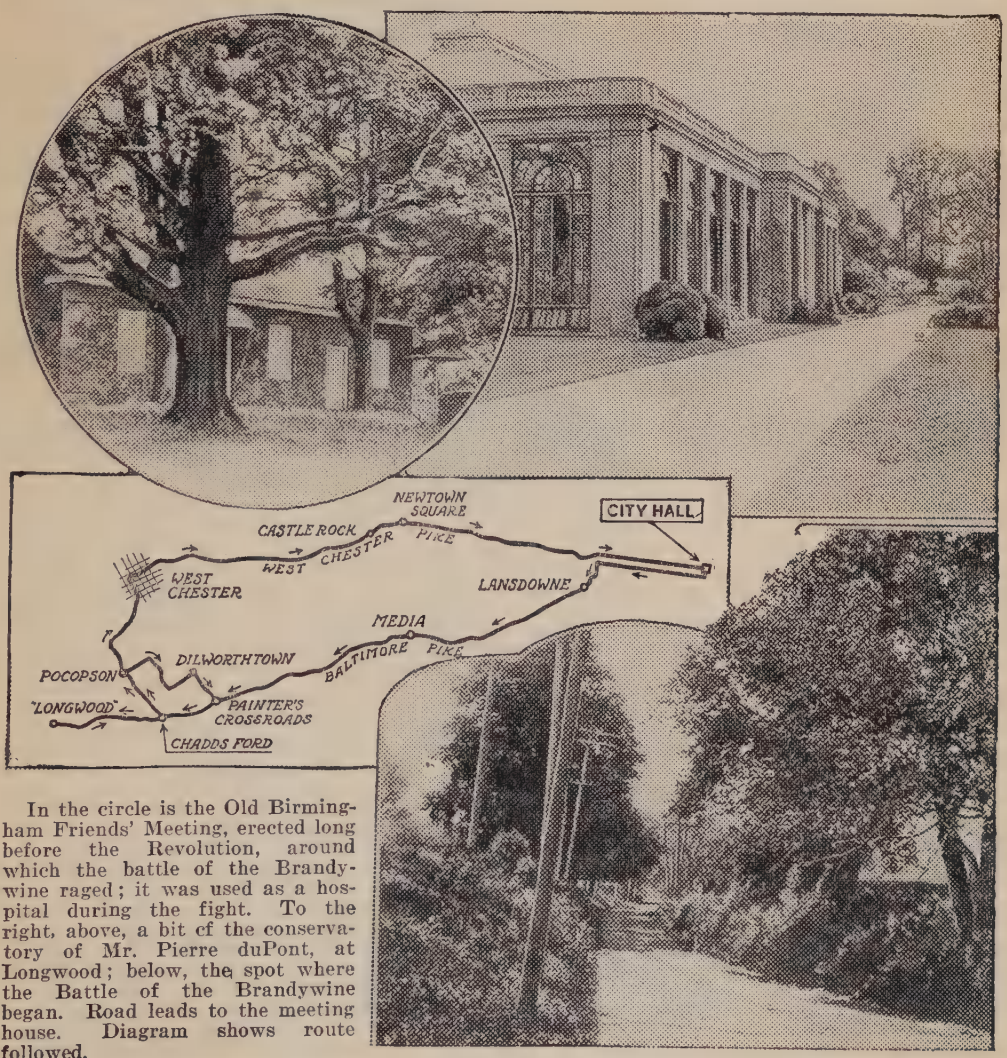
BRANDYWINE BATTLEFIELD AND FAMOUS GARDEN

Visit Spot Where Lafayette Was Wounded—duPont $1,500,000 Conservatory a Marvel of Gorgeousness

It was at Chateau-Thierry, soon after the American Army got into action at that critical point on the French front, that Major General Omar Bundy saw his troops forced back under a furious attack by the Germans.

The French commander praised our boys for their heroism and advised Bundy that they had attempted the impossible. But Bundy was sore. "The American flag has been forced back," he said; "this is an intolerable condi-tion; I am going to counter-attack." And he did, and chased the Germans farther back than they had been before. It was the beginning of the end of the mightiest war in history.

The American flag, accustomed as it is to victory, started its career with a defeat; it wasn't a serious defeat at that, but in its very first battle it was forced to retreat. That was along the Brandywine Creek on September 11, 1777, when Washington was trying to



In the circle is the Old Birming-ham Friends' Meeting, erected long before the Revolution, around which the battle of the Brandy-wine raged; it was used as a hos-pital during the fight. To the right, above, a bit of the conserva-tory of Mr. Pierre duPont, at Longwood; below, the spot where the Battle of the Brandywine began. Road leads to the meeting house. Diagram shows route followed.

prevent Howe from reaching Philadelphia from the head of the Chesapeake. The two armies had been jockeying for position for several days, and as early as September 3, the flag got its first sniff of gunpowder, when it was under fire in a skirmish at Cooch's Bridge, Delaware.

The Battle of the Brandywine taught Howe to respect his foe, however; it was there that the youthful Lafayette was first under fire after joining the army; and there he was severely wounded. We are going to ramble over that important battlefield, so near our doors, on our weekly motor trip. It is well worth a visit.

Leaving The Bulletin, we go out Market st. to 63d, turn left, and below Spruce swing right on winding Marshall road, which is a bit rough for a hundred yards or so, then flattens out to smooth new macadam. By using this road we make a short cut to the Baltimore pike at Lansdowne. We turn right on the pike and trundle along its smooth surface, easily negotiating the hills and drinking in the beauty of the landscape, sometimes visible for miles. The pike carries us over the new concrete bridge at the ancient plush mills; through Media, when we find that most of the dangers of the old curve beyond have been eliminated by the construction of a broad, concrete way.

We pass Concordville, and are amid scenes of the strife of 1777. A short distance beyond Painter's Cross Roads, high up on the hill to our right, is an old house in front of which are three great trees. This was Lafayette's headquarters during the battle, and under these trees his wounds were dressed. We roll on a short distance, and again to the right nearer the road and not so high above it, is Washington's headquarters. Both are marked, but one must keep a sharp lookout or the signs will be missed.

At Chadd's Ford we swing right on an excellent gravel road; immediately we see an ancient building up on the hill to the right which was the home of John Chadd. This road winds its way along the banks of the pretty Brandywine where here and there we note an optimistic angler sitting patiently on the bank. Soon a bridge appears on the left; this is Pocopson; but we turn right on the road on the side of our approach, coming presently to a dirt road crossing; at the corner a sign tells us that here is where the battle began. We bear right on this road a short distance, then halt at the old Birmingham Meeting House, which was used as a hospital during the battle. Near it is an octagonal school house as old as the meeting house itself, with its quaint and uncomfortable old furniture seen through the window, Birmingham Township residents vote there now.

We go on a little further to where the road forks, and swing to the left. This road is full of broken stone preparatory to the construction of a good modern road, but it is easily negotiable. To the left we come upon a white house, and near it a monument and a trench mortar, the latter of modern design, and there evidently just to make the place look warlike. The monument informs us that Lafayette was wounded in the woods a short distance to the south. And such woods! There's a pathway leading into them; it is a private estate and the owner has left the woods in all their natural loveliness; it would be sacrilege to pick a single wild blossom; overhead birds of many kinds sound their melodious calls, while little wild things scurry around among the leaves and underbrush.

We go on to Dilworthtown around which the battle centered, veer right on the Wilmington Highway and are soon back to the Baltimore pike. This is a wiggly sort of a trip, but it must be if one wants to see all on the schedule. So down the pike we go again, passing Hamorton, and yielding to the temptation whenever one is in the neighborhood, visit Longwood, and enjoy that million-and-a-half dollar conservatory of Mr. Pierre duPont, with its marvelous display of flowers and plants. Then we do some more wiggling.

Back to Chadd's Ford, left on the Brandywine road again. This time we enjoy its beauties more fully, and keep on the road to West Chester; we turn right on Gay st. which brings us into the West Chester pike and straight away home, passing at Castle Rock the place where Captain Fitz, or Sandy Flash, the famous highwayman of the Revolution, was captured. Fitz did many stunts along this road, playing Robin Hood or Claude Duval or Dick Turpin as the spirit moved him.

We started at 8.30 A. M. and were home again at 5, having covered eighty leisure miles and made several stops.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, May 21, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BOSTON TEA PARTY DUPLICATED AT GREENWICH

People of New Jersey Town Burned Cargo in 1774, Defied Tory Judges and Got Away With It

Old, very old houses stand peacefully at comfortable intervals along the "two mile street" of Greenwich, N. J.

An occasional automobile passes over the gravel road without much clatter. A motorboat "put-puts" off somewhere on the Cohansey creek. Huge, far spreading buttonwood trees cast their friendly shade over all of this, except in one open space, where the market square once was, in the days when Greenwich Town was a budding colonial metropolis. There, behind an iron fence, the sun beats down on a monument. Enbedded in the face of the stone is a metal tablet, showing Indians, with determined faces, casting boxes on a fire.

This is the "Tea Burner's' Monument" erected in 1908. "In honor of the Patriots of Cumberland County, N. J., who on the evening of December 22 1774, Burned British Tea Near This Site."

The weekly trip of the motor Pathfinder, over forty-two miles of concrete road through southern New Jersey farms and orchards, ten more miles of gravel road, had brought him to this reminder of brave old times.

On one side of the monument are names of "Tea Burners," all of them staunch Whigs, Ebenezer Elmer, Timothy Elmer, James and Thomas Ewing, Joel Fithian and Philip V. Fithian. Lewis and Richard Howell (the Richard Howell who afterward became a Governor of New Jersey): James B. Hunt and John Hunt; Andrew Hunter, Jr., and Joel Miller.

These were young men of Greenwich, Fairfield township, across the Cohansey creek; of Bridge Town—it is Bridgeton now—of Shiloh and Broadstown. They hurried into Greenwich on a winter night 151 years ago and enacted a duplicate of the Boston Tea Party, which had taken place a year before.

The way to Greenwich Town nowadays is a splendid road for motorists. We left The Bulletin building, crossed the Delaware, turned right on Broadway, Camden. Thereafter we followed the State Highway through Gloucester and Woodbury to Bridgeton, concrete all the way.

Mullica Hill has a soldier's monument in front of the town hall. Our way was to the left of the fork at which it stood. There is the Quaker meeting 117 years old, with its graveyard at the right of this intersection.

Along through Pittsgrove, Shirley and Deerfield Street, we passed miles of orchards, with heavily-laden trees,and more miles of truck farms. One farm has a huge system of overhead irrigation.

We entered Bridgeton on Pearl st., and turned west on Broad, over the Cohansey creek bridge and past the courthouse, built in 1909. From the time it was founded in 1683 until the Revolutionary period, Greenwich was the big town of Cumberland county, and the county seat.

But Bridge Town, nearer the rich farming centres of southern New Jersey, at the head of navigation on the

Upper—The Town Hall in Mullica Hill, at the intersection of two well-paved highways. A soldier's monument stands in front of the hall. A fishing schooner was snapped passing out the Cohansey River at Bridgeton. The turning point of the trip was at Greenwich, of "Tea Burning" fame, as shown by map.

creek and with the bridge that gave it its name, adding to its importance, became first a dangerous rival and then a victorious one.

There is plenty of history at Bridgeton, too. Some of its citizens swelled the ranks of the tea burners. Dr. Jonathan Elmer, of Bridgeton, was sheriff of the county in those days. He was a brother of Ebenezer and of Timothy.

Dr. Elmer was one of the first two United States Senators, elected under the Constitution, from New Jersey. His old house, with its queer weather boarding, which stands on Oak st., Bridgeton. was moved there from its old site on Broad st. years ago.

The effort to prosecute the young men who burned the tea was one of the momentous incidents in the history of the country. They were all disguised as Indians, but some were detected by Tories in the crowd that watched the burning.

On a May day in 1775 Frederick Smyth, chief justice of His Majesty George III, convened the court of Oyer and Terminer at Bridgeton, and called upon the doctor sheriff to bring a grand jury before him.

Dr. Elmer did so, with his brother Daniel as foreman. The grand jury were about as fine a group of Whigs, according to contemporary records, as Cumberland county could provide. They listened solemnly to the charge of the chief justice.

He demanded indictments against those midnight marauders, who had broken into Dan Bowen's house, taken British tea and burned it. So Daniel led out the grand jury, guarded by Dr. Jonathan, to examine into this affair, in which their brothers Ebenezer and Timothy had done yoeman service.

Ebenezer was sitting in the courtroom. He waited. Later he wrote in his journal: "The jury came in without doing anything and court broke up." Judge Smyth was so angry that he sent the jury back to think things over, but did not get any results.

The following year, at Bridgeton, with

a new Tory sheriff and a grand jury of Tories, another effort was made to bring prosecutions for the tea burning, but the Revolution was too ominously close. The jury decided to let sleeping dogs lie.

But we had a momentary flash of four brothers of the clan Elmer, after that May session of the court in 1775, elatedly proceeding up the Greenwich street to the tavern that is still standing where a pint of good wine could be had for a shilling.

Trouble-making tea had been landed at the end of the street at old Greenwich Wharf, where the ancient county jail still forms part of another building. It is built of marlstones.

Greenwich Pier, a mile below on Cohansey creek, is a modern center for the oyster and fishing industry in Delaware Bay.

Just for variety, a different route was tried for the return; back through Bridgeton, left on Pearl st. to Broad, and north to follow a fork to the right toward Woodruff. But this side of Woodruff we turned left on a gravel road at a fork to Elmer. This place is named for Judge Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus Elmer, son of Ebenezer Elmer.

We turned right at the lake at Elmer and continued to Hardingville, where another right turn put us on the road to Aura and so on to Glassboro, centre, as its name implies, of a great glass-blowing industry for many years.

The road led through Hurffville, past three large model farms well worth seeing, and then, with only a few curves, into Westville and from there back through Gloucester to Camden, the ferry and The Bulletin, 109 miles altogether.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 30, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

LINCOLN'S ANCESTOR WAS A BERKS COUNTIAN

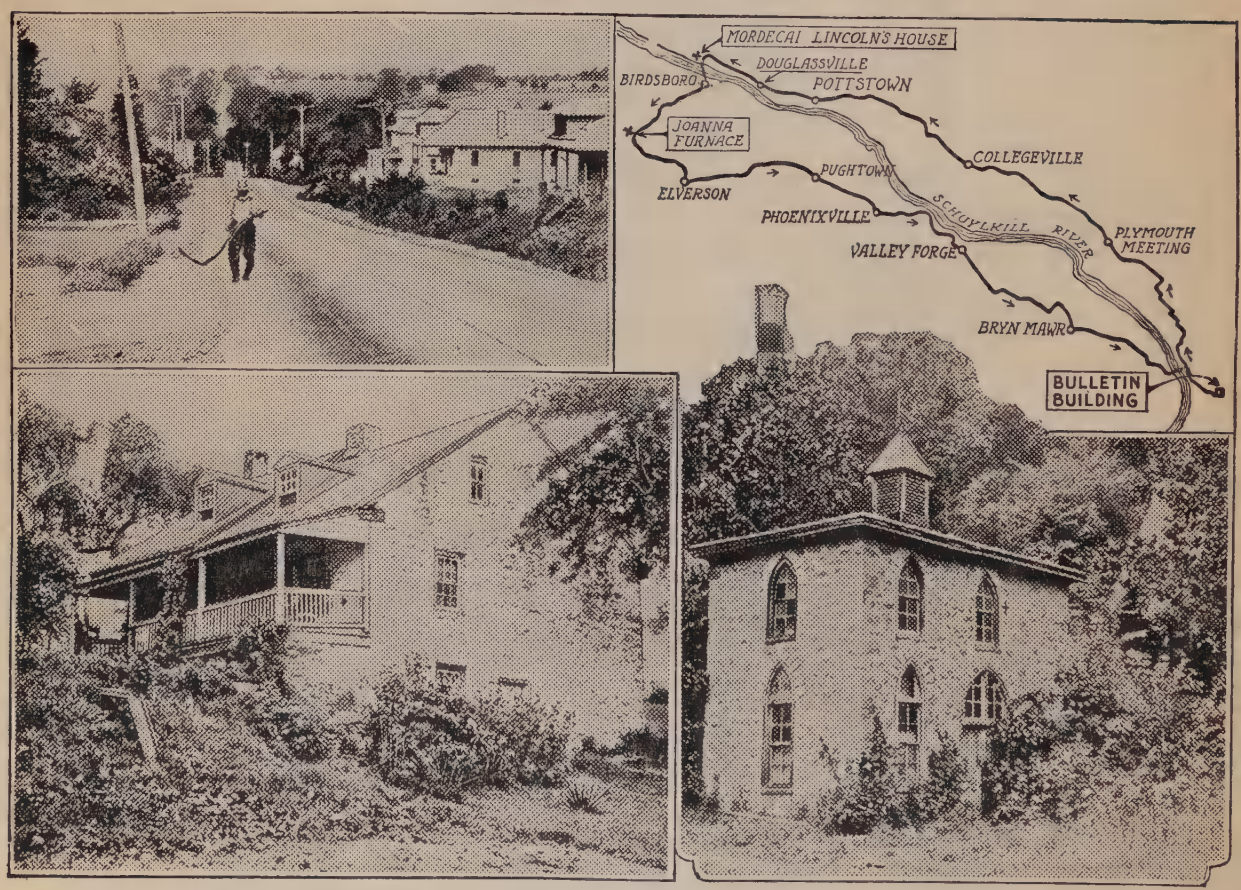
Tour Includes Visit to His Home and to the Ruins of Joanna Furnace, One of the Last of the Charcoal Burners

Far back, hidden, obscure and a ruin, is Joanna Furnace. Time was when this old structure flamed and resounded with busy life, while a proud old iron master stuck to the good old methods of making iron that he knew best.

Joanna Furnace was the last of the charcoal furnaces that made the little valleys of Berks and Chester counties the cradle of one of the greatest industries the world has ever known.

After a trip of remarkable beauty and interest that had brought him to the ancient home of Mordecai Lincoln, great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln, near Birdsboro, the Pathfinder, on his weekly tour, stumbled upon Joanna Furnace.

Nearby was a fine old house, built of the red iron stone of that country.



Upper, a pretty country scene near Sanatoga; lower, reader's left, home of Mordecai Lincoln, ancestor of the Great Emancipator, near Birdsboro; right, ruins of Joanna Furnace. Diagram shows route followed.

It had a mansard roof, old trees; a greenhouse and a lovely garden of bright colored flowers off to one side, but in the space before it was an exotic old garden dominated by huge cacti.

Across the road were the ruins; crumbling red stone walls, overgrown with small plants and even with fair sized trees. At the left was a stack, trimmed at the top with triangular metal embellishments.

Above all this, on a steep hillside, was another old rambling white house, obviously of an earlier time than the big one with the mansard roof.

Stillness reigned. The humming of the Pathfinder's engine was the only sound. No one was in sight at either house. There were no signs "Beware of the Dog" about, but the Pathfinder adventured cautiously, nevertheless, into the grounds of the "Big House." He called, and felt ashamed of himself for breaking that perfect silence. There was no answer.

He climbed to the white house on the hill and a chained hound dog thumped a tail and wagged excitedly on a side porch, but obeyed the genus of the place, because he did not bark. This house was also closed and locked.

Then a small girl appeared on the road. She shyly admitted that this place of solitude was Joanna Furnace, but had no idea why it was called Joanna or a Furnace.

At last, however, around a bend, an aged man was found, sawing wood at the side of a little house.

"The big house," he said, "is the summer home of Miss Mary G. Smith, of Philadelphia. She is a daughter of Colonel Levi Heber Smith, who owned and ran Joanna Furnace, as his father had done before him.

"I worked at the furnace. It closed down about 1901, when Colonel Smith died. He stuck it out—the charcoal burning way of making iron, long after the others had quit. And they made better iron then than they do now, I can tell you.

"The family owned near 6,000 acres of woodland around here, and owns much of it yet. The furnace and these woods were a busy place, often busy day and night, with the trees coming down under the axe. the charcoal pits smoldering up there, and the wagons hauling ore and charcoal in and good black iron out. When the Colonel put in the hot draft we couldn't get charcoal fast enough and we would have to work one day making iron and the next getting in the charcoal or cutting down trees.

History has passed its hand back and forth many times to write new chapters over the country traversed by the Pathfinder on this tour. And nature made it all very beautiful to begin with, so that any motorist who follows this trail will find strong appeal at every turn of the road in some new feature.

Except for a few stretches, the roads could not be better. The road leading down to Mordecai Lincoln's house and from there into Birdsboro is in no sense a topnotcher.

The route took us from The Bulletin along the Parkway, East River drive and up through Lincoln Drive across lower Chestnut Hill to Stenton av., where we turned left, continuing out Bell Mill road to make a left turn into Spring Mill road. This brought us to the Germantown pike, and all the time we had been passing over ground made historic by the events of the Revolution.

Turning right on Germantown pike we continued through Plymouth Meeting, Springtown, Penn Square, Norritonville, Fairview and Evansburg to Collegeville, where we crossed the Perkiomen and continued on the Reading Pike.

At Sanatoga we made the acquaintance of John K. Shanel, eighty-nine years old, who came trudging up the pike, toting a scythe, which he said he could swing "pretty good yet."

"Know why?" he inquired. "I never was intoxicated in my life. But we all live a long time up here."

We continued through Pottstown and Stowe to Douglassville, once called Molatton, where St. Gabriel's Church, built in 1801, with its adjoining graveyard and its ancient tombstones, attracted attention. St. Gabriel's was founded in 1762. A Swedish Lutheran church had preceded it many years before. The old building is now used as a parish house by the church, which has a much larger and more modern structure nearby.

An original plan of the Pathfinder had been to go into Reading but this was abandoned under the influence of a sign erected by the Historical Society of Berks County, directing us toward a side road and the home of Mordecai Lincoln.

Drivers who want nothing but the best hard roads should eschew this one. It is not "terrible," but it could be better.

A road leading to the left about five miles east of Reading headed us toward the Lincoln House. The Historical Society's markers finally brought us into a hollow and to the quaint old house, that seemed to lean against a hill. It was built by Mordecai Lincoln in 1733.

We continued across a rough bridge and over a rough road through lovely woods until we came out on a spot overlooking Birdsboro and the huge mills where iron and steel are made according to modern methods.

Through Birdsboro we passed under the Pennsylvania Railroad and continued south. From here until we passed Joanna station the trip was worth any effort we made to get there. The road winds and twists along a railroad, which it crosses several times, and along a stream, which it crosses frequently. There are times when the wooded hills hang high overhead, or a little glen opens up and after that the hills are sloping away sharply on another side. Occasionally we climbed high up to see long ranges of hills far away.

Joanna Furnace is in a glen. Beyond the old furnace we took the road to the left to Joanna station, two miles beyond.

There we turned right to Conestoga pike, and approaching Elverson swing to the Ridge road. This is because, almost the entire distance into Phoenixville, it traverses the ridge of a range of hills, giving the motorist wonderful scenes of valley and distant hill ranges on either side. It passes through Knauertown, Coventryville and Bucktown to the big iron and steel town of Phoenixville. Once we paused at the monument, near the old East Vincent German Reformed Church, about three miles outside of Phoenixville.

During the encampment at Valley Forge the church was used as a hospital, and according to the monument, which stands beside the road, twenty-two who died there in 1778, "of a fever then prevalent in the camp" are buried around the stone.

From Phoenixville we continued to Valley Forge, then to Devon, to the Lancaster pike, which we left to avoid increasing traffic, by crossing over at Villanova to Montgomery av. This, by way of Bryn Mawr, Ardmore, Cynwyd and Bala, brought us to Wynnefield av. and from there we followed the park roads to the Parkway and back to The Bulletin.

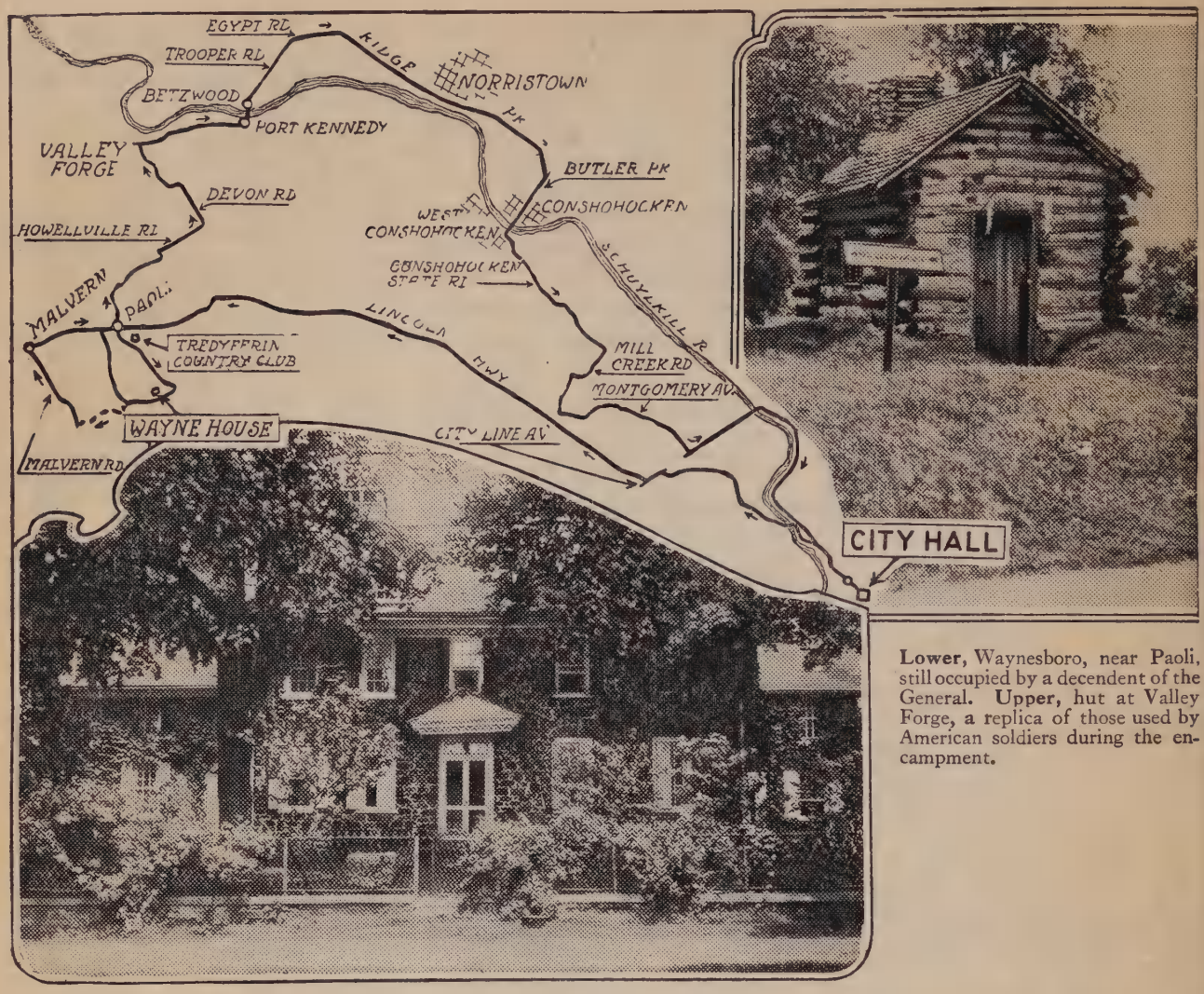
Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 13, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

BIRTHPLACE AND HOME OF GENERAL WAYNE

Still Intact, Part of it is Kept Exactly as "Mad Anthony" Left it by His Descendent and Present Owner

Up on the Hudson in 1779 Stony Point, a British stronghold, stood, a menace to Washington in his busy job of chasing King George's Army out of the Colonies; it was splendidly protected by nature, and the British had so powerfully fortified it that it was believed impregnable. It had to be suppressed; the only way seemed to carry it by storm: a pretty job, one calling for great heroism and splendid strategy, and a leader of exceptional talent. Washington called a young Pennsylvania infantry commander to him. It was General Anthony Wayne. To him he put the proposition and asked him if he would undertake it.

"I will storm Hell, General, if you



Lower, Waynesboro, near Paoli, still occupied by a decendent of the General. **Upper,** hut at Valley Forge, a replica of those used by American soldiers during the encampment.

will plan it," was the reply.

Washington, however, was content to confine the operation to Stony Point, and away went Wayne; long before daylight of July 16 the two-year-old Stars and Stripes were flying over the fortress. the intrepid commander of the American troops, wounded, asserted that if he was to die it would be inside the fort, and his aides supported him to within the walls.

It was only one of many brilliant achievements of this sturdy son of the Keystone State. "Mad" Anthony, they called him, because of his dash, spirit and intrepidity; and everybody loved him from General Washington himself down to the last raw recruit.

Our motor trip this week has to do with "Mad" Anthony and the scenes of some of his activities and exploits right at our gates. And it may be well to start with his first important activity, getting born. This very necessary incident in his career occurred on January 1, 1745, in the fine colonial mansion of his parents at Easttown, Chester County. The house is there yet, nested in a beautiful estate known as Waynesborough, owned and occupied by Mr. William Wayne, whose father, a descendant of the General's daughter, adopted the name to perpetuate it when the male line became extinct.

Get away from Philadelphia any way you find convenient; we start always from the central point of the Bulletin Building; we proceed out the old reliable Parkway, veering right at the Lincoln statue, over Girard Avenue bridge, right under the Pennsylvania Railroad and follow park drives to the left to Belmont Av., right to Wynnefield Av., left thereon, left on City Line Av., right on Lincoln Highway at Overbrook. We follow the Highway to the Tredyffrin Country Club on our left, and turn left on the road that cuts through its grounds with the golf links on our right; the second cross road beyond is labled "Sugartown Road", and we bear right into it along a lovely avenue of trees that meet overhead, converting it into a cool bower. And a minute later we halt before as fine a bit of Colonial architecture as this land possesses, the birthplace and home of General Anthony Wayne.

Here is a house that is preserved in virtually its pristine glory. Even such modern improvements as comfort dictates have not marred it. Just inside the door to the right is a room that stands exactly as it did when Wayne himself lived there, and he has been dead 130 years; there is the same furniture, arranged primly as of old around the walls; even the same carpet covers the floor, and over the mantelpiece hang the crossed swords and sash of "Mad" Anthony. Only the silken hangings at the windows are "new". They were hung first in honor of General Lafayette when he visited the home of his old friend one hundred years ago, and they too, have remained undisturbed through the century.

There is the library with its mighty fireplace, the General's bookcase, the shelves of which are weighted with the General's books; everywhere there are furniture, ornaments, pictures, bric-a-brac that were his and which his descendant and representative to-day cherishes and holds in the reverence their association warrants. Outside

there is the stable in which the great soldier kept his horses; the garage that houses Mr. William Wayne's limousine is a respectful distance away.

Let us keep going. If you don't mind a quarter of a mile of bad old dirt road with a few short stretches of hub-deep mud, run ahead to the Malvern road and right thereon; or you can turn right on the Paoli road and roll up to Paoli, then left to Malvern, where we are upon the scene of one of the few bumps the General got; there on the night of September 20, 1777, during a heavy storm, he was surprised by a much stronger British force and many of his men bayoneted as they slept. This event has always been known as the Paoli Massacre; it is within a half hour's walk (a few minutes by motor) of his home. A monument marks the site, and a huge mound and smaller shaft mark the grave of fifty-three American soldiers who fell there.

Back to Paoli, Passing through, we turn left on the Howellville road. At Howellville, until two years ago, there stood a school house that dated from 1730, which was used as a headquarters by General Gray, of the British Army, and it was from there that he started on his murderous expedition against Wayne at Malvern. As we pass through Howellville we exercise due caution, paying wholesome respect to warning signs about blasting in the quarries there. The road ends at Devon road, upon which we turn left, and again left on the road beyond Cressbrook Farm, and follow the road along Valley Creek to Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge.

General Wayne's familiarity with the country was a big asset to Washington while there, for through it "Mad Anthony" was able to get many needed supplies for the Army. "Where Wayne is there is a fight", was the trite saying throughout the Revolution; he was continually stinging the British during the war, then he turned his attention to the Indians, and was active in public affairs in war or peace up to the time of his death at what is now Erie, in 1796.

There is very much to see at Valley Forge, but we run on to Port Kennedy, rumble over the bridge across the Schuylkill River, out Trooper Road, right on Egypt Road, into Ridge Pike, through Norristown to Conshohocken, right and cross river again, left on Conshohocken State Road, right again on Mill Creek road, through gorgeous woodlands to Ardmore, left on Montgomery Av., left on City Line Av., to East River Drive, right thereon and home again. Our ramble has covered about 90 miles; we have had a day in the open, lunch in the woods, revelled in magnificent scenery and had some important bits of history riveted in our minds.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 10, 1924, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

CASCADING GARDENS BACK PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

Town Has Picturesque Setting on Bank of the Susquehanna—Scenic Tour Includes Perryville, at the Head of Chesapeake Bay

The broad Susquehanna river, riotously tumbling down the mountains from two directions, coming together at Northumberland, Pa., forms a mighty, swiftly moving stream that runs past the State Capital, Harrisburg, to deposit its waters in the Chesapeake Bay at Perryville, Maryland.

Navigation northward was formerly difficult,. often impossible, because of the swiftness of the current and the numerous rapids, which, however, provided a tremendous natural force that man has begun to harness for his own uses; the McCall's Ferry dam holds the river in check to such an extent that pleasure and other boats may now ply above it, and great quantities of coal have for years been dredged from its bottom in the vicinity of Harrisburg, having washed down there from the mines above. Below Conowingo another vast dam will in a few years take up and put to use the balance of power the current provides.

A few miles below Conowingo the east bank forms a narrow shelf backed by high cliffs and hills, and upon this shelf is the prosperous and highly picturesque town of Port Deposit, a point of shipment for lumber and for stone cut from the immense quarries in its vicinity, and it is the home of one of Maryland's educational institutions, the Jacob Tome Institute. There is so much that is attractive there that it is the principal point of interest on the Pathfinder's tour this week.

Of necessity we must pass many of the points noted in previous tours, but there is much of this journey that is new, and not an inch of it that is without attraction.

We leave The Bulletin and proceed out Walnut st. to 63d, left to Marshall road, right to Lansdowne, where we pick up the Baltimore pike and whirl away thereon through Media, Concordville, skirting the Brandwine Battlefield, passing the headquarters of Washington and Lafayette; Chadd's Ford, Hamorton, the duPont Gardens (Longwood); Kennett Square, home of Bayard Taylor; Avondale, Lincoln University, Oxford, Rising Sun. The Baltimore pike is mostly concrete, all hard surface, all good, passing through a rolling country rich in scenery.

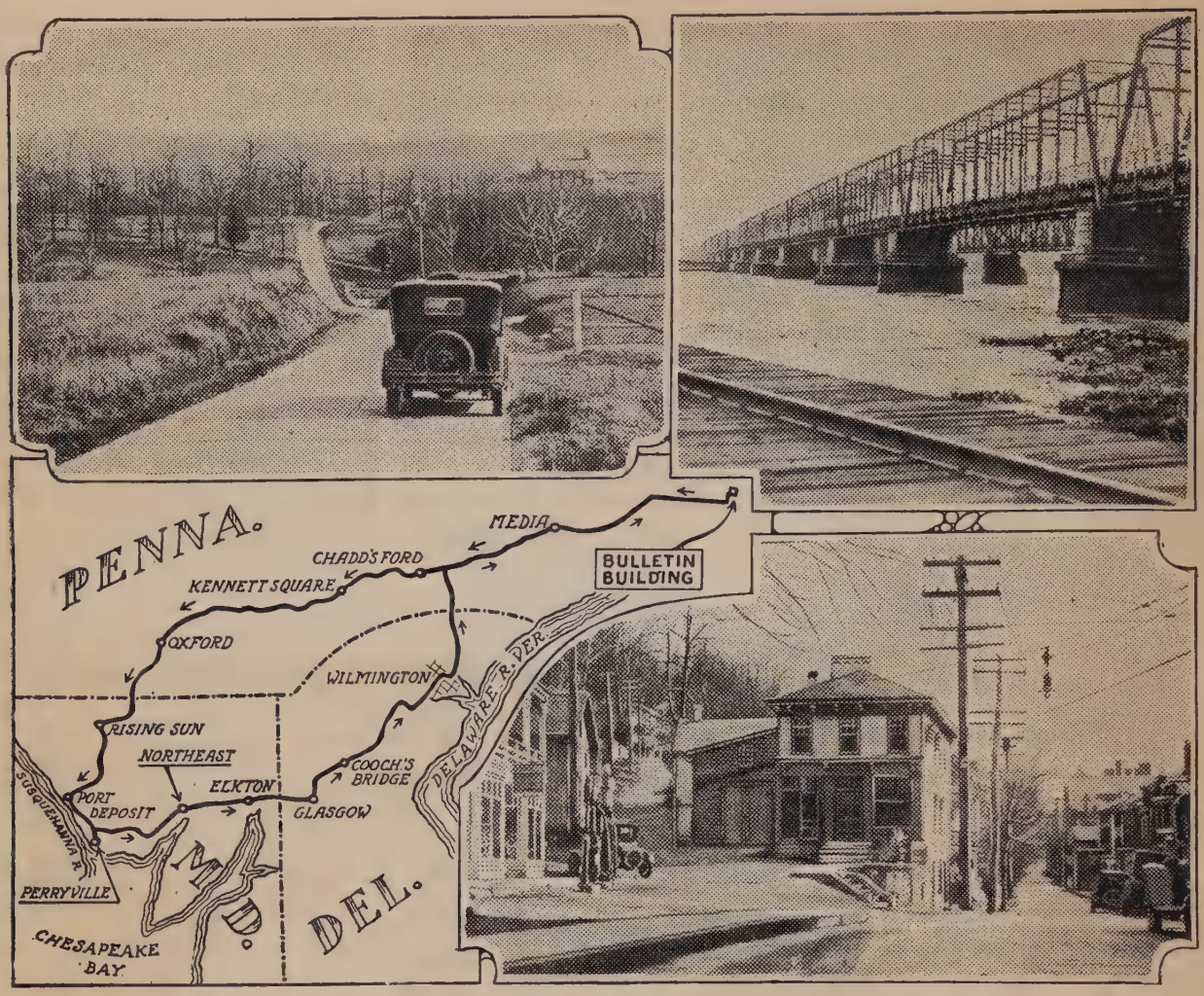
At Rising Sun a road at right angles bears the sign "Tome Institute," and we swing left upon it; we have about four miles of hard road, then we veer to the right on gravel, with some rough places in its five miles of going, the only part of the entire journey that is not hard and smooth; but it is worth while; there are woods enough to please the most enthusiastic forest lover, and presently from the summit of a rise we see in the distance the shimmering river, and down we go, wriggling through the forest on a steady descent that has its steep places, though never dangerous, and at last wind our way down a more decided incline past some houses and find ourselves in the town that stretches along for half a mile or more on the narrow bank of the river. This is Port Deposit.

On one side the great, wide river rushes; on the other the cliffs rise, sometimes sheer, with houses set in them at varying heights; a street branches off the main thoroughfare at an acute angle, with the postoffice at the apex, and climbs in steep ascent toward the summit, and it is bordered with residences; the ancient cliff dwellers had nothing on the people of Port Deposit.

Away at the top, where the land flattens out, rests the Institute founded and endowed by Jacob Tome, providing free scholastic training for the boys and girls of Maryland; the place challenges comparison for the loveliness of its gardens, its terraces and its playgrounds; the beauty of its surroundings and the magnificence of its buildings. To provide easy access to the town at the bottom of the cliff, without using a parachute, Mr. Tome built flight after flight of stone stairways coming down from the top in a series of beautiful terraces, by the side of which a stream cascades over the rocks when the quantity of water permits, to flow under the street and contribute its mite to the big river.

At other places other terraces, some natural, some artificial, are a mass of gardens and vines that fall over like Niagaras of vegetation; it is one of the most quaint and picturesque towns in the State it adorns.

Port Deposit has an architecture all its own; there is an entrance to each house on the first floor, and an outside stairway leading to another on the second; the reason apparently is that in times of flood the Susquehanna easily overflows its low banks, and if it rises too high the people calmly transfer entrances to the second floor level and can use boats; some have homes back in the



Upper, reader's left, the fine road over the hills between Perryville and Port Deposit; **right**, the long vehicular and foot bridge across the Susquehanna river from Perryville to Havre de Grace. **Below**, a view of Port Deposit, showing its two streets. Diagram shows route followed.

hills to retire to if necessary. Fortunately this condition does not obtain very often, and when it does, is only temporary.

The Main street leads us along back into the country a bit from the river, and we roll along over hills, through woods, into valleys, noting the neat and attractive road signs surmounted with little ships of ancient design, and suddenly from a high level the Chesapeake itself comes into view, stretching far away into the distance until lost in the mists at the horizon line; the day is blustery and the water rough; the sun, boring a way through the clouds sends streaks of silvery light along the wave tops and makes a picture that we simply must stop for a few minutes to enjoy.

But the bay is miles away yet, so we keep on going, soon losing it as we go into lower ground, but presently we roll into Perryville and turning right, in a minute we halt at the end of the long bridge which crosses the Susquehanna to Havre de Grace, and the big bay is spread before us.

We turn our backs on Perryville and take the road home, the main highway between Baltimore and Wilmington, passing through the duck-hunting country that we visited earlier in the month; through Charlestown, North East, Elkton; we go straight through to Glasgow, Delaware; turn left to Cooch's Bridge, where the Stars and Stripes were first fired on; cross the bridge and go straight ahead to Christiana, (they call it Christine down that way), seeing again the old inn where the post horses were changed in the days before railroads were dreamed of; to Stanton, Marshallton and into Wilmington.

We keep straight ahead on Union st., right on Pennsylvania av., then Delaware av., then 11th st., and turn left on Washington boulevard, crossing the Brandywine on the Memorial bridge, skirt the Park, and in a few minutes swing left on Concord pike to Painter's Cross Roads; on the way we are attracted by a sign indicating that the good road it marks goes to Philadelphia; impressed with the idea that here is a new, short cut between this city and Wilmington, we take it, only to find before we have gone far that it is now only a road in the making; so we return, and from Painter's Cross Roads take the familiar Baltimore pike home. Having made an early start we are home in time for dinner, and glad we went. Distance, 145 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, November 26, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

A BACK ROAD DIP INTO LAND OF PICTURES

Wonderful French Creek Falls—Pennsylvania's First Iron Ore Mine—Birthplace of State's Mighty Iron Industry

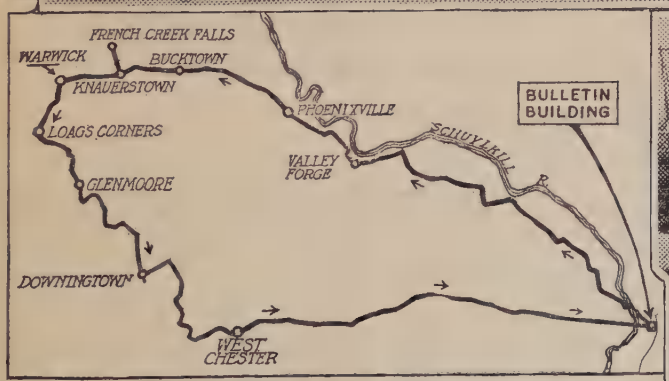
A back road dip into the land of pictures, sprinkled with historic memories, briefly summarizes the joyous trip this week of the Pathfinder.

Much of it is new, but to get to this we must traverse some sections we have covered before; but so alluring are they that we welcome a return visit: indeed, so super-abundant is Pennsylvania in scenery, historic importance and general interest that even visits to old scenes brings new attractions and new vision.

We leave The Bulletin Building and roll out the Parkway, cross Spring Garden st. bridge, turn right on 34th st., enter the Park, pass the zoo, cross Girard av., and following drives to the left come to Belmont av., then turn right and follow that broad avenue to City Line; we turn left to Conshohocken State road, then right and follow; presently we come to the long gentle descent past the wonderful estate of Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., with its marvelous cascaded and sunken gardens that come down from the mansion perched high upon the edge of what was formerly a quarry. There is an iron gateway through which this gorgeousness can be seen, although the place itself is not open to the public. When Mr. Roberts is away, however, a wooden door shuts off the view.

Both sides of the road are Mr. Roberts' property; for a time he kept it constantly closed because vandals trampled the open section and picked or destroyed the flowers with which the roadside was beautified, while many motorists seemed to think it was a good place to park for a while. Don't spoil a privilege; touch not, look, enjoy, and pass on; there are many other pictures yet to see.

The fine road descending through the woods presently brings us to the famous Mill Creek road; we swing left, then right over the creek on the ornate iron bridge, and continue through this pictureland to West Conshohocken where we turn left on Matsonford road, which takes us to historic Gulph road; we turn right upon it, pass under the hanging



Reader's Upper Left: French Creek Falls, one of the rugged picture spots in eastern Pennsylvania. **Right,** on the road from Warwick to Loag's Corners. **Below,** the State's first iron ore mine at Warwick, which bought from an Indian for an iron pot, resulted in the establishment of several furnaces in the vicinity. Diagram shows route covered.

rock of Revolutionary fame, shoot under the oak that lived in the days of Columbus, pass King of Prussia with its Inn of 1709, and soon take the slope up into Valley Forge Park.

We halt at the Washington Memorial Chapel and Museum, from which a splendid view is obtained of the broad field upon which the Great Leader and his devoted Army suffered a whole winter that we may enjoy freedom today.

On Sundays boys in Continental uniform are in attendance, giving an appropriate and picturesque touch to the scene; the indefatigable Dr. W. Herbert Burk, rector of the chapel, member of the Valley Forge Park Commission and president of the Valley Forge Historical Society, is always on hand to welcome the visitor and dwell lovingly on the glories of the domain in his charge.

On we go, straight ahead, crossing the creek near Washington's Headquarters, mount the hill and roll away, skirting Pheonixville and taking the Ridge road back through Bucktown, where the Wilmington - Pottstown Highway crosses it, Coventryville, with its memories of Benjamin Franklin, Robert Grace, George Whitefield and Mordecai Lincoln, Knauerstown. Here we turn right along the French creek side and a scant half-mile run brings us to St. Peter's and the celebrated falls. To the right of the roadway are the quarries where once were caves in which Washington hid his horses on his march to Reading.

But we scramble down the hillside to where the roaring creek in alternating pools and cascades tumbles in, under, over and about the great numbers of giant boulders, the unceasing noise of the ever-dashing waters contrasting sharply with the awesome stillness of the mighty forest that stretches away from the other side. It is a place to sit and lunch in peace and supreme content, and to regret that some visitors who have enjoyed the privilege have shown so little sympathy for the beauty of their surroundings as to throw paper, boxes and bottles about instead of destroying them as do those who have a decent regard for the proprieties.

We reluctantly leave this scenic gem and return to Knauerstown, then turn right and roll away to Warwick, enjoying from the road along the hillside a never ending series of magnificent views as we approach the Welsh Mountains, looming ahead. To the right, just before we enter the town, we see a mass of red gullied earth, the first iron ore mines found in this part of the country; they were bought in the early days of Pennsylvania, from an Indian for an iron pot. The ore outcrops, and there is plenty of it there yet, although the mine has not been worked for many years. Its discovery, however, was responsible for the establishment of several iron furnaces in that district, an industry established by Samuel Nutt, and in which the names of Lincoln, Grace, Potts and Old figured large in those days. One of these furnaces made Franklin's stoves; later they made cannon and ball for the American Army, and when the British ventured near the ironmasters spiked the guns and buried them. All are ruins today.

And right here, because of this mine, Pennsylvania's tremendous and world-famous iron industry was born, and it was these furnaces, now long silent, that were the forbears of the vast furnaces and foundries that dot the State from the Delaware to the Ohio and are valued at billions of dollars today.

Back in the country to the left is the Warwick Furnace ruin and the house that sheltered Franklin, Washington and other distinguished men of olden days. On the farm of Devault Chrisman is what is left of the Reading furnace; near it field stones mark graves in a long-forgotten cemetery; no one knows today how old it is or who are buried therein. E. J. Keen, of Warwick, a student of local history, accompanied by a physician of archaeological bent, dug into one grave but found no clue; the strange grave-yard may rival in importance Egypt's Valley of Kings or Ohio's mounds; or it may have been merely a Potter's field of less than two centuries ago. Some day it may give up its secrets.

We go on a bit further and turn left into the hills and valleys past the splendid farms and superb woods; here we have about ten miles of dirt roads that are rough in stretches and never anything to brag about, but we are not out to break speed records, and can easily submit to some discomfort because of the beauties of the scenery Nature has spread in dizzily bountiful splashes all about us. All along we are accompanied by myriads of yellow butterflies which sometimes are found in large groups on the road, all headed in the same direction and looking for all the world like a big fleet of tiny yachts starting on a race.

So we come to Loag's Corners and Glen Moore; presently the road smoothes out and it is excellent running through Lindell to East Downingtown. We swing left on the Lincoln Highway; a mile or so beyond we turn right on the road to Bradford Hills; this is one of the most delightful roads of the whole trip; it soon passes through one of the longest tunnels east of the mountains and winds along the creek where herds of cattle wade; past Paradise Farm, where poor kiddies inhale life-giving ozone as a result of the Country Week benefaction.

Below, prostrate trees and broken fences bear evidence of the fury of the storm of a year or two ago; one fallen forest giant still has a bit of root in the ground, sufficient to give it sustenance, and its limbs and branches are as full of leaves as are its still up-standing fellows.

This pretty road brings us to West Chester; we pass through the town and take the smooth pike direct to Philadelphia, just pausing once to observe a big cherry tree which was in the way of the many telegraph wires; for some reason it was spared, but a great piece was cut out of it, and through this the wires pass.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 24, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

MEN OF HOPEWELL UNITED FOR LIBERTY

New Jersey Town Was Scene of Stirring Event in the Revolution—

A Pretty Trip in Upper New Jersey

"Men of New Jersey, the Red Coats are murdering our brothers of New England. Who follows me to Boston?"

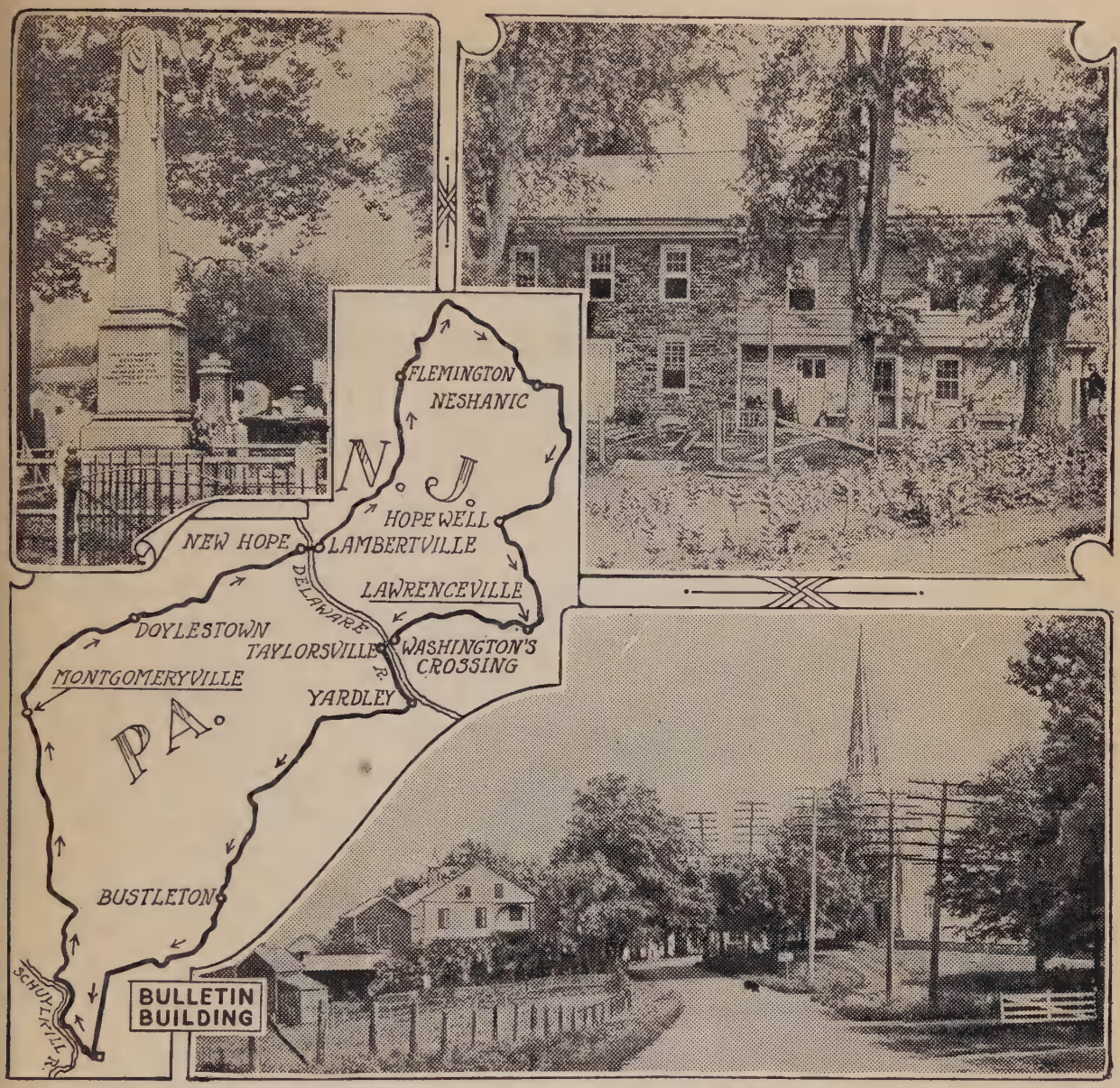
So called Joab Houghton, mounted on a large flat stone outside the Baptist Meeting at Hopewell, N. J., on April 23, 1775; and every man there stepped forward and answered, "I." The story is told upon the stone as it stands today.

All the people were at worship that Sunday when a courier galloped into town with the news of the "shot that was heard 'round the world." The God-fearing people continued their devotions until the service was ended, then assembled in the church yard and Joab thrilled them with his fiery patriotism and magnetic oratory.

Joab led his neighbors to war and glory; he became a captain and a colonel, and when Independence came was made a member of the first New Jersey Legislature. He died in 1796.

Hopewell is one of the historic spots the Pathfinder visited on his weekly motor tour. The day is perfect, and the old bus can hardly wait for its spark before it is off and headed up the Parkway; along the shaded East River drive, breathing the tonic morning air; swinging into the Wissahickon drive, along that lovely valley of legend and romance into Lincoln drive, then by Allen's Lane to Germantown av. We bump a bit on its rough surface, but have only a square to go, when we run right on smooth Gowen av. to its end at Stenton av. Here we turn left to Chestnut Hill and right down the long slope of Bethlehem pike, the Minsi Trail of the pre-Columbian Indians.

Flourtown, Fort Washington, are passed in turn, bringing thoughts of those stirring Fall days of 1777; past Spring House, and presently turn right



Upper, reader's left, monument to John Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and stone on which Joab Houghton stood to call his neighbors to war, at Hopewell. **Right,** the Holcombe House, Lambertville, where Washington once stopped and which is known locally as "Washington's Headquarters." **Lower,** entrance to the quaint town of Mt. Airy in the Amwell valley. The diagram shows the route taken.

on the fine concrete road to Chalfont, Doylestown, then Buckingham and New Hope, then a rumble over the bridge and we are in Lambertville, N. J.

Lambertville was formerly Coryell's Ferry, an important point on the Old York road, the main highway to New York in early days. In the yard of the First Presbyterian Church lies the body of George Coryell, a Masonic lodge brother of George Washington, and one of the pall bearers of the First President. Another place of interest in this town is the Holcombe house, one of the numerous residences that once sheltered the General, and known locally as "Washington's Headquarters."

All old towns in the east have histories worth preserving, but few are as fortunate as Lambertville, which had in the late Miss Sara P. Gallagher an annalist to note down the important incidents in the town's history. The story of Washington's funeral was told by Coryell to Miss Gallagher; while nowadays as Masons file past the grave of a departed brother into which has been cast the scroll and the apron, each adds a bit of evergreen tied with blue ribbon, symbolic of the life everlasting; at Washington's funeral each dropped upon the coffin a glove.

Let's go. A curiosity to Philadelphians is the gasoline-propelled car the Pennsylvania Railroad has installed for local traffic between Lambertville and Flemington; we pass it and take the New York road, once an Indian trail; it winds its way up a hill and soon we are admiring the pretty Amwell valley, down into which we dip, passing Mt. Airy, and rumble on to Ringoes and Larison's Corner. From here the main road takes us to Flemington, whose historic pride is the still-standing home of Samuel Fleming, built in 1756.

We amble out Main st. Rolling through picturesque country, from time to time crossing the Raritan as it twists about, we turn right, presently, away from the Stanton road and plunge into a dirt road, for the four miles is nothing to brag about, but then come to a fine, hard road that brings us to Neshanic

and Wood's Tavern; here we turn right to Belle Mead, right to Plainville, then left through Blawenburg and in a few minutes we are in Hopewell.

Washington and his army chased Britishers through its main street, passing the historic meeting house and the spot where Joab Houghton called his friends to action. He is not the only distinguished citizen resting in that churchyard; another monument marks the grave of John Hart, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and hard by is the stone rostrum from which Joab spoke.

We swing over to the Lincoln Highway, then right a short distance to Lawrenceville, right again to the place where Washington crossed the Delaware, which we cross with much more comfort on a good bridge to the Pennsylvania side, then swing left along the river road to Yardley; then we turn right to Newtown, Feasterville, Bustleton and amble home by way of the Roosevelt boulevard, Hunting Park av., East River Drive and the Parkway.

It is a trip rich in scenic beauty as well as historic interest.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, August 27, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

TOWN WAS BORN OF INDIAN'S GENEROSITY

Buckingham Was Also the Home of Generals Greene and Lacey, of Revolutionary Army—Bridgeport Church Visited By a King-To-Be

In days long past, when South Philadelphia was a forest, hidden deep among the trees were the home and tailor shop of Amos Preston.

"In a dry windy time," says an old chronicle, a fire in the woods reached and destroyed their home, leaving the family roofless and destitute. Friendly Indians invited them to go over Laskeek (Buckingham Mountain), to their village of Hollekonk, and the Prestons went, becoming thus the first white settlers of what is now Buckingham. So a town grew as the result of a family's affliction and an Indian's sympathy. And it has other claims to historical recognition. It is one of several interesting places visited by the Pathfinder on his latest weekly tour.

The car rolls out the Parkway, continues along the East River drive, crosses Ridge av., at the end and winds its way along the ever beautiful Wissahickon. Then along Lincoln drive to Carpenter st., and swing right thereon, having a smooth, broad way to Stenton av. Left thereon to Easton pike, right to Glenside, right to Jenkintown, crossing York road, continuing ahead on Cottman st., a short disance when we turn left on Meeting House lane; this road, in parts a dream of beauty presently comes to an end at the Huntingdon pike, and we bear left thereon for a ramble through the beautiful Huntingdon Valley.

We pass through Bethayres, Bryn Athyn, glimpsing the famous Swedenborgian Cathedral that is rivalling the great Cathedrals of Europe in magnificence and length of time in building; Sorrell Horse, Southampton. The latter village is only two years younger than Philadelphia, and was laid out by Thomas Holme, William Penn's surveyor; since 1703 it has been a definite subdivision of Bucks County. At Richboro we take the New Hope pike and presently reach Buckingham.

All through the country we are tempted to stop every minute or so to drink in the loveliness of the scenery; the rolling country is massed with richly productive farms, imposing stretches of woodland and rippling streams; autumn colorings are more pronounced; more vivid, deeper, richer, as the cold winds of winter approach; Nature is preaching its sermon of glory on the waning year.

At Buckingham a rare and ancient tavern sign swings at the corner of York road, bearing the legend "General Greene Inn" and a portrait presumed to be of that hero of the Revolution, who lived and entertained his friends in the original building which still stands as part of the present. The General's kitchen with its brick floor and tremendous fire place are still there. It was at Buckingham, too, there lived General John Lacey, a "Free Quaker," in that he abandoned the peaceful tenets of his faith to do some mighty good fighting in the American Army in spite of the fact that he was frequently at loggerheads with "Mad" Anthony Wayne. Buckingham has always done its bit in all our wars, and has erected a monument to her World War heroes right at the intersection of the two main roads.

We go ahead to Doylestown, turn right on Easton pike a short distance, then left on the Dublin road; up gentle hills, down into alluring dells we roll to Blooming Glen, where we turn left, enjoying views of the not very distant hills, and across farms as neat and trim as a careful housewife's kitchen; we presently cross the Bethlehem pike below Sellersville, and in a few minutes reach Souderton.

We continue on to Hatfield, scene of the annual turkey market, and North Wales; proceeding ahead on the Sumneytown pike a short distance we come to the concrete State Highway, turn right thereon and whirl away to Norristown. We cross the Schuylkill river, on the new concrete bridge.

So we come to Bridgeport and make a call.

The lower part of the town was originally Swedes Ford, thaking its name from the old ford at that point. The country hereabouts was settled by Swedes, and the first settler of what is now Bridgeport, in 1712, was Mats Holstein, and his descendants have figured large in the affairs of Upper Merion township, (Montgomery County), in which this town is located. We are about to call upon his only direct descendant still remaining in Bridgeport, Charles Holstein, 317 DeKalb st.

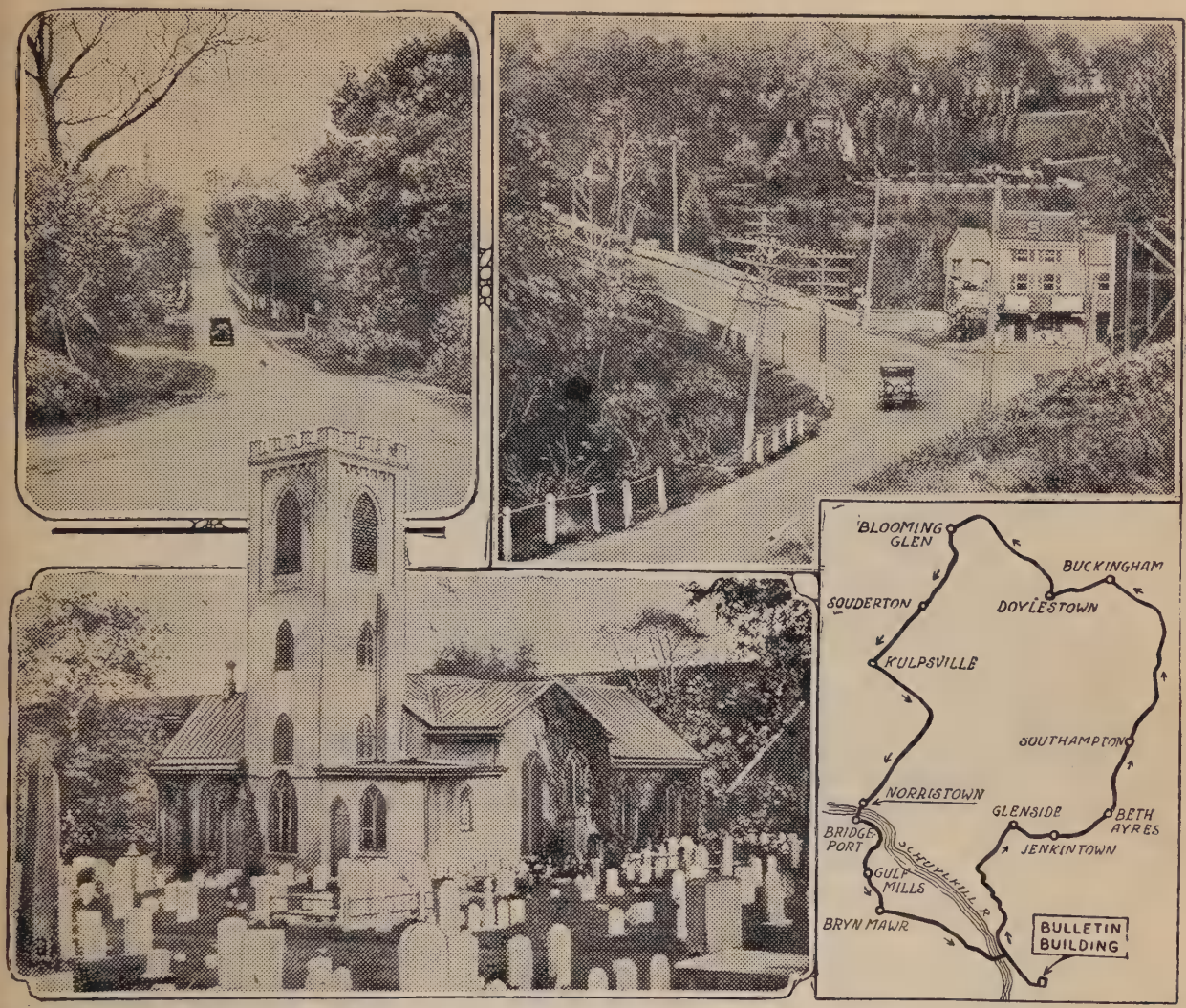
Mr. Holstein is a historian, genealogist, reader, philosopher and student; in this house he was born, never mind how many years ago; and in the quaint little drug store that is part of it, and which he inherited from his father, he sits daily, proud of his lineage, proud of Bridgeport; proud of ancient Christ Church, ("Old Swedes' ") happy, cheerful, glad to meet you and tell you bits of interesting history of this place that has ever been his home. And one of his cherished possessions, loyal American that he is, is a Swedish flag, one of those that flew above the Swedish exhibit at the Centennial.

Old Swedes' Church, down near the ford, was built in 1760, taking the place of the schoolhouse on the site which was used as a place of worship as well as education before that time. Around it lie all that was mortal of many of the sturdy pioneers who built up this section of the country. The Holsteins have always been influential members of the church, and Dr. Holstein, father of our host, was one of the committee that received Prince, later King Oscar of Sweden, when he visited that edifice in 1876.

After the battle of the Brandywine, when Washington halted in Germantown and pondered over the advisibility of making another attempt to save Philadelphia from Howe, he sent General Armstrong to throw up redoubts at such Schuylkill river fords as the enemy might be expected to use. In this he had an able assistant in the Chevalier DuPortail, a French engineer who was one of Washington's Brigadier Generals. DuPortail suspected the British of intending to cross at Swedes Ford, and so strongly fortified it that when the red-coats arrived they had to change their plans.

December 13, 1777, Washington and his Army crossed the river at Swedes Ford, on a bridge composed of wagons driven into the shallow river, and marched away to the camp that was to outlive all others in history.

General DuPortail sailed for France after the Revolution, but returned in 1789, and bought a farm near the scene of his exploit at Swedes Ford, determined to live in the country about which were so many memories of his association with the great chieftain.



Upper: Reader's left, a stretch on the picturesque road to Blooming Glen, near Perkasie; right, Gulph road near Gulf Mills. **Lower:** Old Swedes' Church at Swedes Ford, now Bridgeport, opposite Norristown; visited in 1876 by Prince, later King Oscar, of Sweden. Diagram shows route followed by the Pathfinder.

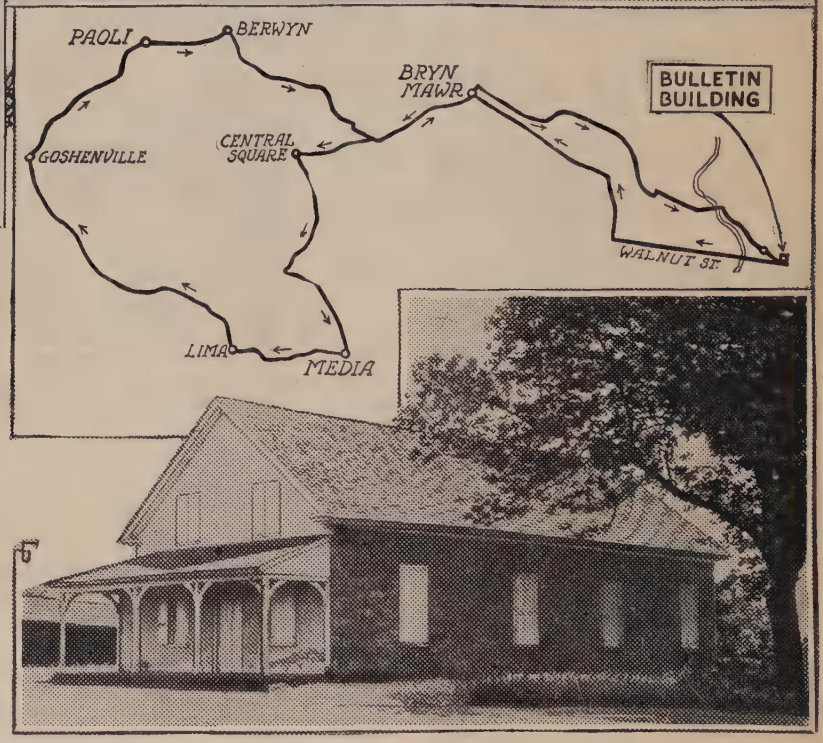
He built a house near what is now DeKalb st., named after his old military associate, Baron DeKalb. The Chevalier, however, eventually heeded the call of his native land, and in 1801 offered the property for sale, but without getting a customer. Soon afterward he sailed for France and died at sea. The taxes remaining unpaid, it was sold by the sheriff in 1804 and bought by Elisha Evans, whose descendants still occupy it.

We follow the Swedeland road which presently brings us to Gulf Mills, then swing left on Gulph road, Montgomery av. and home through the far-famed Main Line suburbs and Fairmount Park.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, October 29, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST HISTORIC CHURCHES

At St. David's, Radnor, is Tomb of General Wayne—Hicksite Meeting House, Near Media, Has Only One Member



Upper, to reader's left, a bit of the picturesque Middletown-Edgemont road near Media. At right—Old St. David's Church, Radnor, burial place of General Anthony Wayne; one of the most cherished of the early houses of worship in this vicinity. Lower—Middletown Hicksite Friends Meeting, which after two centuries of activity has now only one member left. Diagram shows route followed.

Down near Media there is a church that has only one member.

It is a Hicksite Friends' Meeting House, which lacks only a year of being two centuries old. After generations of activity its membership began to dwindle, and recently it was abandoned and closed forever; nevertheless the one remaining member, possessing a key, still goes to the old place of worship he has attended all his long life, and holds solitary services. This is one of the interesting spots visited by the pathfinder on his weekly ramble.

We roll away out Walnut st. to 63d, turn right thereon to Overbrook, where we swing left on Lancaster av. It is well to remember that we have been on the Lincoln Highway, all the time up to and beyond this point to Bryn Mawr; here we veer to the left on Bryn Mawr av., pass by or between magnificent estates on stone roads that are excellent except for one or two very short and unimportant stretches; we pass the Radnor Hunt Club and find ourselves on Goshen road, which brings us to Central Square.

It is a picture trip, sometimes passing along sections over which the trees meet to form a shaded lane, with numerous woodlands that are promising as luncheon sites, and there are again the myriads of ramblers, pink and white and red, sometimes making complete and extensive hedges, and occasionally there are catalpa trees gorgeous in their dress of delicately aromatic blossoms. There are three at Central Square just as we make the turn on the road to Media.

Down through Newtown Square we go, soon passing the Rose Tree Hunt, through Media on the Baltimore pike (Washington st.), cross the Ridley Creek and in a few minutes turn right on the Middletown road, past Lima, and come to the Middletown Orthodox Friends' Meeting. Just beyond is the Hicksite structure that is passing into history. They are all Orthodox there now except the lone worshipper, Samuel Hibberd, who remains staunch and loyal to the faith of his fathers. Around it lies its City of the Dead, where sleep its former members of six generations and more. The old church has been rebuilt since the first structure was erected in 1726, but not enough to destroy its quaintness and antiquity.

We keep on going past splendid farms, with their thousands of acres of growing things which next fall and winter—and before—will grace our tables and keep the old human engine going; now and then we find the men haying and making a pastoral picture that wrenches the camera from its case.

Past Gradyville, Rocky Hill to Goshenville, where we turn right into the Paoli pike to Paoli, then along the Lincoln Highway to Berwyn turning right down a rather steep but very short hill, then straight ahead to Church Road; we are again passing fine estates, and continue to do so as we roll along to the left on Church Road until we come to historic old St. David's Church, and here we stop again.

This picturesque little church was built in 1715, in a forest, some of the trees of which still shade it; clustering closely around it is the burying ground which has stretched acres away; there are tombs two centuries old, and some ancient headstones bear chiseled poetry testifying to the love borne those who lie beneath; sometimes the verse is crude and even grotesque, but it is hallowed by the affection it expresses of gentle hearts long since stilled themselves.

And right by the church wall there is a broad marble slab covering a tomb that rises a foot or so from the ground, which is of more than passing interest; upon it is chiseled "Mary Wayne, consort of the late Major General Anthony Wayne, Died April 18, 1793, aged 44 years." And below it, "Major General Anthony Wayne, late Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States died at Presquille (Presque Isle) December 15, 1796, aged 52 years. His body is interred within the Garrison near the Town of Erie."

But there is also a monument in the churchyard, erected July 4, 1809, by the Society of the Cincinnati, to General Wayne and the inscription upon it says that the body of "Mad Anthony" is beneath it. The discrepancy is explained by the fact that the record of his death was evidently chiseled upon his wife's tomb when news of it was received, and it was not believed possible to bring the body home. But in 1800 General Wayne's son Isaac made the long journey over rough roads and trails, often through a wilderness, in a sulky, and with infinite devotion and patience conveyed the body of his distinguished father to Radnor. But the inscription on the tomb was never altered.

We keep on going and suddenly find ourselves on Bryn Mawr av. again and get back to Bryn Mawr the way we came; but we trundle under the railroad at the station and turn right on pretty Montgomery av. and home by way of Fairmount Park and the Parkway.

This is a trip for the family that wants a leisure day in the country, plenty of time for a picnic in the woods, with a few touches of history for the kids to salt away for school use.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, July 2, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

LAKEHURST, HOME OF U. S. NAVY'S AIRSHIPS

Legend of Pirate Gold at Tom's River—a Motor Trip Through the New Jersey Pines to Where Salt Breezes Blow

A whiff of the pines; a sniff of salt breezes; an echo of piracy, privateering, and the reminiscence of a terrible tragedy are high spots on this week's trip by the Pathfinder.

The trip is a bit longer than usual, so we get an early start and hustle for Market st. ferry where we take ship for Camden; some motorists find it convenient and less congested to go east on Spring Garden st. and down Delaware av. This route has its advantages, but, particularly on Delaware av., requires expert handling of the car because of the volume of traffic, which includes that of a steam railroad. But it is short and gives one an opportunity to see the big new bridge at close quarters.

The ferry lands us in Camden and we follow traffic out Market st., presently coming to a fork, but keep to the right and whirl away through Merchantville, Moorestown and Mt. Holly. This last town boasts the oldest fire department in existence, the Union Fire Company dating from 1805; we pass it on the way, getting a glimpse of its very modern motor engine through the open door. We go on to Pemberton, and turn the corner at the stone lion which is a fountain for man and beast, and speed away to Brown's Mills.

Soon we scent the pines; as we proceed we note with a tinge of sadness that here and there the leaves are beginning to take upon themselves the tints of autumn, emphasizing the fact that the summer is passing and the days of flowers and green foliage are numbered. In Brown's Mills we pause by the pretty lake where the summer sojourners are bathing, canoeing or otherwise passing happy hours away.

We leave Brown's Mills behind us. So far our path has been concrete or stone, but very soon this ends and we rumble along twelve dreary miles on a gravel road that is not up to Jersey standards, although the very rough spots are not many or long; but it passes through a country of scrub pine, much of which is slowly recovering from forest fires of a year or two ago. During all this stretch the only signs of human life are two or three "hot dog" emporiums and a cluster of buildings lying back a short distance where cranberries are packed near the bogs for shipment. Generally it is a scene of desolation, but must be gone through to reach our objective.

A good car soon leaves it behind and we come to Lakehurst, swing left in the town for about a half mile when we come, on a vast flat field, to the mighty hangar, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world; on the reservation are also the tall mooring mast and group of buildings that are the quarters for the officers and barracks for the men.

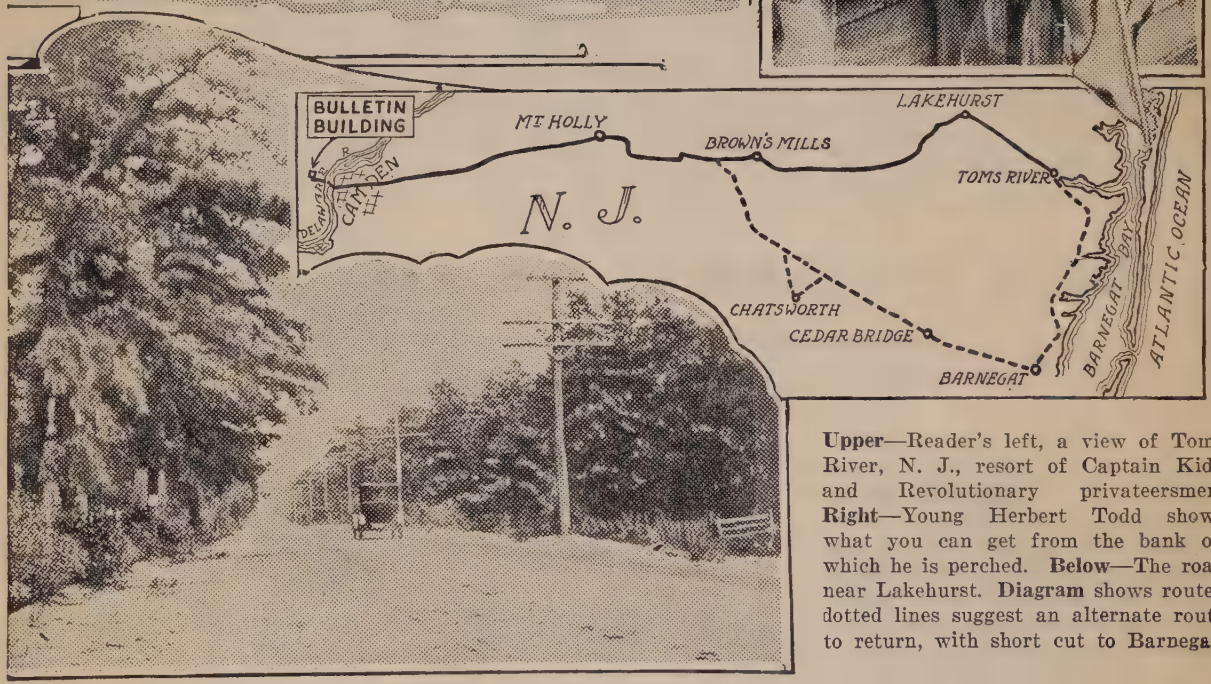
Once the hangar was the home of those two vast ships of the air, the Shenandoah and the Los Angeles; but the former, "Daughter of the Stars," sailed away never to return, but instead to crumple to earth a wreck, carrying down with her to death her commander and a dozen others of her officers and crew, in Ohio. Today her sister, "The Angel," rests alone in that great room, and there is no ship now to fill the other half of it.

The hangar is open to visitors, so we enter, to pause in awe of the mightiness of ship and home. A temporary stair and passageway permits us to walk past the windows of the cabin and control room and see the surprisingly commodious interior.

Outside are parked many cars from many States, including Florida and California. The whole country is interested in Uncle Sam's Air Navy.

From Lakehurst to Toms River is over an excellent gravel road, with here and there a little village or somebody's ornate summer home. The motorist who cares to may go over another good gravel road to Lakewood, town of magnificent estates, then on the concrete to Point Pleasant and north Jersey resorts; the Pathfinder, however, has his eye on Toms River, and soon he is there.

The town lies about five miles from the mouth of the stream, at Barnegat Bay; the river itself is wide up to this point, then it suddenly narrows to a minor stream. Captain William Toms, who died in 1678, nearly five years be-



Upper—Reader's left, a view of Toms River, N. J., resort of Captain Kidd and Revolutionary privateersmen. **Right**—Young Herbert Todd shows what you can get from the bank on which he is perched. **Below**—The road near Lakehurst. **Diagram** shows route; dotted lines suggest an alternate route to return, with short cut to Barnegat.

fore Penn came to this land, started from New Castle, Delaware, bored through the wilderness, discovered the river, and made its existence known; the river was given his name, which was also applied to the village. Some persons believed it was named after an Indian named Tom, who lived in the vicinity, but this is questioned by observant historians.

Just when Captain Toms made his discovery is uncertain; but the fact has been established that the town was founded in 1673. It became an important salt producing center. Thirteen years later, says tradition, Captain Kidd, the doughty pirate, entered Barnegat Inlet, several miles south of the river mouth, and proceeded thereto, burying oodles of pieces of eight and other loot on an island near the town which resulted in the place being named Money Island. Many have dug for the treasure since, but it is still undisturbed if Kidd himself never took it away.

Hendrick Hudson entered the bay September 9, 1609, and named it Barendegat, "an inlet with breakers"; bay and river eventually became a rich field for fisher folk, and has been famous ever since for its fishing and crabbing; the Pathfinder, standing at the water's edge, saw many fish and several husky crabs, right near where Herbie Todd, a youthful native, was hauling in the perch and butter fish; Herbie, grinning happily and holding up his string, posed for his picture.

From 1770 to 1790 privateering was a leading industry of Toms River, and British commerce suffered so much by it that King George's soldiers raided it four times, the last on March 24, 1782, when they sacked the town and destroyed it; all its precious historical records went up in flames. Yorktown had surrendered the previous October and the Revolution was virtually over when this unfortunate event occurred.

One may amble about this ancient town, sit by the riverside and fish and picture to himself those other days when the new world was young.

Island Heights, Seaside Park and other resorts along the mid-coast are only a few miles to the east; the town is the doorway from the north to all south Jersey coast resorts, and one of two thereto from Philadelphia, the other being by way of Hammonton.

Because of the length of the trip the Pathfinder returned the way he went, but inquiry brought forth information that a short cut from Pemberton to Barnegat is, with the exception of one short stretch, in excellent condition and much of it newly resurfaced; this is by way of Chatsworth and Cedar Bridge; work is still under way thereon, and soon this will be a fine route to the many resorts on Long Beach, and shorter by many miles than present routes.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, September 19, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WITH WASHINGTON ON CHRISTMAS, 1776

Pathfinder Follows Road the Army Took Across the Delaware River and on to Trenton

Christmas, in the year of Independence the First.

The patriot cause is at a low ebb; Philadelphia, the Capital, where Independence had been declared and Liberty proclaimed amid shouts of joy less than five months before, is filled with gloom and apprehension, for it is menaced by the British forces that have driven Washington and his army from the Jerseys; and Congress has fled to Baltimore, after sending word to the Commander-in-Chief that he was vested with supreme power, and to handle the situation as he pleased.

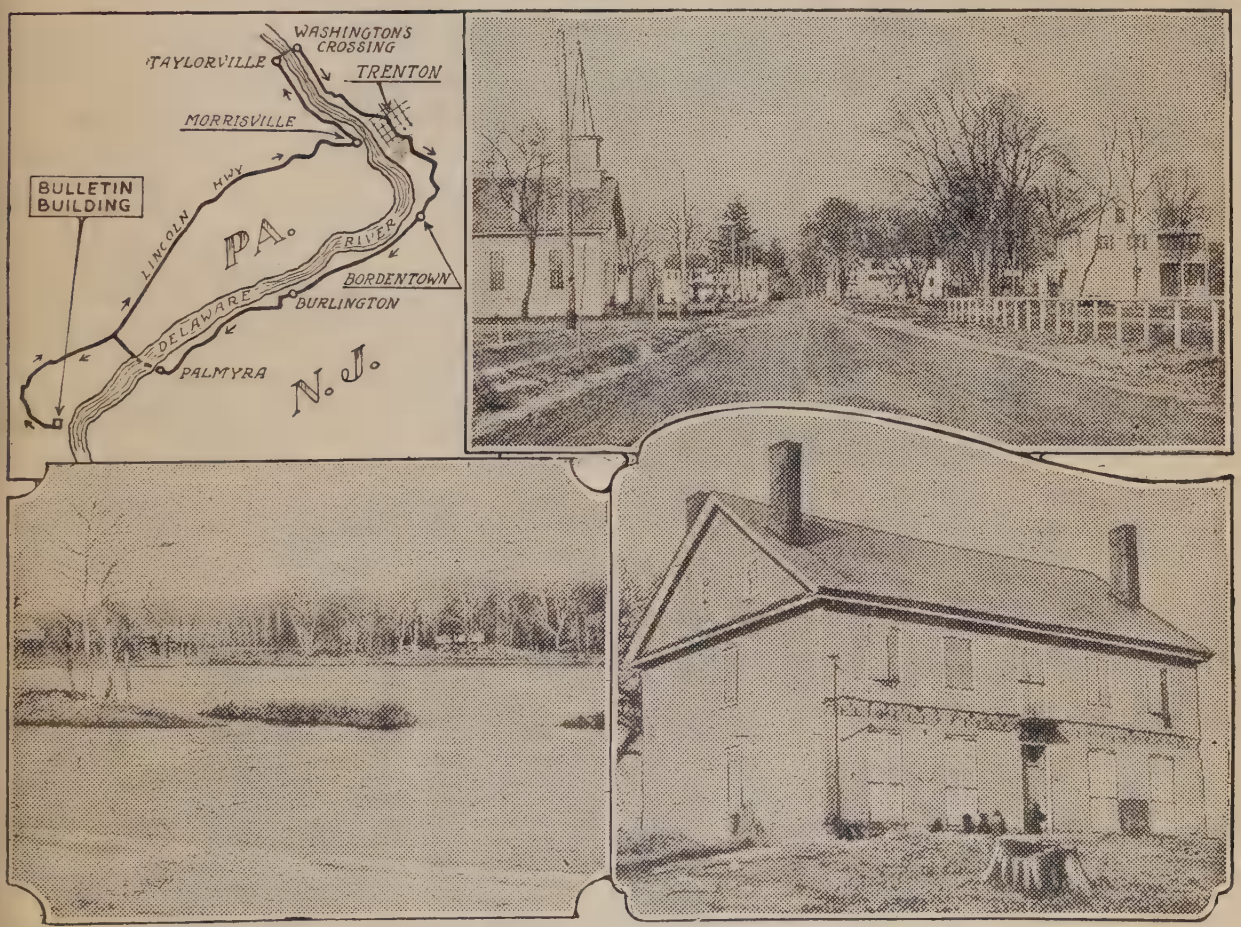
In New Jersey's Capital, what a contrast! Trenton is a city of revelry and wassail; the thousand Hessians left by the triumphant British Army to garrison the city and open the way to Philadelphia, hold high carnival; the many residents, be they peace-loving Quakers or others, have been driven into the upper stories of their homes or into the streets; of beer, wine and rum there is abundance: of food there is plenty, for the farms of North Jersey have been despoiled; supplies of all kinds are limitless.

There is safety, too, for between the city and the weary, disheartened and poorly equipped Patriot Army flows the broad Delaware, filled with great cakes of ice; it is snowing, sleeting; it is bitter cold. And so, as at Brussels many years later.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

All day the carousal has proceeded; it extends far into the night; the Hessian hirelings sink into drunken slumber. The skies clear, and just as the first rays of the sun peep over the plains to the east there is a shout of alarm from a sentry; a shot is fired; there is a wild call to arms, and the revellers, aroused, seize their guns and find themselves face to face with the enemy. At the first volley their commander, Colonel Rahl (or Rall as it is sometimes spelled), falls, mortally wounded. The fight is brief, but when it is over twenty Hessians are dead, seventy-five wounded, while all the rest are prisoners, and all their stores are in Washington's possession. The American loss is four wounded.

The effect of this victory was immense; patriot hopes revived; the army took on new courage; in England Lord Germain, Colonial Secretary of State, revealed that country's apprehension of failure. "All our hopes," he said, "were blasted by that unhappy affair at Trenton." The rest of Europe found it food for thought.



Reader's Upper Right, Taylorville, Pa., where Washington embarked to cross the Delaware to attack Trenton. **Lower Left,** The Delaware river at point of crossing viewed from the Pennsylvania side. **Right,** Washington's winter quarters at Morrisville, Pa., after his victories at Trenton and Princeton.

IF WASHINGTON WERE TO CROSS THE DELAWARE TODAY AS HE DID IN 1776 ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

A Composite Conception of the Historic Feat that led up to the surprise and defeat of the revelling Hessians at Trenton. The iron bridge in the picture did not span the river until long after Washington's time.

And because of the immense importance of this battle the Pathfinder decided that it would be timely, on this hundred and forty-ninth anniversary, to follow the path of the American Army, attended, let us believe for the moment, by the Spirit of Washington himself.

Go north on Broad st. and turn right on Roosevelt boulevard; this is the Lincoln Highway, which takes us on its concrete surface to Morrisville, on the Pennsylvania side, opposite Trenton.

It was here that Washington halted after his flight across New Jersey; this ablest of strategists had succeeded in leading his ten thousand men not only to the Delaware, but across it, and the British, satisfied that it had tied his hands for the winter, and having a wholesome respect for his guns which commanded the river, making it impossible to cross, left Rahl and his Hessians in charge of Trenton and retired toward New York.

But Washington had other ideas. It was December 11 when he saw the last of his men land on Pennsylvania soil; he sent Colonel Cadwalader and a force to Bristol, established General Ewing at Morrisville and distributed the rest of his forces along the river to the northward. Several weeks later, after he had walloped the British a few times, Washington returned to Morrisville and established winter quarters there. The building he occupied as such is still standing, and we look it over before proceeding on our way.

Along a street to our left as we approach the canal we see a school house, and on the hilltop a short distance beyond, another and older one. By the side of this stands the ancient mansion, the one historic building left in this town; because of its associations one that should be a treasured possession, yet which is being permitted to fall into ruin and decay.

We leave Morrisville (so named in honor of Robert Morris), and take the road that runs to the north between the canal and river; it is an excellent macadam road, running for miles over this ground hallowed by the courage and loyalty of American soldiers in spite of their sufferings; it was along this path they marched to strike that staggering blow for Liberty as their own special Christmas celebration of 1776.

At prosperous Yardley an iron bridge crosses the river; we pass on. Some nine miles above Morrisville we halt at Taylorville. It was McConkey's Ferry in 1776, and it was here that Washington elected to venture across the river on his daring raid.

According to plans, Cadwalader was to cross at Bristol and clear the section south of Trenton of Rahl's outposts, while other troops were to cross at Newton; Washington personally commanded the expedition at McConkey's Ferry, with Generals Sullivan and Greene as his supports. This was the only force that succeeded in getting over.

Then came the battle with the elements. The Delaware at this point is not half as wide as it is at Philadelphia, and is much shallower; nevertheless it was a tremendous, an unheard-of feat to transport a couple of thousand men, artillery, ammunition, etc., across in row boats, particularly as the oarsmen had to fight the great cakes of ice in the river, and the blinding snow and sleet, driven before a howling gale into their faces.

Why was Christmas selected? Because Washington knew the German customs. Christmas festivities such as we have today were almost unknown in the colonies, and in many sections severly frowned upon. But in Germany it was an occasion of merry-making with the flowing bowl playing a conspicuous part. He figured that Rahl and his men would feel themselves as safe from attack as if he were a thousand miles away, and that they would cut loose with all abandon. He would let them get well "lit-up" and then strike.

So the American Army assembled on the concentration field at the point of crossing, spent its Christmas, cold, sad, but grimly determined.

We stop for a while at this point, noting the progress made by the State in making it a State Park, that it may be preserved forever as a patriotic shrine such as Valley Forge and Gettysburg. There are markers and a monument upon which the history of the spot is chiseled, painted or cast, according to the form of the memorial. A few yards below the exact point of crossing the Pathfinder rolls easily over a steel bridge, picturing to himself the doughty men of '76 fighting their way across in boats just above.

On the New Jersey side we follow the smooth concrete southward and cover in a quarter of an hour or so the ground over which the weary soldiers marched for several hours. The exact road that the Army took is farther back from the river, but it is kept unpaved as it was in 1776.

We enter Trenton on State st., pass the State Capitol and pause just beyond in Mahlon Stacy Park to visit the Barracks that were built by the British during the French and Indian War and used during the Revolution by both sides. It is now a museum of revolutionary relics. Over in the park stands a house in which Washington held a council of war. The oldest Masonic Temple in the north, a little building, stands just across the street from the barracks.

We go on to Warren st., turn left and in a few minutes are at the Battle Monument, which stands on the spot where the battle began. Under it is a room filled with Revolutionary relics and part of the arch under which Washington passed in 1789 on his way to New York to be inaugurated the first President of the United States.

We go around the monument and proceed to the right along Broad st., which leads us out of the city, and we whirl along, still on concrete; we pause at Crosswicks Creek, where British outpost had been established, and reach Bordentown. Here Clara Barton taught school; Charles Stewart Parnell, the famous Irish leader, lived here for a time in the home of his grandfather, Rear Admiral Charles Stewart, of the American Navy. Bordentown was the home of Francis Hopkinson, poet, humorist, first of the American composers, signer of the Declaration and chairman of the congressional committee that designed the Stars and Stripes. And the big estate on our right was the home of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain and brother of Napoleon. It was because of his residence there that New Jersey is often jocularly called "New Spain."

We go on to Burlington, a city also rich in historical association, pass through, wishing the town would get the railroad street repaired, turn left at the station, and a couple of squares beyond swing right on concrete and roll on through half a dozen prosperous and busy towns to Palmyra, where we take the ferry to Tacony and following the signs, come home as we went, by Roosevelt boulevard and the park.

And because we have had thus so vividly brought to our attention the stirring events of that Christmas of 1776 we can better appreciate this Christmas of 1925. 100 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, December 24, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

WHERE PRE-HISTORIC ANIMALS ONCE ROAMED

Replica of Mt. Vernon and Scenes of Indian Legends and Mysteries on the Way

Giant boulders and rock-bound caves where Indians lurked and from which they launched their stonepointed shafts of death at their foes in days long before Columbus came; a cave in which bones of pre-historic animals were found; these are high spots on this week's tour of the Pathfinder.

The romance and charm surrounding the first are lengendary. the tale of the other is fact; but the first nevertheless exist and whether or not there was any warfare there they are well worth a visit, so let's go. We will travel over some roads not before touched on these trips and get some scenic surprises.

We go out the Parkway, into the Park, turn right at the Lincoln statue, left across Girard av. bridge, and by way of variety continue straight ahead on Girard av., to Belmont av., right thereon to and crossing City Line av., passing West Laurel Hill Cemetery, and turn left on Levering Mill road at Westminster Cemetery, right after passing the Cynwyd School on to Meeting House lane; we pass the site of the old Belmont Race Track, of which nothing remains but the fountain that stood in front of the hotel; where sports once foregathered and "played the ponies" there are now winding avenues and handsome residences.

We turn right on Montgomery av. and halt at Woodbine av., opposite Narberth, to examine a stone marker enclosed in an iron fence on the corner of an estate. It tells us that here Washington's army encamped September 14, 1777. It is only a city square or so above the General Wayne Inn that dates from 1704 and the Merion Friends Meeting that was founded by Penn himself in 1682.

On we go again; at Haverford at the fork we leave Montgomery av., and take the "New" Gulph Road to the right. It is excellent, smooth stone with the exception of about half a mile; this half mile is rough and prompts careful going; but take the few bumps, you will be well repaid.

It is a beautiful run through woods and past fine estates, and suddenly from the brow of a hill we have reached without noticing it we halt to enjoy a magnificent view across the valleys stretching away for many miles; the scene is dotted with park-like estates and prosperous little communities; on the brow of a hill that overlooks all this beauty sits a duplicate of Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, so placed that it can be seen from a long distance. It is the home of Dr. Wilbur M. Klapp, whose admiration for the Father of his Country not only led him to duplicate the historic mansion on the Potomac, but to give the estate the same name—Mount Vernon.

Not far beyond this estate the road forks, that to the right being of dirt,

Upper, a pretty scene along the Pickering Creek. **Lower**, reader's left, some of the giant boulders near Gulph Mills, around which many Indian legends centre. **Right**, along the road through the woods back from Gulph road.

but excellent; we take it and immediately begin a winding ramble through the extensive woods which in summer are irresistible for those inclined to picnic by the side of the brook that romps and splashes over the stones, singing its merry, eternal song.

We stop, for high above it to the left there is a great mass of huge boulders, we ford the creek on stepping stones laid by nature for our use and climb to the rocks, from the summit of which we get a glorious view of the surrounding country. These are the rocks around which were built the Indian legends. There are caves and nooks innumerable; for generations the boys of that vicinity have played about them, and boyhood imagination has woven stirring tales of battles and aboriginal mysticism of bygone centuries about them.

The collection of boulders resembles, though they are much more extensive, the Devil's Den at Gettysburg and Castle Rock along the West Chester pike, and on a smaller scale the mighty geological formation at French Creek Falls. A wonderful playground for red-blooded American boys; an ideal place to take the family for a summer day in the open.

We continue along that delightful forest road and presently emerge to see, down in the valley, Conshohocken and the country beyond, with the Schuylkill river in the foreground. It is another of the many superb views on this trip.

The road brings us to macadam, upon which we swing to the right and are soon back to Gulph road; we turn right and this time remain upon it. At the cross road by the old church a tree right at the corner attracts our attention because its twisted roots bulge out from the bank and partly overhang the road, leading one to wonder how it holds its place.

We pass King of Prussia and trundle on to Port Kennedy; it is here that half a century or more ago, in a cave in the lime cliffs, were found the bones of those weird animals that roamed about before Adam hung out his shingle as the greatest owner of real estate in the world.

Over this country at a time so far remote that it cannot be exactly calculated, in the Myocene age, whenever that was, there romped a lot of household pets such as the megalonyx loxoden, the tapirus Americanus, mylodon, crotalus, tropidonatus, etc. When the family of a resident got hungry he went forth with his club and came home with a protherium palatinum, an arvicol speothen, an erethizon cloacinum or a tetradella, a pons assinorum or a nux vomica or something with a name somewhat similar. Then he would harness up his team of spanking mastodons and drive into town to have a good time with the boys.

We may not have all these names or the customs of the early inhabitants exactly right; it is unimportant, however; the main fact is that about 1871 or before a visitor to this cave found a bone, which he took to Dr. Quick, of Phoenixville, and that scientific gentleman identified it as having belonged to a mastodon. He called Mr. Charles Wheatley in consultation, and they went ex-

ploring and digging in that cave until they had exhumed the bones of about forty or fifty animals, insects, snakes, etc. of styles that passed out of existence thousands of years before.

The cave is not to be seen now, for the basin in which it was found is full of water, which, with refuse flowing from the lime kilns and quarries nearby have converted it into a sizeable lake; because of the chemicals the water is a rich, clear green in color, and rippling in the breeze, the sun-touched wavelets give one much the impression of a myriad of emeralds.

We take the rise through the streets and cross the Schuylkill river on the iron bridge which brings us to Betzwood, once the ornate home of one who made beer of gratifyingly much more than one-half of one per cent. We go ahead on Trooper road, shunning the stretch of dirt and keeping on the stone to Jeffersonville, where we turn left on Ridge pike, halting for a few minutes at Eagleville to take in the view of seven counties; then on again to Collegeville, where we turn left on the first road after crossing the Perkiomen creek through Yerkes to Mont Clare and Phoenixville.

Passing through Phoenixville, we take the Malvern road along the pretty Pickering Valley, travelling for stretches along the one-track branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad and getting a kick out of the rolling stock; passenger "trains" on this branch consist of one car which is gasoline motor driven, and barring the fact that it looks like a railroad car and runs on rails is very much like a motor bus with a baggage compartment added. One is tempted to step on the gas, the road is so good, and show the P. R. R. what the bus will do; but the railroad chauffeur has similar ideas, so we content ourselves with trotting along with him; down below Sidley the railroad crosses our path at an acute angle; we keep with him, but as we approach the crossing running side by side, being polite, we stop and permit him to cross first; this not only gives us the reputation of being courteous, but precludes the possibility of our being the central figure in a coroner's inquest.

This road soon brings us to the Lincoln Highway at Glen Loch, and we swing left thereon and follow it home. We have covered 78 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, December 17, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

DOWN IN NEW JERSEY WHERE THE HOLLY GROWS

Tour Includes Visit to Pretty Lake Cotoxen and Picnic Grounds Near Medford

New Jersey holly has gone on a strike.

It is as green and spiky as ever, but the red berries that set it off and make it so desirable for Christmas decoration are not in evidence. This year the trees and bushes have simply refused to produce, so the berried sprays must be harvested elsewhere.

This is one of the things the Pathfinder discovered on his weekly ramble. The approach of Christmas and what the spiky, red-berried plant stands for prompted a trip into Burlington county across the river where the trees and bushes abound.

Why is it called holly? Why is it used for Christmas decoration? Its use for such purposes dates back to the beginning of the Christian era, and before that it was used, with the mistletoe, in Druidical service. When Christians began to celebrate the birth of Jesus by ornamenting their places of worship they found everywhere the dull dreariness of winter; trees presented nothing but dull gray branches and twigs; the colorful flowers of summer and fall had provided seeds for their perpetuation and died.

But gleaming amid all this drabness was the bright green, leathery leaf with its thorns and its brilliant red berries, a challenging symbol of the life everlasting, and it was reverently gathered to decorate the churches and homes at Christmas; and for this reason they called it the holy tree, from which was eventually derived its present designation, the holly.

To see this tree in its native haunts looked to the Pathfinder like a treat; but while the holly proved disappointing there were other elements that made the trip worth while; for instance a pretty place to picnic and take a swim, to be remembered next summer, and some excellent roads that have not figured in previous tours.

Burlington county is a vast domain; much of it is scrub pine and wild woodland, where deer roam at will; where, as Gray says in his Elegy "full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air;" for in some of these woods in spring the laurel blossoms in great profusion, the swamp magnolia sends its rich aroma floating through the air for long distances, and the holly grows in trees and bushes and as a rule is rich in ripe red berries.

Last Spring we told of trips through back roads leading to and past the laurel and the magnolia; now, with Christmas just around the corner and every kid on his toes with excitement and angelic in deportment, it occurred to the Pathfinder to go down where the holly grows and see how it behaves itself while awaiting the chap with the knife and a truck, ready to convert it into wreaths.

We go around City Hall, dive through Juniper st. to Chestnut, turn left and proceed to the Market st. ferry; in Camden we go straight out Market st. and are soon whirling along the pike toward Mount Holly, the county seat; it takes its name from the little mountain nearby which in turn was so named because of the profusion of the Christmas plant in that vicinity.

But we leave the pike at Moorestown, swinging right on a good gravel road which presently becomes fine, smooth stone; a short distance beyond the Mt. Holly-Medford road we halt at the little settlement called Lake Cotoxen; the lake is formed by the broadening at this point of Haynes Creek, a tributary to the Rancocas, and like the larger stream it is one of cedar water. It is a pretty spot, with picnic grounds on the island reached by rustic bridges; there are facilities for changing clothing for those who want to swim or splash in the creek. Cotoxen is a local Indian name. The place is a short distance from Medford.

We go on, presently rolling into prosperous Vincentown, turn right opposite the mill and are again on good gravel which takes us to Red Lion; we swing left at the hotel to Tabernacle, then right and keep on the gravel to Indian Mills. Most of the holly found on this trip is in this vicinity; the Pathfinder's search for some with berries led him below to Atsion, a centre of the cranberry district, but finding none he returned to Indian Mills.

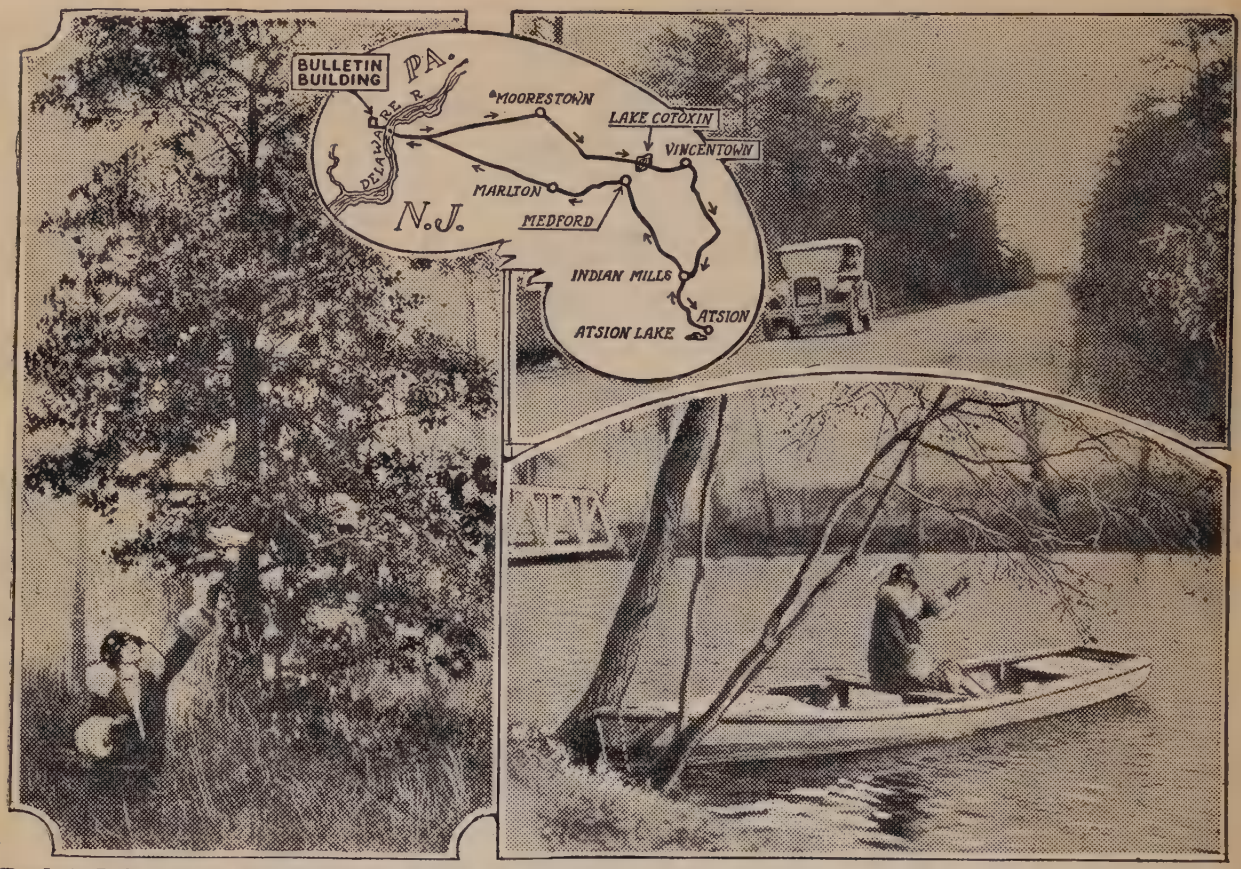
It must be remembered that virtually all the holly is on private property and one must have permission of the owner to take any of it.

Early comers to New Jersey acquired vast tracts of land, estates of baronial proportions; these estates, divided into many farms which were leased to farmers, supplied the chief revenue to lordly owners. Such landlordism, however, was one of the customs that went overboard with the winning of the Revolution, and most of these great domains were split into many pieces and became the properties of many owners. But in south Jersey as recently as forty years ago or so there was still one estate that covered thirty thousand acres.

This vast holding was that of Maurice Raleigh, which extended from the vicinity of Atsion to Waterford, including farms, lakes, streams, cranberry bogs, great stretches of woods, etc. Upon his death, however, this estate, too, disintegrated, and while many houses have been built in parts of it, there are still thousands of acres in pristine wildness.

All the cranberry bogs have been flooded and will remain lakes until the time comes to drain them and give next year's crop a chance to grow.

All through Burlington County the evergreen of pine and holly preserve



Reader's Left, a holly tree in the woods of south New Jersey. **Upper Right,** the road through the holly country near Indian Mills, N. J. **Lower,** Cotoxen Lake.

a touch of color against the drab background of vegetation stripped of its foliage for the winter; it needs only the sprinkling of red berries that are denied us to set off more vividly the contrast between summer and winter.

And so, as the holly mutely tells us "yes, we have no berries," we sigh and start for home; our excellent road takes us to Medford, where we swing left on the concrete to Marlton, Camden and Philadelphia. 86 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, December 10, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

MAKING NAVIGATION SAFE FROM SEA TO CITY

Edgemoor Lighthouse Depot and Scenes of Penn's Activities Make Short but Attractive Tour

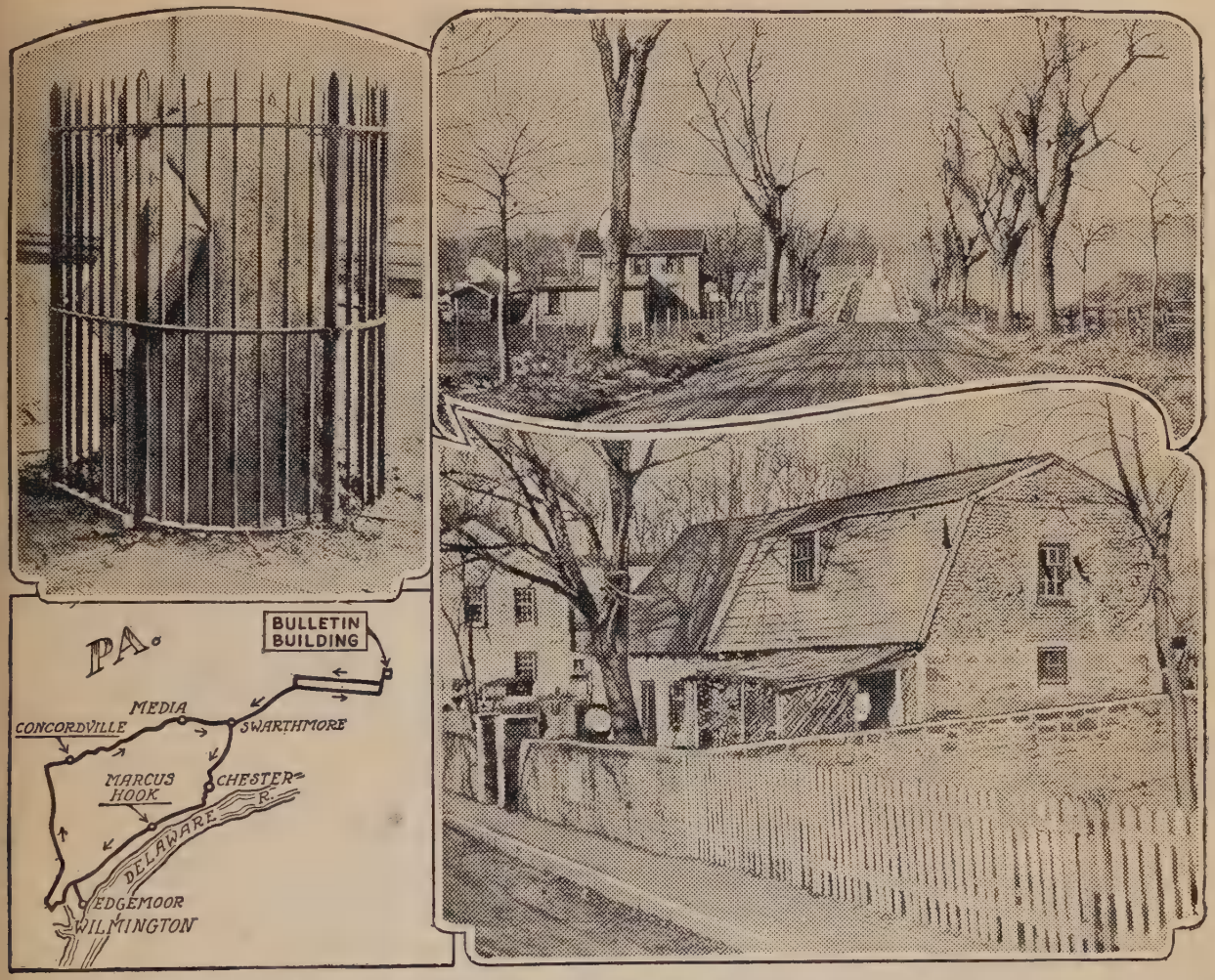
One hundred lighthouses, thirty-one lighted buoys and two hundred and thirty-one other buoys, light the way or guide the mariner along the channel from the Delaware Breakwater to Philadelphia, and at Edgemoor, just above Wilmington, is the station from which the supplies for both are sent and the entire system kept in first class order.

Because it is off from the main highways the place is little known to the motoring public, but it is well worth a visit just to show how your Uncle Samuel J. Yankee Doodle exercises a vigilant care for commerce and the men who go down to the sea in ships. The Pathfinder decided to wind up his year's activities by going down there and looking it over; and on the way he picked up a little bit of history in connection with William Penn.

Motoring is becoming an all year pastime, and the biting cold of midwinter seems to be no deterrent to the enthusiast; this is all right for the man who has a closed car with an electric heater against which to toast his shins; if your car is an open one button up the curtains and carry a supply of blankets that take the place of the buffalo robes without which no carriage of the days of our grand daddies was complete, and a pair of goloshes come in mighty handy to keep one's ankles warm.

So well bundled up we breeze away from the Bulletin Building, circle City Hall, roll down Broad st., and out Walnut to 63d, and follow our old path by way of Marshall road through Lansdowne to the Baltimore pike; this brings us to Swarthmore, and we bear left to Chester; we proceed along Edgemont av., to 14th st., turn right to Madison, left, then right past the car barn, where we turn right, then left, past the old mills falling into ruin and swing to the right on the road along the mill race a short distance, where we halt at a little house behind a wall.

This was the home of Caleb Pusey, at Upland. This first American ancestor of the Puseys and friend of William Penn built the house in 1683, or within a year after the founder landed, and there Caleb entertained Friend William many times; a tablet in the wall identifies it. The neighborhood now is extremely unattractive, and the house, while occupied, is very like a hovel. But



Upper Left, stone marking spot in Chester where William Penn landed in 1682; the river has been filled in for several hundred feet in front of it since. **Right**, Marsh road, leading from the Wilmington pike above Wilmington, to Edgemoor, the Lighthouse Station, where Delaware river buoys are made, repaired, and from which they are distributed. **Lower**, the Caleb Pusey house in Upland, built in 1683. Penn visited it many times. Diagram shows route followed.

it is one of the few remaining structures that link Pennsylvania with its big-hearted founder, and therefore deserving of public attention and preservation.

We roll back into Chester and proceed to Penn st., then turn right thereon and follow it to the end, where the railroad occupies the river front, and there, enclosed in an iron fence, is a stone that marks the spot where the founder landed on October 28, 1682. The river has been filled for some distance beyond, and boats cannot reach the spot now by a hundred yards.

We go back to 5th st., turn left and head for Wilmington, pass Claymont, Delaware, and Holly Oak, and presently, with Wilmington looming ahead we swing left on Marsh road, one of good macadam, and soon, passing over the new bridge crossing the Pennsylvania railroad, turn left again and in a moment roll into the grounds of the Edgemoor Lighthouse Depot, a busy place under the superintendence of H. K. Snyder.

The old buildings were destroyed by fire some time ago, and new ones of fireproof construction are taking their places; all about are massive chains of various kinds and buoys of several designs. Here the buoys are made or repaired; here are stationed the Lighthouse Tenders Iris and Woodbine, staunch vessels as trim as yachts, yet built to buck the ice and buffet the storms of the river and bay, and here is the lighthouse known as the Cherry Island Front Light.

Buoys are of different kinds for different places; the thirty-one that carry lights are of various types of gas, the light shining brightly in calm or storm, the mid-stream adjuncts to the rigid towers along the shores; there are also bell buoys, which under the movement of the waves keep up their tinkling and so guide the pilot in pitchy darkness; then there are the two tall-type buoys, the can, or flat top, and the nun, or pointed top, and the various classes of iron and wood spar ice buoys. These last replace the gas buoys when the ice is bad.

So it is up to the crews of the Iris and the Woodbine to watch these buoys; to keep them in repair, and to make changes as conditions warrant, that the service may be always a hundred per cent. efficient.

We get a kick out of viewing for a long distance the mighty, silent river, dotted here and there with ships, some of which are completing or starting a voyage of hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles, and can better appreciate the work of this lighthouse service that makes navigation to the City of Penn safe and serene.

Back to the Wilmington pike, then left to Wilmington, then right on Concord av., and straightaway over the concrete to Painter's Cross Roads, right and home again over the Baltimore pike; not a long trip this time, but one that will satisfy the man who wants to get a lot of satisfaction out of a short ramble. 71 miles.

Reprinted from The Evening Bulletin, December 31, 1925, Motor Route, corrected to March 15, 1926.

MOTOR ROUTES

ROUTE 1—BRISTOL, CONN. Lincoln Highway, leaving city by way of Roosevelt Boulevard, to South Langhorne, Trenton, N. J.; Lawrenceville, Princeton, Kingston, Franklin Park, New Brunswick, Metuchen, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark, out Passaic av. to Carlstadt, Hackensack, Westwood, Nanuet, N. Y.; right to Nyack, up the Hudson to Haverstraw, Tompkins Cove, Bear Mountain, bridge over river; Peekskill, Carmel, right to Danbury, Conn.; Sandy Hook, Southbury, Waterbury, left to Thomaston, right to Bristol.

ROUTE 2—VICKSBURG, MISS. 1400 miles. Out Baltimore av. and continuing pike to Lansdowne, Swarthmore, Media, Concordville, Painter's Cross Roads, Hamorton (duPont Gardens, Longwood, a short distance beyond); Kennett Square, Avondale, Oxford, Rising Sun, Md., Conowingo, Bel Air, Baltimore, Washington; cross river at 14th st., left to Alexandria, Va., Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania, Richmond, Petersburg, Dinwiddie, South Hill, Henderson, N. C.; Durham, right to Greensboro, Lexington, Salisbury, Charlotte, right to King's Mountain, Cowpens, S. C.; Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson, Alford's Bridge, Athens, Ga.; Lawrenceville, Stone Mountain, Atlanta, Newman, Lagrange, Obeika, Ala.; Auburn, Tuskegee, Montgomery, Benton, Selma, Prairieville, Belamy, Meriden, Miss.; Newton, Morton, Jackson, Bolton, Vicksburg.

ROUTE 3—CHICAGO, ILL. 800 miles. Lincoln Highway, leaving Philadelphia by way of Lancaster av. at Overbrook, to Lancaster, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, McConnellsburg, Bedford, Greensburg, Pittsburgh; cross Ohio river on Point bridge, then right to McKee's Rocks, Monaca, Rochester, Beaver, Bridgewater, Darlington, Columbiana, Ohio; Leetonia, Lisbon, Canton, where resume Lincoln Highway; Mansfield, Oceola, Upper Sandusky, Delphos, Van Wert, Churubusco, Ind.; Ligonier, South Bend, LaPorte, Valparaiso, Chicago.

ROUTE 4—NEW YORK. 96 miles. Straight out the Lincoln Highway, leaving Philadelphia by way of the Roosevelt Boulevard, through Trenton, Princeton, New Brunswick, Elizabeth, Newark, Jersey City, New York.

ROUTE 5—BOSTON, MASS., AND PORTLAND, ME. 345 and 473 miles. Lincoln Highway to Newark, N. J.; (see Route 4) out Passaic av., to Hackensack, right to Englewood, ferry to Dyckman st., upper New York City; cross city and follow the Pelham Parkway (Boston Post Road) to New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, Stamford, Conn.; Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, Guilford, Saybrook, New London, Groton, Mystic, Stonington, Westerly, R. I., Choice of two routes to Providence: (a) left to Potter Hill, Wyoming, Washington, Natick and Providence. (b) Charlestown, Wakefield (Narragansett Pier and Saunderstown ferry to Newport on right), Allenton, Wickford, Apponaug, Providence, Pawtucket, Plainville, Mass.; Wrentham, Walpole, Norwood, Dedham, Boston, Cambridge; right and direct road to Newburyport by way of Lynnfield, or follow the coast to Revere Beach, Lynn, Swampscott, Marblehead, Salem, Gloucester, left to Ipswich, Newburyport, Salisbury, straight ahead to Seabrook, Hampton and Portsmouth, or turn left and follow coast road to Portsmouth; Kittery, Me., York Harbor, Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, Scarboro, Portland.

ROUTE 6—ATLANTIC CITY. 60 miles. (a) Camden, White Horse pike to Audubon, Magnolia, Kirkwood, Laurel Springs, Berlin, Atco, Chesilhurst, Waterford Works, Ancora, Elm, skirt Hammonton, DaCosta, Elwood, Egg Harbor City, Cologne, Pomerania, Absecon, Atlantic City. (b) Camden, right on Broadway; Gloucester, Westville, Hurffville, Glassboro, Clayton, Franklinville, Malaga, left to Downstown, Buena, Richland, May's Landing, Pleasantville, Atlantic City.

ROUTE 7—OCEAN CITY. 65 miles. (a) Route No. 6a to Absecon, then right to Pleasantville, Somers Point, Ocean City. (b) Route 6b to May's Landing, then right to English Creek, Somers Point, Ocean City.

ROUTE 8—SOUTH NEW JERSEY RESORTS. Route 6a to May's Landing, right to Estell Manor, Tuckahoe, Petersburg, Seaville. Spurs at intervals from main road reach resorts as follows: left three miles below to Sea Isle City, 73 miles; Townsend Inlet, 75 miles; Swainton, left to Avalon, 81 miles; Cape May Court House, left to Stone Harbor, 84 miles; Burleigh, left to Anglesea, Wildwood, Wildwood Crest, 90 miles; Rio Grande, left to Wildwood; Cold Spring, Cape May, 97 miles.

ROUTE 9—CAPE MAY, N. J. 90 miles direct. Camden, right on Broadway; Westville, Glassboro, Malaga, Vineland, Millville, Port Elizabeth, Delmont, Eldora, Dennisville, Goshen (left to Cape May Court House), Rio Grande, Cape May.

ROUTE 10—MIDDLE NEW JERSEY RESORTS. Camden, straight ahead on Market st., continuing on Moorestown pike to Merchantville, Moorestown, Mt. Holly, Pemberton, New Lisbon, right to Four Mile, Chatsworth, Cedar Bridge, Barnegat; left to Waretown, Forked River, Cedar Creek, Bayville, Pine Beach, Toms River; right to Manahawken, Cedar Run, West Creek, Tuckerton, New Gretna; at Manahawken go east to Beach Arlington, 63 miles; left to Surf City (64), Harvey Cedars (66), Barnegat City (68). Or right to Ship Bottom (64), Brant Beach (65), Penhala (66), Beach Haven Terrace (67), Beach Haven (68).

ROUTE 11—NORTH NEW JERSEY RESORTS. Route 10 to New Lisbon, then Brown's Mills, Lakehurst, right to Toms River, 54 miles; straight ahead to Pine Beach (57), Ocean Gate (59), Barnegat Pier (60), or left to Island Heights (59), Seaside Heights (61) and Seaside Park (62), north to Ortley (62), Lavallette (64), Chadwick (65), Mantoloking (68), Bay Head (70), Point Pleasant (71), Manasquan (74), Sea Girt (75), Spring Lake (76), Lake Como (77), Belmar (79), Avon (80), Bradley Beach (81), Ocean Grove (82), Asbury Park; or for Point Pleasant and resorts above go from Lakehurst to Whitesville, Lakewood, Laurelton, Point Pleasant.

ROUTE 12—NORTH NEW JERSEY RESORTS. Lincoln Highway, to Trenton, then eastward to Mercerville, Robbinsville, Windsor, Highstown, Manalapan, Freehold (Monmouth Battlefield to left), Jerseyville, Hamilton, Ocean Grove (75), Asbury Park (76), Allenhurst (78), Deal Beach (79), Elberon (80), West End (82), Long Branch (84), North Long Branch (86), Monmouth Beach (87), Seabright (90), Navesink Beach (91), Highland Beach (92), Highlands (93), Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook (100).

ROUTE 13—FLORIDA POINTS. 1,500 to 1,900 miles. Out Walnut st. to 63d, left to Marshall road, just below Spruce st., right to Lansdowne where take the Baltimore pike to Baltimore; south through city and out Columbia av. to Washington; cross Potomac river at 14th st., left to Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Petersburg, South Hill, Clarksville, Oxford, N. C.; Durham, Sanford, Carthage, Charlotte, King's Mountain Spartanburg, S. C.; Greenville, Anderson, Athens, Ga.; Madison, Macon, Perry, Tifton, Valdosta, Lake City, Fla. For east coast points go east to Jacksonville, and follow the coast southward to Bayard, Woodward, St. Augustine, Elkton, Hastings, Espanola, Bunnell, Ormond, Daytona, New Smyrna, Oak Hill, Mims, Titusville, Indian River, Rockledge, Melbourne, Micco, Sebastian, Fort Pierce, Walton, Olympia, Jupiter, Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Deerfield, Fort Lauderdale, Hollywood, Fulford, Miami. For central and west coast resorts go south from Lake City to High Springs, Hague, Gainesville, Kirkwood, Ocala, Bushnell, Dade City, Plant City, west to Oak Park, Tampa, Oldsmar, Dunedin, Pasadena, St. Petersburg, or south from Oak Park to Riverview, Bradentown, Sarasota, Osprey, Venice and Englewood.

ROUTE 14—TAMAQUA, PA. 88 miles. Chestnut Hill, Bethlehem pike to Fort Washington, Ambler, Spring House, Montgomeryville, Lexington, Sellersville, Quakertown, Coopersburg, Centre Valley, Allentown, Stetlersville, Siegersville, Schnecksville, Slatington, Palmerton, Parryville, Weissport, Lehighton, Mauch Chunk, left to Nesquehoning, Lansford, Coaldale, Tamaqua.

ROUTE 15—ROCHESTER, N. Y. 450 miles. Lackawanna Trail to Binghampton, N. Y. This trail starts at Stenton Av., Germantown, at which point it is the Easton pike. Glenside, Willow Grove, Hallowell, Doylestown, Danboro, Plumsteadville, Pipersville, Ottsville, Kintnersville, Riegelsville, Easton, Martins Creek, Bangor, Portland, Delaware Water Gap, left to Stroudsburg, Bartonsville, Tannersville, Swiftwater, Mt. Pocono, Tobyhanna, Moscow, Elmhurst, Scranton, Providence Square, Clark's Summit, Factoryville, Nicholson, Foster, Kingsley, New Milford, Hallstead, Kirkwood, N. Y.; Binghamton, then Vestal, Owego, Smithboro, Barton, Waverly, Chemung, Lowman, Elmira, Horseheads, Pine Valley, Millport, Montour Falls, Watkins, Reading Centre, Dundee, Penn Yan, Hall, Stanley, Flint, Hopewell, Canandaigua, right to Victor, Mendon, Pittsford, Rochester.

ROUTE 16—KNOXVILLE, TENN. 666 miles. Lincoln Highway to Gettysburg, left on Hagerstown road to Fairfield, Fountain Dale, Charmian, Blue Ridge Summit, Buena Vista, Rouzerville, Waynesboro, left to Leitersburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Marlow, W. Va.; Falling Waters, Berkeley, Martinsburg, Darkesville, Bunker Hill, Clearbrook, Va.; Winchester, Kernstown, Stephens City, Middletown, Strasburg, Maurertown, Woodstock, Edinburg, Hawkinston, Mt. Jackson, New Market (Luray and other caverns in this vicinity), Lacey Springs, Harrisonburg, Mt. Crawford, Burketown, Mt. Sidney, Verona, Staunton, Mint Spring, Greenville, Midway, Fairfield, Lexington, Natural Bridge, Buchanan, Troutville, Cloverdale, Roanoke, Salem, Christiansburg, Pulaski, Fort Chiswell, Wytheville, Marion, Abingdon, Bristol, Tenn. Best inquire here as to best of two routes to Knoxville, which depends on weather conditions.

ROUTE 17—DuPONT GARDENS. Longwood, estate and conservatory of Mr. Pierre duPont, is 29 miles from City Hall, Philadelphia. Open to the public every week day and first and third Sundays; on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays a small admission is charged, which is devoted to charities; free at other times. Parking space limited to 300 motor cars at a time. Go out Walnut st. to 63d, left to Marshall road, below Spruce st., right to Lansdowne, right on Baltimore pike to Swarthmore, Media, Concordville, Chadd's Ford, Hamorton, Longwood.

ROUTE 18—WINIFREDE, W. VA. 500 miles. Follow route 16 to Lexington, Va., then right to Longdale Furnace, Clifton Forge, Covington, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Caldwell, Lewisburg, Clintonville, Meadow Bluff, Rainelle, Lookout Hill, Victor, Ansted, Gauley Bridge, Diamond, left to Winifrede.

ROUTE 19—SALISBURY, MD. 173 miles. Baltimore pike to Swarthmore, left to Chester, right following directing arrows to Marcus Hook, Claymont, Del., Wilmington, right on 11th st., continuing on Delaware av., then left on Pennsylvania av. to Union st., at the B. & O. Railroad; left to Marshallton, Newark, Elkton, Md.; to Chesapeake City, Middletown, Cecilton, Galena, Kennedyville, Chestertown, Church Hill, Centerville, Wye Mills, Longwoods, Easton, Bethlehem, Preston, Hurlock, Rhodesdale, Eldorado, Sharptown, Salisbury.

ROUTE 20—CAPE CHARLES, VA. 228 miles. Baltimore pike to Swarthmore, left to Chester, right to Wilmington, straight through city and follow the duPont Highway to Farnhurst, St. George's, Odessa, Smyrna, Dover, Harrington, Greenwood, Bridgeville, Seaford, Laurel, Delmar, Parsonburg, Md.; Salisbury, Allen, Princess Anne, Costen, Pocomoke City, New Church, Va.; Oak Hall, Temperanceville, Mappsville, Gargatha, Tasley, Onley, Melfa, Painter, Belle Haven, Exmore, Franktown, Eastville, Cheriton, Cape Charles.

ROUTE 21—REHOBOTH AND LEWES, DELAWARE. 128 miles. Follow route 20 to Dover, then left to Magnolia, Frederica, Milford, Lincoln City, Ellendale, Georgetown, left to Harbeson, Lewes and Rehoboth.

ROUTE 22—OCEAN CITY, MD. 141 miles. Routes 20 and 21 to Georgetown, Del., continue southward to Stockley, Millsboro, Dagsboro, Frankford, Selbyville, Showell, Md.; Friendship, Berlin, left to Ocean City. Continuing ahead from Berlin leads to Ironshire, Newark, Snow Hill and Pocomoke City.

ROUTE 23—ALLENTOWN BY WAY OF THE PERKIOMEN. 62 miles. Chestnut Hill; Germantown pike to Plymouth Meeting, Springtown, Penn Square, Norritonville, Fairview, Providence Square, Evansburg, Perkiomen Bridge, Collegeville, right on Perkiomen pike to Rahns, Graterford, Schwenkville, Delphi, Zieglersville, Perkiomenville, Green Lane, Red Hill, Pennsburg, East Greenville, Palm, Hereford, Zionsville, Shimerville, Vera Cruz, Emaus, Allentown.

ROUTE 24—HARRISBURG. 104 miles. Choice of two routes: (a) Lancaster av. (Lincoln Highway) to Ardmore, Haverford, Bryn Mawr, Rosemont, Villa Nova, St. David's, Wayne, Strafford, Devon, Berwyn, Daylesford, Paoli, Green Tree, Glen Loch, Exton, Whitford, Downingtown, Thorndale, Caln, Coatesville, Sadsburyville, Kinzers, Vintage, Paradise, Soudersburg, Lancaster; Harrisburg pike to Landisville, Mt. Joy, Elizabethtown, Middletown, Highspire, Steelton, Harrisburg. (b) Roxborough; Ridge pike to Barren Hill, Harmanville, Mogee, Norristown, Jeffersonville, Trooper, Eagleville, Collegeville, Trappe, Limerick, Sanatoga, Pottstown, Douglassville, Baumstown, Reiffton, Reading, Sinking Spring, Wernersville, Robesonia, Womelsdorf, Stouchsburg, Myerstown, Avon, Lebonon, Annville, Palmyra, Hershey, Hummelstown, Harrisburg.

ROUTE 25—PAINTED POST, N.Y. 277 miles. Route 24 to Harrisburg, then right and follow the Susquehanna Trail; Progress, Fort Hunter, Dauphin, Clark's Ferry, cross river; New Buffalo, Montgomery Ferry, Liverpool, Chapman, Port Trevorton, Selinsgrove, Sunbury, Northumberland, Milton, McEwensville, Muncy, Halls, Montoursville, Williamsport, Hepburnville, Trout Run, left to Buttonwood, Liberty, Blossburg, Covington, Canoe Camp, Mansfield, Tioga, Lawrenceville, Lindley, N. Y.; Presho, Painted Post.

ROUTE 26—ERIE, PA. 428 miles. Route 24 to Harrisburg; right to Clark's Ferry, cross river; Millerstown, Thompsontown, Mifflintown, Lewistown, Yeagerstown, Reedsville, left to Belleville, Whitehall, Allensville, Mill Creek, right to Huntingdon, Smithfield, Alexandria, Water Street, Spruce Creek, left to Birmingham, Tyrone, Bald Eagle, Sandy Ridge, Osceola Mills, Philipsburg, West Decatur, Bigler, Woodland, Clearfield, Curwensville, Grampian, Luthersburg, Rathmel, Reynoldsville, Brookville, Corsica, Strattonville, Clarion, Shippensville, Van, Maple Shade, Cranberry, Franklin, Sugar Creek, Cochranton, Shaws, Meadville, Saegerstown, Venango, Cambridge Springs, Waterford, Erie.

ROUTE 27—ALTOONA, PA. 246 miles. Routes 24 and 26 to Water Street, then left to Williamsburg, Frankstown, Hollidaysburg, right to Altoona.

ROUTE 28—PITTSBURGH. 330 miles. (Alternate route to Lincoln Highway.) Routes 24 and 26 to Water Street, left to Hollidaysburg, Duncanville, Cresson, Loretto, Ebensburg, Mundys, Armagh, Clyde, Blairsville, New Alexandria, Allsworth, Delmont, Murrysville, Wilkinsburg, East Liberty, Pittsburgh.

ROUTE 29—WHEELING, W. VA. 353 miles. Lincoln Highway to Coatesville, Lancaster, Columbia, York, Gettysburg; left on Hagerstown road to Hagerstown, Md.; right on National Old Trails to Clear Spring, Indian Spring, Hancock, Piney Grove, Flintstone, Cumberland, Frostburg, Grantsville, Keysers Ridge, Strawn, Pa.; Addison, Somerfield, Thomasdale, Humberston, Farmington, Chalk Hill, Hopwood, Uniontown, Searights, Brownsville, Centerville, Beallsville, Scenery Hill, Glyde, Laboratory, Washington, Claysville, West Alexandria, Roney's Point, W. Va.; Triadelphia, Elm Grove, Wheeling.

ROUTE 30—NIAGARA FALLS AND BUFFALO. 480 miles. Route 15 to Canandaigua, left to East Bloomfield, West Bloomfield, Lima, East Avon, Caledonia, Le Roy, Stafford, Batavia, East Pembroke, Pembroke, Clarence, Williamsville, Buffalo, or Martinsville, St. Johnsburg, Niagara Falls.

ROUTE 31—ALBANY, MONTREAL, QUEBEC. 250, 509, and 688 miles respectively. Ogontz, Jenkintown, Willow Grove, Doylestown, Easton, Delaware Water Gap, Bushkill, Dingman's Ferry, Milford, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Huguenot, Cuddebackville, Haven, Wurtsboro, Summitville, Phillipsport, Ellenville, Napanoch, Wawarsing, Kerhonkson, Stone Bridge, Hurley, Kingston, Saugerites, Malden, Catskill, Athens, Coxsackie, Coeymans, Albany, Colonie, Schenectady, Burnt Hills, Ballston Lake, Ballston Springs, Saratogo Springs, Wilton, Glens Falls, French Mountain, Lake George, Warrensburg, Tripp Lake, Chestertown, Pottersville, Schroon Manor, Schroon Lake, Schroon River, Elizabethtown, left to Keene, right to Jay, Au Sable Forks, Clintonville, Keeseville, Au Sable Chasm, Plattsburg, Chazy, Rouse's Point, Lacolle, Quebec; Napierville, St. Phillippe, La Prairie, St. Lambert, Montreal; right to Charlemagne, L'Assumption, Lavaltrie, Berthierville, Louisville, Yamachiche, Pointe du Lac, Three Rivers, Champlain, Batiscan, St. Anne de la Perade, Grondines, Portneuf, Neuville, St. Foye, Quebec.

ROUTE 32—THOUSAND ISLANDS. 475 miles. Route 15 to Binghamton, N. Y., then north to Castle Creek, Whitney Point, Lisle, Killawog, Marathon, Blodgett Mills, Cortland, Tully, La Fayette, Onondaga Castle, Syracuse, Cicero, Brewerton, Central Square, Hastings, Colosse, Maple View, Pulaski, Sandy Creek, Mannsville, Pierrepont Manor, Adams, Watertown, left to Dexter, Limerick, Chaumont, Cape Vincent, right, skirting Thousand Islands section to Clayton, Fishers Landing and Alexandria Bay.

ROUTE 33—POCONO RESORTS. 100 to 125 miles. Willow Grove, Doylestown, Easton, left around College to Stockertown, Windgap, Saylorsburg, Sciota, Snydersville, Bartonsville, Tannersville, Swiftwater, Mt. Pocono, left to Pocono Manor, Naomi Pines, Pocono Pines, Pocono Lake, Blakeslee, Stoddartsville, Bear Creek, Wilkes-Barre; or right at Mt. Pocono to Paradise, Cresco, Canadensis and Buck Hill Falls.

ROUTE 34—SUNBURY, PA. BY WAY OF READING. 139 miles. Chestnut Hill or Roxborough, Ridge or Germantown pikes to Collegeville, Pottstown, Reading, Muhlenburg, Leesport, Mohrsville, Shoemakersville, Hamburg, Port Clinton, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill Haven, Pottsville, Gilberton, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin, Paxinos, Stonington, Sunbury.

ROUTE 35—LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J. 98 miles. Easton, right to Philipsburg, N. J.; Broadway, Washington, Anderson, Schooley's Mountain, Hackettstown, Budd's Lake, Netcong, Landing, Mt. Arlington, Lake Hopatcong.

ROUTE 36—ST. LOUIS, MO. 900 miles. Lincoln Highway to Lancaster and Gettysburg, left to Blue Ridge Summit and Hagerstown, Md.; right on National Old Trails to Cumberland, Uniontown, Pa.; Wheeling, W. Va.; St. Clairsville, Ohio; Lordsville, Fairview, Middlebourne, Cambridge, Norwich, Zanesville, Hopewell, Gratiot, Jacksontown, Hebron, Kirkersville, Reynoldsburg, Columbus, West Jefferson Lafayette, Vienna, Springfield, Enon, Fairfield, Dayton, Eaton, Richmond, Ind.; Cambridge City, Lewisville, Dunreith, Charlottesville, Greenfield, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Bridgeport, Belleville, Putnamville, Brazil, Seelyville, Terre Haute, Marshall, Ills.; Martinsville, Casey, Montrose, Effingham, Dexter, Altamont, St. Elmo, Vandalia, Greenville, Pocahontas, Highland, Troy, Collinsville, East St. Louis; St. Louis, Mo.

ROUTE 37—CINCINNATI, OHIO. 609 miles. Follow Route 36 to Columbus, Ohio, then left to Grove City, Harrisburg, Mt. Sterling, Madison Mills, Bloomingburg, Washington Court House, right to Sabina, Reesville, Wilmington, Clarksville, Morrow, Cincinnati.

ROUTE 38—CLEVELAND, OHIO. 441 miles. Lincoln Highway to Lancaster, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, Greensburg, Pittsburgh; cross river on Point bridge, then right to McKee's Rocks, Carnot, Sheffield, Monaca, Rochester, Beaver, Bridgewater, Darlington, Columbiana, Ohio; right to Youngstown, Warren, Parkman, Westfield, Auburn, Chagrin Falls, Cleveland.

ROUTE 39—DETROIT, MICH. 666 miles. Route 38 to Columbiana, Ohio; then Salem, Damascus, right to Berlin Centre, left to Deerfield, Randolph, Suffield, Akron, Medina, Litchfield, Penfield, Wellington, Brighton, Clarksfield, Norwalk, Monroeville, Bellevue, Clyde, Fremont, Elmore, Genoa, Toledo, north to Erie, Mich.; LaSalle, Monroe, Rockwood, Trenton, Wyandotte, Detroit.

ROUTE 40—THE BERKSHIRES AND WHITE MOUNTAINS. 300 to 500 miles. Lincoln Highway to Trenton and Newark, out Passaic av. to Hackensack, Hillsdale, Nyack, N. Y.; ferry to Tarrytown, left to Briarcliff, Kirchewan, Yorktown Heights, Lake Mahopac, Carmel, Patterson, Pawling, Dover Plains, Wassaic, Amenia, Charon, Conn.; Salisbury, South Egremont, Mass.; Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Lenox, Pittsfield, right to Dalton, left to Berkshire, Cheshire, Adams, North Adams, right on the Mohawk Trail to Charlemont, Shelburne Falls, Shelburne, Greenfield, left to Bernardston, right to Northfield, Hillsdale, N. H.; Ashuelot, Winchester, Westport, Keene, Munsonville, Hillsboro, Henniker, Hopkinton, Concord, left to Penacook, Boscawen, Gerrish, Franklin, Tilton, Winnisquam, Laconia, Lakeport, The Weirs, (Lake Winnipesaukee), Meredith, Holderness, Ashland, Plymouth, West Compton, West Thornton, Woodstock, Profile House, left to Franconia and Littleton, or right to Twin Mountain House, Bretton Woods, Mt. Washington, Crawford House and Bemis.

Visits to Pennsylvania State Forests and Motor Camps

Pennsylvania owns 1,131,611 acres of forest land, located in twenty-nine counties; these are cared for by 29 District Foresters, 49 Foresters, 63 Forest Rangers and 3,000 Forest Fire Wardens.

These forests are free for the use of the public; there they may picnic for the day or camp for a much longer period, and enjoy many other pleasures of life in the wilds provided no damage is done to trees or other property, camp fires kept in control and put completely out when no longer needed and all refuse destroyed. To camp for a longer period than one day a permit, issued by the Department of Forests and Waters, is required. There is no charge for this. One may hunt and fish in season in such sections as are not held as game preserves. In them have been developed seven Parks, nine monuments, two special scenic areas and thirty public camps.

The Forest Parks

CALEDONIA—260 acres. Along the Lincoln Highway ten miles east of Chambersburg; named after the former Caledonia Iron Furnace, operated by Thaddeus Stevens.

JAMES BUCHANAN—Includes the birthplace of James Buchanan, the only Pennsylvanian who ever became President; contains an evergreen plantation of 3,000 Norway spruces and one of the finest hemlock groves in the State. This is in Franklin County, and reached by turning south from the Lincoln Highway at Fort Loudon to Foltz, then one and a half miles west.

CHILDS—Named in honor of George W. Childs, Philadelphia editor and publisher, who donated it to the State. It covers 52 acres in the Delaware State Forest, Pike County; two miles west of Dingman's Ferry on the Silver Lake road.

VONEIDA—In Bald Eagle Forest, Union County, between Lewisburg and Bellefonte. Named after "Hairy" John Voneida, an eccentric backwoodsman who because of difficulties with his neighbors became a hermit at this place and refused thereafter to cut his hair or beard.

SNYDER - MIDDLESWARTH — 425 acres, the largest body of big timber on the State Forests; contains 250 acres of original hemlock, white pine and hardwoods—a district never touched by the axe; in Snyder County along the Swift Run five miles west of Troxelville. Named in honor of Simon Snyder, third Governor of Pennsylvania after its establishment as a Commonwealth or State, and Ner Middleswarth, an officer in the War of 1812, State Senator and member of Congress.

MONT ALTO—A 50-acre tract of rare beauty, near Mont Alto, Franklin County, seven miles south of the Lincoln Highway; near the State tree nursery which has a capacity of four million trees annually, and the State School of Forestry.

LEONARD HARRISON—121 acres in Pine Creek Gorge, Tioga County, seven miles southwest of Wellsboro; reached by country road by way of Dexter and Thumptown. Gift to State of Leonard Harrison, of Wellsboro.

Forest Monuments

These are areas which because of their outstanding character and singular beauty have been set aside for permanent preservation in their natural condition.

BEAR MEADOWS—350 acres, a popular retreat for foresters, botanists and students of wild life; here abound the balsam fir, tamarack, black spruce and other swamp plants including the rare pitcher plant and sun dew, with almost impenetrable thickets of rhododendron and laurel. In the Seven Mountains of Centre County, reached from State College by way of Galbraith's Gap and Boalsburg.

DETWILER RUN—Fifty acres of giant white pine and hemlock towering over an almost solid bank of rhododendron. In Huntingdon County; take State Forest Road by way of Bear Meadows; from Milroy and Reedsville by way of Greenwood Furnace, or from Huntingdon by way of McAlevysfort.

ALAN SEEGER—Along Stone Creek in the Logan State Forest; 30 acres of some of the largest and finest hemlock and oak trees in the State; named for the poet who lost his life in the World War. Reached the same as Detwiler Run.

JOYCE KILMER—Also named in honor of an American poet who was killed in the late war. Twenty-one acres of giant pine on the north slope of Paddy Mountain, Bald Eagle Forest, twelve miles from Mifflinburg on the Lewisburg-Bellefonte Highway.

OLE BULL—On the site of the settlement established in Potter County in 1852 by the celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull; his imposing castle is now a picturesque ruin. In the Susquehannock Forest eighteen miles southwest of Coudersport, and may be reached by the Jersey Shore-Coudersport pike.

McCONNELL'S NARROWS— Contains some of the most magnificent rock scenery in the State, with superb stands of virgin hemlock and white pine. The home of many wild animals; in the Bald Eagle Forest on the slope of White Mountain, Union County. Take road that branches off the Lewisburg-Bellefonte Highway one and a half miles west of Hartleton, through Laurelton and Weikert.

MOUNT LOGAN—On the top of Mt. Logan, 2,200 feet above sea level, offering a magnificent view for many miles; contains some immense trees that have escaped the woodmen because of their inaccessibility. In Clinton County near McElhattan, five miles east of Lock Haven.

MT. RIANSARES—Fifteen acres of rugged scenery topped by a forest observation tower, from which wonderful views may be enjoyed. In Clinton County, reached from Lock Haven by fifteen-mile drive by way of Salona.

MARTIN'S HILL—Elevation of 3,008 feet, topped by Forest Observation Tower; in Bedford County twenty miles south of Bedford.

State Owned Public Camps

These are equipped with tables, benches, fire places, garbage containers, comfort stations, plenty of pure water and room for parking and tents. No charge, no permit required; campers are limited to two days stay; for longer periods permits may be obtained to camp in the near-by forests on application to the Department of Forests and Waters, Harrisburg.

SIZERVILLE — Cameron County, half a mile east of town on Emporium-Keating road.

THE OLD LOCUST — Centre County; along Lewistown-Bellefonte Highway five and a half miles southeast of Centre Hall.

McCALL DAM—Centre County, on McCall Dam Forest Road connecting State Road with Sugar Valley, northeast of Centre Hall.

SMITH PLACE—Clearfield County; Clearfield-Penfield road, 8 miles from Clearfield.

RAVENSBURG—Clinton County; two and a half miles south of Rauchtown on Loganton road.

TEA SPRINGS—Clinton County; two miles east of Sugar Valley on Loganton-White Deer turnpike.

STROW'S RUN — Cumberland County; two miles south of Pine Grove Furnace on the Caledonia-Mt. Holly Springs road north of Lincoln Highway.

LAUREL LAKE — Cumberland County; two miles north of Pine Grove Furnace.

BEAR VALLEY—Franklin County; in Keefer's Gap, 12 miles northwest of Chambersburg by way of Upper Strasburg.

BUCHANAN PARK — Franklin County; at President Buchanan's birthplace, one and a half miles west of Feltz, which is on the McConnellsburg-Mercersburg pike south of the Lincoln Highway from Fort Loudon.

CALEDONIA PARK — Franklin County; on Lincoln Highway eight miles east of Chambersburg.

COLERAINE—Huntingdon County; three miles northeast of Spruce Creek near State Highway from State College.

CLEAR CREEK—Jefferson County; on Sigel-Millstone road.

UPPER PINE BOTTOM—Lycoming County; two and a half miles northwest of Waterville.

LAUREL RUN—Mifflin County; two miles west of Milroy.

SULPHUR SPRING — Mifflin County; in Licking Creek Valley eight miles southeast of Mt. Union.

BIG SPRING—Perry County; five and a half miles southwest of New Germantown.

KANSAS VALLEY—Perry County; five miles southeast of East Waterford.

CHILDS PARK—Pike County; Silver Lake road two miles west of Dingman's Ferry.

PROMISED LAND—Pike County; about midway between Canadensis and Hawley, 23 miles apart.

CHERRY SPRINGS — Potter County; 11 miles south of Coudersport.

OLE BULL—Potter County; one mile west from Oleana on the Coudersport- Jersey Shore pike.

PATERSON PLACE — Potter County; ten miles south of Coudersport.

PROUTY PLACE—Potter County; eight miles west of the Jersey Shore-Coudersport pike from a point eight miles south of Coudersport.

KOOSER—Somerset County; 12 miles west of Somerset on State Highway.

BALDWIN RUN—Tioga County; 9 miles west of Wellsboro on State Highway.

DARLING RUN—Tioga County; three quarters of a mile south of State Highway at Ansonia.

JOYCE KILMER—Union County; five miles west of Hartleton on Lewisburg-Bellefonte Highway.

ADAMS FALLS — Westmoreland County; four miles south of Lincoln Highway at Laughlintown.

LAUREL SUMMIT—Westmoreland County; twelve miles south of Laughlintown.

Scenic Areas

These have been set aside for permanent preservation because of their magnificence.

CHERRY SPRINGS DRIVE—Bordering the Jersey Shore-Coudersport pike for nearly seven miles, about fourteen miles southeast of Coudersport. A mighty stand of beech, birch and maple; at best in autumn because of the coloring.

COXE'S VALLEY VIEW—Along the Lewistown-Centre Hall highway, in Mifflin County; can be enjoyed best from a point five miles north of Milroy and half a mile above the Horseshoe Turn; a commanding view of the original forest.

INDEX TO TOURS

	Page
Among the Haddons	17
An Old Quaker Homestead	35
Back Roads on Eastern Shore	38
Barns Marked to Block Evil Spirits	27
Battlefields of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth	23
Bethlehem, Pa	27
Birthplace of the Automobile Idea	46
Brandywine Battlefield	49
Bristol, Pa	26
Bryn Athyn Cathedral	47
Buffalo Ranch	18
Burholme Park	9
Burlington County, N. J	35
Caleb Pusey House, Upland	70
Cascading Gardens, Port Deposit, Md.	55
Chesapeake Bay	55
Chew's Landing, N. J	18
Church With One Member	62
Coal Barge Canal	41
Cobb's Creek Park	9
Cotoxen Lake, N. J	69
Cooch's Bridge, Del., Where Flag was First Fired On	44
Crooked Billet Battlefield	26
Crystal Cave, Pa	21
Delaware and Chesapeake Canal	33
Delaware Beach	33
Delaware River Buoys	70
Dover, Del	19
Dungan Field	11
duPont Gardens and Conservatory	49
Early Custom House at Port Penn	33
Easton, Pa	27
Edgemoor Lighthouse Depot	70
Episcopal Church Farm School	39
Fairmount Park	5
Fort Mifflin	32
Fort Mott	14
Fort Washington	11
French Creek Falls	57
Fries Rebellion	27
Glen Mills Schools	43
Greenwich, N. J. Tea Party	50
Historic Buckingham, Pa	60
Historic Toms River	63
Home of Audubon	15
Home of Bayard Taylor	39
Home of General Wayne	53
Home of Humphrey Marshall	25
Home of Mordecai Lincoln	52
Hopewell, N. J	58
Indian Hannah	25
Indian King Inn	17
Joanna Furnace	52
Leiper's Railroad	44
Limekiln Pike	36
Maryland Duck Hunting	38
Maurice River Oysters	29
Merion Meeting	15
Mill Creek Road	15
Minsi Trail	27
Muhlenburg's Church	11
Navy Airship Hangar, Lakewood	63
New Castle, Del	46
Old St. David's Church, Radnor	62
Old Swedes Church, Bridgeport	60
Old Tennent Church	23
Pennsylvania's First Iron Mine	57
Penn's Walking Purchase	47
Pennypacker's Mills	11
Perkiomen Pike and Creek	11
Replica of Mt. Vernon	67
Risingh's Block House	32
Riverview Beach	17
Rocks of Legend	67
Rodney's Ride	19
Romance of Sarah Keene	26
Route of the Liberty Bell	27
Skippack Pike	22
Sleighton Farms	43
Three Tuns	26
Through the New Jersey Pines	63
Tomb of General Wayne	62
Valley Forge	7
Warren Tavern	15
Washington's Christmas, 1776	58
Washington's Crossing, N. J	58
Weymouth Foundry	13
Where Penn Landed at Chester	70
Where the Holly Grows	69
Where Prehistoric Animals Roamed	67
Woodland Roads	31
Yellowstone Tavern	26

INDEX TO ROUTES

T—Trail **H—Highway** **P—Pike** **R—Road**

A

Town	Highway	Route No.
Abingdon, Va.	Lee H.	16
Absecon, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Adams, Mass.		40
Adams, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Addison, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Akron, Ohio.		39
Albany, N. Y.	N. Y.-Montreal H.	31
Alexandria, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Alexandria, Va.	Capitol T.	2
Alexandria Bay N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Allen, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	20
Allenhurst, N.J.	Ocean H.	12
Allenton, R. I.		5
Allensville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Allentown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	14
Alford's Bridge, S. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Allsworth, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Altamont, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Altoona, Pa.	Near Wm. Penn H.	27
Amagh, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Ambler, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Amenia, N. Y.		40
Ancora, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Anderson, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Anderson, S. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Anglesea, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	8
Annville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Apponaug, R. I.		5
Ardmore, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Asbury Pk., N.J.	Ocean H.	11
Ashuelot, N. H.	West Side H.	40
Ashland, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Ashland, Pa.	Sunbury-Potts. R.	34
Atco, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Athens, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany H.	31
Atlanta, Ga.	Bankhead H.	2
Atlantic City, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Auburn, Ala.	Dixie Overland H	2
Auburn, Ohio.	Pitts.-Cleve. R.	38
Audubon, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Au Sable Chasm, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Au Sable Forks, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Avalon, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	8
Avon, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Avon, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Avon, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Avondale, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2

B

Town	Highway	Route No.
Bald Eagle, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Ballston Lake, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Ballston Springs, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Baltimore, Md.	Atlantic H.	2
Bangor, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Barnegat, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Barnegat City, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Barnegat Pier, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Barton, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Bartonsville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Batavia, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Batiscan, Que.	Mont.-Quebec R.	31
Baumstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Bayard, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Bay Head, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Bayville, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Beach Arlington, N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Beach Haven, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Beach Haven Terrace, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Beallsville, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Bear Mtn., N.Y.		1
Bear Creek, Pa.	W.-W.-Barre R.	33
Beaver, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Bedford, Pa	Lincoln H.	3
Bel Air, Md.	Baltimore P.	2
Belamy, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Belle Haven, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Belleville, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Belleville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26

Town	Highway	Route No.
Bellevue, Ohio.	Yellowstone, T.	39
Belmar, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Bemis, N. H.	T. R. Int. H.	40
Benton, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Berkely, W. Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Berkshire, Mass.		40
Berlin, Md.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Berlin, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Berlin Centre, O.		39
Benardston, M.	G'field-Brat. R.	40
Berthierville, Q.	Mont.-Quebec R.	31
Berwyn, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Bethlehem, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Biddeford, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Bigler, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Binghamton, N. Y.	Lackawanna T.	15
Birmingham, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Blairsville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Blakeslee, Pa.	Dela. Water Gap Wilkes-Barre R.	33
Blodgett Mills, N. Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Bloomingburg, O.	Three C. H.	37
Blossburg, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Bolton, Miss.	Dixie Overland, H.	2
Boscawen, N.H.	D. Webster H.	40
Boston, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
Bradentown, Fla.		13
Bradley Beach N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Brant Beach, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Brazil, Ind.	National old T.	36
Bretton Woods, N. H.	T. R. Int. H.	40
Brewerton, N.Y.	Syracuse-Wat'n R.	32
Briarcliff, N. Y.		40
Bridgeport, Ct.,	Boston Post R.	5
Bridgeport, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Bridgeville, Del.	duPont H.	20
Bridgewater, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	3
Brighton, Ohio		39
Bristol, Conn.		1
Bristol, Tenn.	Lee H.	16
Broadway, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Brookville, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Brown's Mills, N. J.	Cam.-Lakehurst R.	11
Brownsville Pa.	National Old T.	29
Bryn Mawr, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Buchanan, Va.	Lee H.	16
Buck Hill Falls, Pa.		33
Budd's Lake, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Buena, N. J.	Harding H.	6
Buena Vista, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Buffalo, N. Y.	Yellowstone T.	30
Bunker Hill, West Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Bunnell, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Burketown, Va.	Lee H.	16
Burleigh, N. J.	Ocean H.	8
Burnt Hls., N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Bushkill, Pa.	D. W. G.-P. Jer. R.	31
Buttonwood, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25

C

Town	Highway	Route No.
Caldwell, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Caledonia, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Caln, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Cambridge, Mass.	Mohawk T.	5
Cambridge, O.	National Old T.	36
Cambridge City, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Cambridge Springs, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Canadensis, Pa.		33
Canandaigua, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	15
Canoe Camp, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Canton, Ohio	Lincoln H.	3
C. Charles, Va.		20
Cape May, N. J.	Ocean H.	8
Cape May Court House, N. J.	Ocean H.	8
C. Vincent, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Carlstadt, N. J.		1
Carmel, N. Y.		40
Carnot, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	38
Carthage, N. C.	Bankhead H.	13
Casey, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Castle Creek, N. Y.	Bing'mton-Syr. R.	32
Catskill, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany	31
Cecilton, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Cedar Bridge, N. J.	Pemberton-Bar. R.	10
Cedar Creek, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Cedar Run, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Centerville, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Central Square, N. Y.	Syracuse-Wat'n R.	32
Ctr. Valley, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Centreville, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Chadd's Ford, Pa.	Baltimore P.	17
Chadwick, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Chagrin Falls, O.	Pitts.-Cleve. H.	38
Chalk Hill, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Chambersburg, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Champlain, Que.	Mont.-Quebec R.	31
Charlemont, Mass.	Mohawk T.	40
Chapman, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Charlemagne, Quebec,	Mont.-Quebec R.	31
Charlestown, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Charlotte, N. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Charlottesville, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Charmian, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Charon, Conn.		40
Chaumont, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Chazy, N. Y.	Albany-Mont.	31
Chemung, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Cheriton, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles	20
Chesapeake City, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Cheshire, Mass.		40
Chesilhurst, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Chester, Pa.	Atlantic H.	19
Chestertown, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Chestertown, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Chicago, Ills.	Lincoln H.	3
Christiansburg, Va.	Lee H.	16
Church Hill, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Churubusco, Ind.	Lincoln H.	3
Cicero, N. Y.	Syracuse-Wat'n R.	32
Cincinnati, O.	Dixie H.	37
Clarence, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Clark's Summit, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Clarion, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Clarksfield, O.		39
Clarksville, O.	Three C. H.	37
Claymont, Del.	Atlantic H.	19
Claysville, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Clayton, N. J.	Camden-Malaga R.	6
Clayton, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Clearbrook, Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Clearfield, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Clear Spr., Md.	National Old T.	29
Cleveland, O.	Yellowstone T.	38
Clifton Forge, Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Clintonville, N. Y.		31
Clintonville, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Cloverdale, Va.	Lee H.	16
Clyde, Ohio.	Yellowstone T.	39
Clyde, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Coaldale, Pa.	M. Chunk-Potts. R.	14
Coatesville, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Cochranton, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Coeymans, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany H.	31
Cold Spr., N. J.	Ocean H.	8
Collegeville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	23
Collinsville, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Cologne, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Colonie, N. Y.	Albany-Mont.	31
Colosee, N. Y.	Syracuse-Wat'n R.	32
Columbia, Pa.	Lincoln H.	29
Columbiana, O.	Lincoln Detour	38
Columbus, Ohio	National Old T.	36
Concord, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Concordville, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Conowingo, Md.	Baltimore P.	2
Coopersburg, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Corsica, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Costen, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	20
Cortland, N. Y.	Bing'mton-Syr. R.	32
Covington, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Covington, Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Cowpens, S. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Coxsackie, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany H.	31
Cranberry, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Crawford House, N. H.	T. R. Int. H.	40
Cresco, Pa.		33
Cresson, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Cuddebackville, N. Y.	P. Jervis-K'ton R.	31
Cumberland, Md.	National Old T.	29
Curwensville, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26

D

Town	Highway	Route No.
DaCosta, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Dade City, Fla.		13
Dalton, Mass.		40
Dagsboro, Del.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Damascus, O.		39
Danboro, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Danbury, Conn.		1
Darkesville, W. Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Darlington, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	38
Dauphin, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Daylesford, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Dayton, O.	National Old T.	36
Daytona, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Deal Beach, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Dedham, Mass.	Boston Post R.	5
Deerfield, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Deerfield, O.		39
Delaware Water Gap, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Delmar, Del.	duPont H.	20
Delmont, N. J.	M'ville-C. May R.	9
Delmont, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Delphi, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Delphos, O.	Lincoln H.	3
Dennisville, N. J.	M'ville-C. May R.	9
Detroit, Mich.	T. R. Int. H.	39
Devon, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Dexter, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Dexter, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Diamond, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Dingman's Ferry, Pa.	Dela. Water Gap-P. Jervis R.	31
Dinwiddie, Va.	Bankhead H.	2
Douglasville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Dover, Del.	duPont H.	20
Dover Plains, N. Y.		40
Downingtown, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Downstown, N. J.	Harding H.	6

Town	Highway	Route No.
Doylestown, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Duncansville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Dundee, N. Y.	Elmira-Geneva R.	15
Dunedin, Fla.		13
Dunreith, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Durham, N. C.	Bankhead H.	2

E

Eagleville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
E. Avon, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
E. Greenville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
E. Liberty, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
E. Pembroke, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
E. St. Louis, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Easton, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Easton, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Eastville, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Eaton, O.	National Old T.	36
Ebensburg, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Edinburg, Va.	Lee H.	16
Effingham, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Egg Harbor City, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Elberon, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Eldora, N. J.	M'ville-C. May R.	9
Eldorado, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Elizabeth, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Elizabethtown, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Elizabethtown, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
Elkton, Md.	Atlantic H.	19
Elkton, Fla.		13
Ellenville, N. Y.	P.-Jerv.-Kings. R.	31
Elmgrove, West Va.	National Old T.	29
Elmhurst, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Elmira, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Elmore, Ohio	Yellowstone T.	39
Elwood, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Emaus, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Englewood, Fla.		13
Englewood, N. J.		5
English Creek, N. J.	May's Ldg.-O. C. R.	7
Enon, O.	National Old T.	36
Erie, Mich.	Dixie H.	39
Erie, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Espanola, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Estell Manor, N. J.	Mays Landing-Cape May R.	8
Evansburg, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Exmore, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Exton, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24

F

Factoryville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Fairfield, O.	National Old T.	36
Fairfield, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Fairfield, Va.	Lee H.	16
Fairview, O.	National Old T.	36
Fairview, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Falling Waters, West Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Farmington, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Farnhurst, Del.	duPont H.	20
Fisher's Landing, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Flint, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	15
Flintstone, Md.	National Old T.	29
Forked R., N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Fort Chiswell, Va.	Lee H.	16
Fort Hancock, N. J.		12
Fort Hunter, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Fort Washington, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Foster, N. Y.	Lackawanna T.	15
Fountain Dale, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Franconia, N. H.	Franconia R.	40
Frankford, Del.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Franklin, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Franklin, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Franklin Park, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Franklinville, N. J.	Camden-Malaga	6
Frankstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	27
Franktown, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Fredericksburg, Va.	Capitol T.	2
Freehold, N. J.	Trenton-A. Park R.	12
Fremont, O.	Yellowstone T.	39
French Mt., N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Friendship, Md.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Frostburg, Md.	National Old T.	29
Fulford, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13

G

Gainesville, Fla.		13
Galena, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Gargatha, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Gauley Bridge, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Genoa, O.	Yellowstone T.	39
Gerrish, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Gettysburg, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Gilberton, Pa.		34
Glassboro, N. J.	Glassboro P.	6
Glen Loch, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Glens Falls, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Glenside, Pa.	Easton P.	15
Gloucester, Mass.		5
Gloucester, N. J.		6
Glyde, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Goshen, N. J.	M'ville-C.May R.	9
Grampian, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Grantsville, Md.	National Old T.	29
Graterford, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Gratiot, Ohio	National Old T.	36
Great Barrington, Mass.		40
Greenfield, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Greenfield, Mass.	Mohawk T.	40
Greenlane, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Greensboro, N. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Greensburg, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Green Tree, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Greenville, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Greenville, S. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Greenville, Va.	Lee H.	16
Greenwood, Del.	duPont H.	20
Grondines, Que.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Groton, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
Grove City, O.	Three C. H.	37
Guilford, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5

H

Hackensack, N. J.		1
Hackettstown, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Hagerstown, Md.	National Old T.	16
Hague, Fla.		13
Hall, N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Hallowell, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Halls, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Hallstead, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Hamburg, Pa.	Reading-Potts. R.	34
Hamilton, N. J.	Trenton-As. Pk. R.	12
Hammonton, N.J.	White Horse P.	6
Hamorton, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Hampton, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
Hancock, Md.	National Old T.	29
Harmanville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Harrington, Del.	duPont H.	20
Harrisburg, O.		37
Harrisburg, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	24
Harrisonb'g, Va.	Lee H.	16
Harvey Cedars N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Hastings, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Hastings, N. Y.	Syracuse-Wat'n R.	32
Haven, N. Y.	P. Jerv.-Kings. R.	31
Haverford, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Haverstraw, N.Y.		1
Hawkinston, Va.	Lee H.	16
Hebron, Ohio	National Old T.	36
Henderson, N. C.	Capitol T.	2
Henniker, N. H.	Contoocook Val. R.	40
Hepburnville, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Hereford, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Hershey, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Highland, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Highland Beach, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Highspire, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
High Spgs., Fla.		13
Hightst'n, N. J.	Trenton-As. Pk. R.	12
Hillsboro, N. H.	Contoocook Val. R.	40
Hillsdale, N. H.	West Side R.	40
Hillsdale, N. J.		40
Holderness, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Holliday'sb'g, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	27
Hollywood. Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Hopewell, Ohio	National Old T.	36
Hopewell, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	15
Hopkinton, N. H.	Contoocook Val. R.	40
Hopwood, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Horseheads, N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Huguenot, N. Y.	P. Jerv. Kings. R.	31
Humberston, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Hummelstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Huntingdon, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Hurffville, N. J.	Camden-Malaga R.	6
Hurley, N. Y.		31
Hurlock, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19

I

Indianapolis, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Indian River, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Indian Spgs., Md.	National Old T.	29
Ipswich, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
Ironshire, Md.	Georget'n-P. City R.	22
Island Heights, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11

J

Jackson, Miss.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Jacksontown, O.	National Old T.	36
Jacksonville, Fla.	Woodpecker R.	13
Jay, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Jeffersonville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Jenkintown, Pa.	Old York R.	31
Jersey City, N. J.	Lincoln H.	4
Jerseyville, N. J.	Trenton-As.Pk. R.	12
Jupiter, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13

K

Keene, N. H.	West Side R.	40
Keeseville, N. Y.	Albany- Mont. H.	31
Kennebunck, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Kennedyville, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Kennet Square, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Kerhonkson, N.Y.	P. Jerv.-Kings R.	31
Kernstown, Va.	Lee H.	16
Keyser's Ridge, Md.	National Old T.	29
Killawog, N. Y.		32
Kingsley, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
King's Mtn., N. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Kingston, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1

Town	Highway	Route No.
Kingston, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany R.	31
Kintnersville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Kinzers, Pa.	Lincoln H.	34
Kirkersville, O.	National Old T.	36
Kirchewan, N.Y.		40
Kirkwood, Fla.		13
Kirkwood, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Kirkwood, N. Y.	Lackawanna T.	15
Kittery, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Knoxville, Tenn.	Lee H.	16

L

Laboratory, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Lacey Spgs., Va.	Lee H.	16
Lacolle, Quebec	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
Laconia, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Lafayette, Ohio	National Old T.	36
LaFayette, N.Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Lagrange, Ga.		2
Lake City, Fla.	Woodpecker R.	13
Lake Como, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Lake George, N.J.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Lake Hopatcong, N. J.		35
Lakehurst, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.		40
Lakeport, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Lakewood, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Lake Worth, Fla.	Atlantic	13
Lancaster, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Landing, N. J.		35
Landisville, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
Lansdowne, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Lansford, Pa.	M. Chunk-Potts. R.	14
LaPorte, Ind.	Lincoln H.	3
LaPrairie, Que.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
LaSalle, Mich.	Dixie H.	39
L'Assumption, Q.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Laurel, Del.	duPont H.	20
Laurel, Springs, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Laurelton, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Lavallette, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Lavaltrie, Que.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Lawrenceville, Ga.	Bankhead H.	2
Lawrenceville, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Lawrenceville, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Lebanon, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Leesport, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Leetonia, Ohio	Lincoln Detour	3
Lehighton, Pa.	All.-M. Chunk R.	14
Leitersburg, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Lenox, Mass.		40
LeRoy, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Lewisburg, W.Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Lewistown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Lewisville, Ind.	National H.	36
Lexington, N. C.	Bankhead H.	2
Lexington, Va.	Lee H.	16
Liberty, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Ligonier, Ind.	Lincoln H.	3
Lima, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Limerick, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Limerick, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Lindley, N. Y.	Susquehanna T.	25
Line Lexington, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Lisbon, O.	Lincoln H.	3
Lisle, N. Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Litchfield, O.		39
Littleton, N. H.	West Side R.	40
Liverpool, Pa.	Susquehanna, T.	25
Longdale Furnace, Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Longwood, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Longwoods, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Lookout Hill, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Lordsville, O.	National Old T.	36
Loretto, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Louisville, Que.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Lowman, N. Y.	Southern Tier R.	15
Luray Caves, Va.	Lee H.	16
Luthersburg, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Lynn, Mass.		5
Lynnfield, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5

M

Madison, Ga.	Capitol T.	13
Madison Mills, O.		37
Magnolia, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Malaga, N. J.	Harding H.	6
Malden, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany H.	31
Mamaroneck, N.Y.	Boston Post R.	5
Manahawken, N.J.	Ocean H.	10
Manalapan, N. J.	Trenton-A. Park R.	12
Manasquan, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Mannsville, N.Y.	Syr.-Wat'n R.	32
Mansfield, O.	Lincoln H.	3
Mansfield, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Mantoloking, N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Maple Shade, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Maple View, N.Y.		32
Mappsville, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Marathon, N. Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Marblehead, Mass.		5
Marion, Va.	Lee H.	16
Marlow, W. Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Marshall, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Marshallton, Del.	Atlantic H.	19
Martinsburg, W. Va.	Shenandoah V. H.	16
Martin's Crk. Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Martinsville, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Martinsville, N.Y.	Yellowstone T.	30
Mauch Chunk, Pa.	Al.-Wil-Bar. R.	14
Maurertown, Va.	Lee H.	16
Meadville, Pa.	Perry H.	26
Meadow Bluff, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Media, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Medina, O.		39
Melbourne, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Melfa, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Mendon, N. Y.		15
Mercerville, N. J.	Trenton-A. Park R.	12
Merchantville, N. J.	Mt. Holly P.	10
Meredith, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Meridian, Miss.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Metuchen, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Miami, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Middlebourne, O.	National Old T.	36
Middletown, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Middletown, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
Middletown, Va.	Lee H.	16
Midway, Va.	Lee H.	16
Mifflintown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Milford, Pa.	Roosevelt H.	31
Mill Creek, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Millerstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Millport, N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Millsboro, Md.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Millville, N. J.		9
Milton, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Mims, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Mint Spring, Va.	Lee H.	16
Mogee, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Mohrsville, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Monaca, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	38
Monmouth Battlefield, N. J.	Trent.-A. Park R.	12
Monmouth Beach, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Monroe, Mich.	Dixie H.	39
Monroeville, O.		39
Montgomery, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Montgomery Ferry, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Montgomeryville, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Montour Falls, N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Montoursville, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Montreal, Que.		31
Montrose, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Moorestown, N.J.	Mt. Holly P.	10
Morton, Miss.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Moscow, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Morrow, O.	Three C. H	37
Mt. Arlington, N. J.		35
Mt. Carmel, Pa.	Sunbury-Sham. R.	34
Mt. Crawford, Va.	Lee H.	16
Mt. Holly, N. J.	Cam.-Lake. R.	10
Mt. Jackson, Va.	Lee H.	16
Mt. Joy, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
Mt. Pocono, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Mt. Sidney, Va.	Lee H.	16
Mt. Sterling, O.	Three C. H.	37
Mt. Washington, N. H.	Crawford Notch R.	40
Muhlenburg, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Muncy, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Mundy's, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Munsonville, N.H.	Cheshire R.	40
Murrysville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Myerstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Mystic, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5

Mc

McConnellsburg, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
McEwensville, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
McKee's Rocks, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	3

N

Nanuet, N. Y.		1
Naomi Pines, Pa.	D. W. G.-W.-B. R.	33
Napanoch, N. Y.	P. Jervis-King. R.	31
Napierville, Q.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Narragansett Pier, R. I.		5
Natick, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Natural Bridge, Va.	Lee H.	16
Navesink Beach, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Nesquehoning, Pa.	M. Ch.-Potts. R.	14
Netcong, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Neuville, Que.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
New Alexandria, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	28
Newark, Del.	Atlantic H.	19
Newark, Md.	Gtn.-P. City R.	22
Newark, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
New Brunswick, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
New Buffalo, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Newburyport, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
New Church, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
New Gretna, N.J.	Ocean H.	10
New Haven, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
New Lisbon, N.J.	Cam.-Lake. R.	10
New London, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
Newman, Ga.	Bankhead H.	2
New Market, Va.	Lee H.	16
New Milford, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Newport, R. I.		5
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Boston Post R.	5
New Smyrna, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Newton, Miss.	Dixie Overland H.	2

Town	Highway	Route No.
New York, N. Y.		4
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	30
Nicholson, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Norristown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Norritonville, Pa.	Germantown P.	24
N. Adams, Mass.	Mohawk T.	40
Northfield, Mass.		40
Northumberland, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Norwalk, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
Norwalk, O.		39
Norwich, O.	National Old T.	36
Norwood, Mass.	Boston Post R.	5
Nyack, N. Y.	Albany Post R.	1

O

Oak Hall, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Oak Park, Fla.		13
Obeika, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Ocala Fla.		13
Ocean City, Md.		22
Ocean City, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	7
Ocean Gate, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Ocean Grove, N.J.	Ocean H.	11
Oceola, O.	Lincoln H.	3
Odessa, Del.	duPont H.	20
Ogontz, Pa.	Old York R.	31
Ogonquit, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Oldsman, Fla.		13
Olympia, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Onley, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Onondaga Castle, N. Y.		32
Ortley, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Orwigsburg, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Osceola Mills, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Osprey, Fla.		13
Ottsville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Owego, N. Y.	Southern Tier R.	15
Oxford, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2

P

Painted Post, N. Y.	Susquehanna T.	25
Painter, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Painter's Cross Roads, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Palm, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Palm Beach, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Palmerton, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Palmyra, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Paoli, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Paradise, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Parkman, O.	Pitts.-Cleve. R.	38
Parryville, Pa.	Al.-M. Ch. R.	14
Parsonburg, Md.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Pasadena, Fla.		13
Patterson, N. Y.		40
Pawling, N. Y.		40
Pawtucket, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Paxinos, Pa.	Scran.-Sunb. R.	34
Peekskill, N. Y.	Albany Post R.	1
Pemberton, N. J.	Cam.-Lake R.	10
Pembroke, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Penacook, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Penfield, O.		39
Penhala, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Pennsburg, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Penn Square, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Penn Yan, N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Perkiomen Bridge, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	23
Perkiomenville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Perry, Ga.	Dixie (Spur)	13
Petersburg, N.J.	May's Ldg.-C. M. R.	8
Petersburg, Va.	Capitol T.	2
Philadelphia, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Philipsburg, N. J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Phillipsburg, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Phillipsport, N.Y.	P. Jer.-Kings. R.	31
Pierrepont Manor, N. Y.		32
Pine Beach, N.J.	Ocean H.	10
Pine Valley, N.Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Piney Grove, Md.	National Old T.	29
Pipersville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Lincoln H.	38
Pittsfield, Mass.		40
Pittsford, N. Y.		15
Plainville, Mass.	Boston Post R.	5
Plant City, Fla.		13
Plattsburg, N. Y.	Alb.-Montreal R.	31
Pleasantville, N.J.	Ocean H.	6
Plumsteadville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Plymouth, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Pocahontas Ills.	National Old T.	36
Pocomoke City, Md.	Wil.-C. Charles H.	20
Pocono Lake, Pa.	D. W. G.-W.-B. R.	33
PoconoManor, Pa.	D. W. G.-W.-B. R.	33
Pocono Pines Pa.	D. W. G.-W.-B. R.	33
Point Pleasant, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Pointe du Lac, Q.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Pomerania, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Port Chester, N.Y.	Boston Post R.	5
Port Clinton, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Port Elizabeth, N. J.	Mill.-C. May R.	9
Port Jervis, N. Y.		31
Portland, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Portland, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Portneuf, Que.	Montreal-Que. R.	31
Port Trevorton, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Portsmouth, N.H.	Atlantic H.	5
Potter Hill, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Pottersville, N.Y.	Alb.-Montreal R.	31
Pottstown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Pottsville, Pa.	Read.-Sunb. R.	34
Prairieville, Ala.		2
Presho, N. Y.	Susquehanna T.	25
Preston, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Princess Anne, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	20
Princeton, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Profile House, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Progress, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Providence, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Providence Square, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Pulaski, N. Y.	Syr.-Wat'n R.	32
Pulaski, Va.	Lee, H.	16
Putnamville, Ind.	National Old T.	36

Q

Quakertown, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Quebec,		31

R

Rahns, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Rahway, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Rainelle. W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Randolph, O.,		39
Rathmel, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Reading. Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Reading Ctr., N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Reedsville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Reeseville, O.	Three C. H.	37
Reiffton, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Revere Beach, Mass.		5
Reynoldsburg, O.	National Old T.	36
Reynoldsville, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Rhodesdale, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Richland, N. J.	Harding H.	6
Richmond, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Richmond, Va.	Capitol T.	2
Riegelsville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Rio Grande, N. J.	Ocean H.	8
Rising Sun, Md.	Baltimore P.	2
Riverview, Fla.		19
Roanoke, Va.	Lee H.	16
Robbinsville, N.J.	Trenton-A. Park R.	12
Robesonia, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Rochester, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	15
Rochester, Pa.	Lincoln H.	3
Rockledge, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Rockwood, O.	Dixie H.	39
Roney's Point, W. Va.	National Old T.	29
Rosemont, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Rouse's Point N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Rouzerville, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16

S

Sabina, O.	Three C. H.	37
Saco, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Sadsburyville, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Saegerstown, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Salem, Mass.		5
Salem, O.	Lincoln H.	39
Salem, Va.	Lee H.	16
Salisbury, Conn.		40
Salisbury, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Salisbury, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
Salisbury, N. C.	Bankhead H.	2
SandyCreek, N.Y.	Syr.-Wat'n R.	32
SandyHook, Conn.		1
Sandy Hook, N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	12
Sandy Ridge, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Sanatoga, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Sarasota, Fla.		13
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Saugerties, N. Y.	N. Y.-Albany H.	31
Saybrook, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
Saylorsburg, Pa.		33
Seabright, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Scarboro, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Scenery Hill, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Schenectady, N.Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	31
Schnecksville, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Schooley's Mountain, N. J.		35
Schroon Lake, N. Y.	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
Schroon Manor, N. Y.	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
Schroon River, N. Y.	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
Schwenkville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Schuylkill Haven, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Sciota, Pa.		33
Scranton, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Seabrook, Mass.	Atlantic H.	5
Seaford, Del.	duPont H.	20
Sea Girt, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Searights, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Seaside Hts., N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
SeasidePark, N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	11
Sebastian, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Seelyville, Ind.	National Old T.	36
Selbyville, Del.	duPont H.	22
Selinsgrove, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Sellersville, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Selma, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Shamokin, Pa.	Sunbury-Potts. R.	34
Sharptown, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Shaws, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Sheffield, Pa.	Lincoln Detour	38
Shelburne, Mass.	Mohawk T.	40
Shelburne Falls, Mass.	Mohawk T.	40

Town	Highway	Route No.
Shimerville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Ship Bottom N.J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Shippensville, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Showell, Md.	George.-P. City R.	22
Shoemakersville, Pa.	Read.-Potts. R.	34
Siegersville, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Sinking Spring, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Slatington, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Smithboro, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Smithfield, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Smyrna, Del.	duPont H.	20
Snydersville, Pa.		33
Somerfield, Pa.	National Old T.	29
SomersPoint,N.J.	Ocean H.	7
Soudersburg, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
South Bend, Ind.	Lincoln H.	3
Southbury, Conn.		1
S. Egremont, Mass.		40
South Hill, Va.	Capitol T.	2
S. Langhorne, Pa.	Lincoln H.	1
Spartanburg, S.C.	Bankhead H.	2
Spotsylvania, Va.	Capitol T.	2
Springfield, O.	National Old T.	36
Spring House, Pa.	Bethlehem P.	14
Spring Lake, N.J.	Ocean H.	11
Springtown, Pa.	Germantown P.	23
Spruce Creek, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
St. Anne de la Perade, Que.	Mont.-Que. R.	31
St.Augustine,Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
St. Clairsville, O.	National Old T.	36
St. David's, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
St. Elmo, Ills.	National Old T.	36
St. Foye, Que.	Mont.-Que. R.	31
St. George's, Del.	duPont H.	20
St. Johnsburg, N. Y.	Yellowstone T.	30
St. Lambert, Q.	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
St. Louis, Mo.	National Old T.	36
St. Petersburg, Fla.		13
St. Phillippe, Q.	Alb.-Montreal H.	31
Stafford, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Stamford, Conn.	Boston Post R.	5
Stanley, N. Y.		15
Staunton, Va.	Lee H.	16
Steelton, Pa.	Lanc.-Hbg. P.	24
StephensCity, Va.	Lee H.	16
Stetlersville, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Stockbridge,Mass.		40
Stockertown, Pa.		33
Stockley, Del.	George.-P. City R.	22
Stiddartsville,Pa.	D. W. G.-W. B. R.	33
Stone Bridge, N. Y.		31
Stone Mtn., Ga.	Bankhead H.	2
Stonington, Conn.	Boston Post R.	34
Stouchsburg, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Strafford, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Strasburg, Va.	Lee H.	16
Strattonville, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Stroudsburg, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Suffield. O.		39
Sugar Creek, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Summitville, N.Y.	Port. J.-Kings. R.	31
Sunbury, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	34
Surf City, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	10
Swampscott, Mass.		5
Swarthmore, Pa.	Baltimore P.	2
Swiftwater, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Syracuse, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	32

T

Town	Highway	Route No.
Tannersville, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	15
Tamaqua, Pa.	Potts.-W-Barre R.	14
Tampa, Fla.	Tamiami T.	13
Tarrytown, N. Y.		40
Tasley, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Temperanceville, Va.	Wil.-C. Charles R.	20
Terre Haute, Ind.	National Old T.	36
The Wiers, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Thomasdale, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Thomaston, Conn.		1
Thompsontown, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Thorndale, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Thornton, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Thousand Islands, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Three Rivers, Q.	Mont.-Que. R.	31
Tilton, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Tifton, Ga.		13
Titusville, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Tioga, Pa.	Roosevelt H.	25
Tobyhanna, Pa.	Lackawanna T.	13
Toledo, O.	Yellowstone T.	39
Tompkins Cove, N. Y.		1
Toms River, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Townsend's Inlet, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	8
Trappe, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Trenton, Mich.	Dixie H.	39
Trenton, N. J.	Lincoln H.	1
Triadelphia, W. Va.	National Old T.	29
Tripp Lake, N.Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Troutville, Va.	Lee H.	16
Trout Run, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Troy, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Tuckerton, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Tully, N. Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Tuskegee, Ala.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Twin Mountain House, N. H.		40
Tyrone, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26

U

Town	Highway	Route No.
Uniontown, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Up. Sandusky, O.	Lincoln H.	3

V

Town	Highway	Route No.
Valdosta, Ga.	Woodpecker R.	13
Valparaiso, Ind.	Lincoln H.	3
Van, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Vandalia, Ills.	National Old T.	36
Van Wert, O.	Lincoln H.	3
Venango, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Venice, Fla.		13
Vera Cruz, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Verona, Va.	Lee H.	16
Vestal, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Vicksburg, Miss.	Dixie Overland H.	2
Victor, N. Y.		15
Victor, W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Vienna, O.	National Old T.	36
Villa Nova, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Vineland, N. J.		9
Vintage, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24

W

Town	Highway	Route No.
Wakefield, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Walpole, Mass.	Boston Post R.	5
Walton, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Waretown, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
Warren, O.	Pitts.-Cleve. R.	38
Warrensburg, N. Y.	Albany-Mont. H.	31
Washington, D.C.	Atlantic H.	2
Washington, N.J.	Wm. Penn H.	35
Washington, Pa.	National Old T.	29
Washington, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Washington C. H., O.		37
Wassaic, N. Y.		40
Waterbury, Conn.		1
Waterford, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Waterford Works, N. J.	White Horse P.	6
Watertown, N. Y.	T. R. Int. H.	32
Water Street, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	26
Watkins (Glen), N. Y.	Elmira-Gen. R.	15
Waverly, N. Y.	Southern Tier H.	15
Wawarsing, N.Y.	P. Jerv.-Kings. R.	31
Wayne, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Waynesboro, Pa.	Getty.-Hager. R.	16
Weissport, Pa.	Al.-M. Chunk R.	14
Wellington, O.		39
Wells, Me.	Atlantic H.	5
Wernersville, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
W.Alexandria,Pa.	National Old T.	29
W. Bloomfield, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
W.Compton, N.H.	D. Webster H.	40
West Creek, N. J.	Ocean H.	10
W. Decatur, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
West End, N. J.	Ocean H.	12
Westerly, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Westfield, O.	Pitts.-Cleve. R.	38
W. Jefferson, O.	National Old T.	36
Westport, N. H.	West Side R.	40
W. Thornton, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Westville, N. J.	Glassboro P.	6
Westwood, N. J.		1
Wheeling, W. Va.	National Old T.	29
Whitesville, N. J.	Ocean H.	11
Whitehall, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
White Sulphur Spgs., W. Va.	At. and Pac. H.	18
Whitford, Pa.	Lincoln H.	24
Whitney Point, N. Y.	Bing.-Syr. R.	32
Wickford, R. I.		5
Wildwood, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	8
Wildwood Crest, N. J.	Ocean H. (Spur)	8
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Scran.-Sunb. R.	33
Williamsburg,Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	27
Williamsport,Md.	Shenandoah V.	16
Williamsport, Pa.	Susquehanna T.	25
Williamsville, N. Y.	Alb.-Buffalo H.	30
Willow Grove,Pa.	Old York R.	15
Wilmington, Del.	Atlantic H.	19
Wilmington, O.	Three C. H.	37
Wilton, N. Y.	Alb.-Mont. H.	31
Winchester, N.H.		40
Winchester, Va.	Lee H.	16
Windgap, Pa.		33
Windsor, N. J.	Trent.-A. Park R.	12
Winifrede, W.Va.		18
Winnisquam, N. H.	Rocky Pond R.	40
Womelsdorf, Pa.	Wm. Penn H.	24
Woodland, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
Woodstock, N. H.	D. Webster H.	40
Woodstock, Va.	Lee H.	16
Woodward, Fla.	Atlantic H.	13
Wrentham, Mass.	Boston Post R.	5
Wurtsboro, N. Y.	P. Jerv.-Kings. R.	31
Wyandotte, Mich.	Dixie H.	39
Wye Mills, Md.	Eastern Shore R.	19
Wyoming, R. I.	Boston Post R.	5
Wytheville, Va.	Lee H.	16

Y

Town	Highway	Route No.
Yamachiche, Q.	Mont.-Que. R.	31
Yeagertown, Pa.	Lakes-to-Sea H.	26
York, Pa.	Lincoln H.	29
Yorktown Hts. N. Y.		40
Youngstown, O.	Pitts.-Cleve. R.	38

Z

Town	Highway	Route No.
Zanesville, O.	National Old T.	36
Zieglerville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23
Zionsville, Pa.	Perkiomen P.	23

P6-AHJ-735